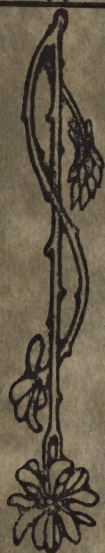




Emerson College Magazine



The Debate Number

Boston
Massachusetts



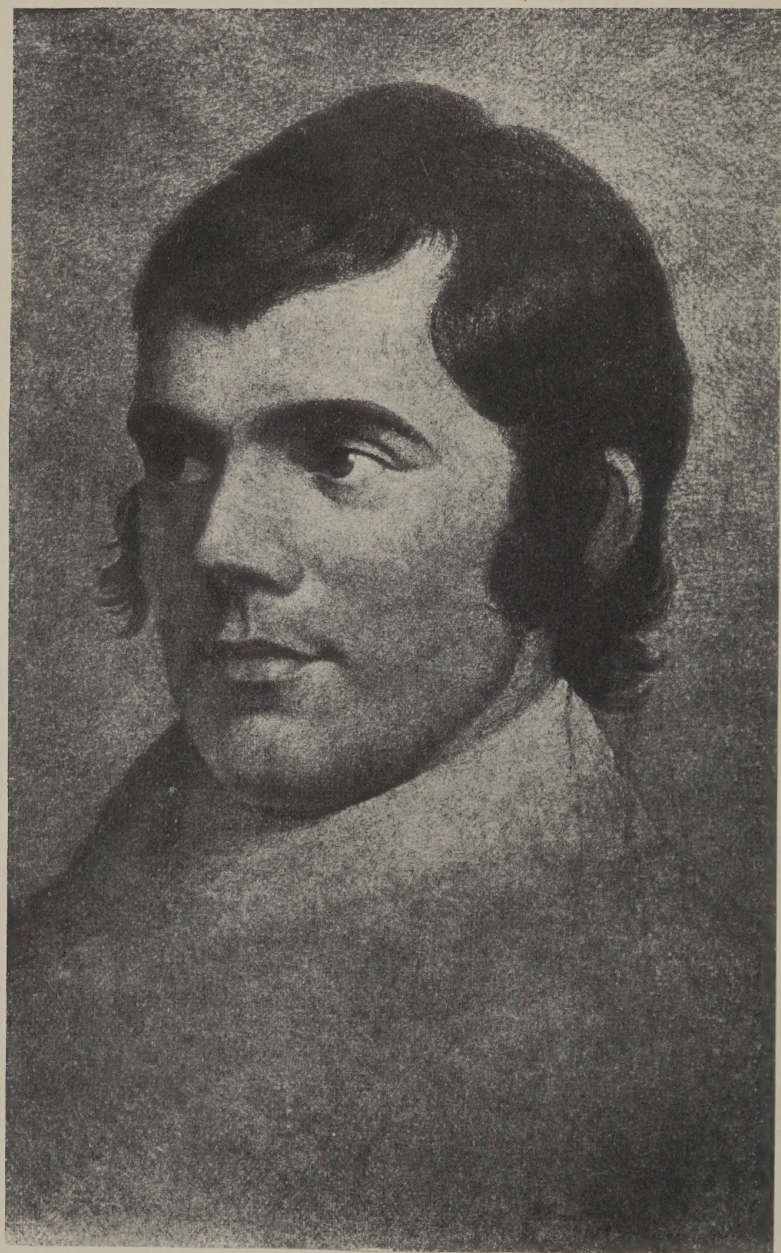
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ALLEN ARTHUR STOCKDALE



ROBERT BURNS
To accompany "The Auld Scotch Songs"
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“The memory of Burns — I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it, to leave us anything to say. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his name bright. Every man’s and boy’s and girl’s head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.”

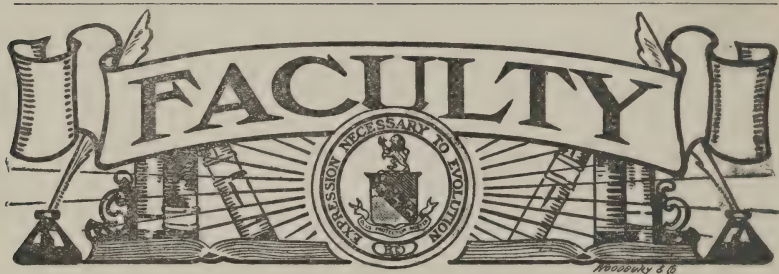
From Ralph Waldo Emerson’s Tribute to Burns.

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No. 1.



The Evolution of College Debating

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(Emerson, '09.)

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THE year 1912 marks the twentieth anniversary of the birth of intercollegiate debating in America. On January 14, 1892, three Yale debaters journeyed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to uphold against Harvard the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That a young man casting his ballot in 1892 should vote for the nominees of the Democratic party." This contest came about as a result of an effort to stimulate literary and debating activities at both these eastern universities. Like all innovations, the scheme met with ridicule and opposition. Yale and Harvard had long been rivals in athletic combats, but such a thing as an intercollegiate debate was altogether too absurd. However, after two years of agitation, the conservatives yielded, and the experiment was started.

Need I answer the question, "Did the experiment succeed"? Recently it was stated that there are approximately five hundred colleges holding from one to four debates yearly, making in the aggregate about one thousand debating teams of three

men each. Even high schools have caught the spirit and are active with their scholastic leagues. If the future of intercollegiate athletics is certain, so too, intercollegiate debating, an intellectual contest for the development of sound thinking and effective speaking, has come to stay. And in the list of important dates in education we claim a place for January 14, 1892, as the intercollegiate-debating birthday.

But doubtless some would like to know which side won in that initial debate. There were no judges and hence no formal decision. Is this not significant? *Then* the mere matter of winning was considered of secondary importance; the real object was a search for truth, a frank discussion of a current problem. But as Grover Cleveland was elected that fall, I suppose Yale in upholding the affirmative or Democratic side claims she got nearer the truth, and won. Another significant feature about this 1892 debate is the comment, "The audience was large, representative, and enthusiastic." And yet I venture to entitle my paper the *Evolution* of college debating. You may surmise what actually is the case, that we are to look for signs of evolution in other matters than that of the "large and enthusiastic audience."

Now, in order that I may not do what we condemn in debaters—"Talk beside the point"—I shall, for the sake of clearness and convenience, group what I have to say under the following topics:

ARGUMENTATION COURSES IN THE CURRICULUM.

A generation ago scarcely a college catalogue made mention of a special course in Argumentation and Debate. To be sure, some attention was given to argumentative discourse in connection with English composition, but nothing like a full year's course was offered. To my knowledge the first textbook on the subject appeared in 1895. This was by Professor George P. Baker of Harvard University, whom we recognize as the father of the systematic teaching of argumentation in our colleges. Now, nearly every college offers in the English department, or in the department of Public Speaking, at least a one-year course in debating, and several have an advanced course for the second year. The advancement during the last

two decades has been noteworthy. And to the students themselves largely belongs the credit; for the teaching of argumentation has come as a result of their enthusiasm for debating and the desire for training, rather than the reverse.

But what does such a course embrace? It is the usual procedure to begin, by aid of a text-book or lecture syllabi, with the study of fundamental principles,—the analysis of a question, the kinds of reasoning, the mustering and arrangement of evidence, types of fallacies, methods of refutation, the construction of a brief, and effective presentation. With the growth of debating there has come a wealth of illustrative material; and instead of formal, abstract logic the aim is to make concrete application of each principle. Then after a few weeks, the laboratory work or actual debating begins.

The effort is to make these class-room forensics both in form and in spirit like an actual public debate. It is my own custom, for instance, to have the debaters sit upon the platform, to appoint a presiding officer and a time-keeper, and to allow the students to determine by ballot which side wins. This lends a dignified atmosphere and furnishes the stimulus of a real intellectual fight. Then the next day we spend the full hour in criticising the debate. We analyze wherein the affirmative or negative won, what arguments were well substantiated, what fallacies were evident, what methods of refutation were employed, where persuasive delivery was effective,—in fact we point out all the principles we thought noticeably well illustrated, (or in some cases badly violated). Furthermore, whenever the class attends an inter-society debate or an argumentative public address, the next recitation day is sure to call forth a spirited discussion. These criticism hours are profitable to both instructor and students. As the study of prose specimens is essential in English composition, so this criticism plan seems an indispensable method of explaining and emphasizing certain debating precepts.

Now a word of justification about brief-drawing. Frequently we are assailed with the question, "Why make students spend so much time in preparing briefs; why don't you have them work on their delivery?" To be sure, it is laborious work, but its value can not be over estimated. We insist that the brief

(usually ten to twenty-five pages in length) present in concise, tabulated form the history and origin of the question, the statement of the main issues, the definition of terms, and whatever expository matter is necessary for an understanding of the debate—and then a logical array of evidence and authorities to effect a thorough proof. In other words, a brief is a campaign map by which a side hopes to win. This is in accord with the modern conception of debating; for now the emphasis is placed upon thorough investigation and keen thinking, rather than upon contentions, fire-brand oratory, or clever plunges of wit and sarcasm. There is hope for the quiet, undemonstrative boy who investigates and reasons well, but lacks persuasive power; for training can assist him in oratoric delivery. But the flashy, eloquent spellbinder can often never be made into a debater. Keen, analytical power and the investigating habit are prerequisites; oratory is a later acquisition.

There is no fault more common among young debaters than that of unsupported assertion. Mere say-so is never proof; the familiar phrases, "We believe," "it seems to us," "I maintain" only emphasize the lack of investigation. Now the preparation of briefs is a safeguard against this very error. We insist that each contention be supported by convincing evidence, just as in demonstrating a geometry proposition, one must give a reason why two angles are equal. Furthermore it is a safeguard against the use of irrelevant matter. When a debater cannot find a logical place in his brief for certain material it is the test of its being extraneous. Every incident, every quotation, every fact, to be admitted into a brief must show for its credentials that it serves to substantiate some contention. Evidence of the wisdom of brief-drawing can be gained from the testimony (or confession, if you will) of the students themselves. I have yet to meet a sane student who decries the value of the brief in preparing debates. Yes, briefs are as essential in argumentation as maps in history or charts in engineering.

This, perhaps, is sufficient to explain the nature of argumentation courses, and to indicate that they have been one factor in the evolution of college debating.

SUBJECTS AND EQUIPMENT.

No longer do debaters indulge in such once favorite exercises as, "Which is more destructive, fire or water?" "Is gold more valuable than iron?", or "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" The thing which has lifted debating above the worthless, medieval quibbles is the employment of present-day problems in economics, politics, society, and education. The mere sharpening of the mind in ways of arguing is a by-product; the main purpose is enlightenment, a fullness of knowledge on questions that college men must face as citizens. A list of recent intercollegiate debates includes such subjects as: Reciprocity with Canada, the Open Shop, Recall of Judges, Income Tax, Initiative and Referendum, Direct Primaries, Central Bank, Employers' Liability for Accidents, Commission Plan of Municipal Government. Who can say that school debates on these current problems are not a veritable source of enlightenment? When there cease to be social problems, debating will cease, and not before.

With better subjects for discussion, has appeared also a more suitable equipment. Very serviceable are the various bibliographies, reference books, and pamphlets, especially arranged for forensic use. And more than this, the debater has come to realize that he must couple with ready-made equipment, his own diligent search for first-hand evidence. Some time ago a Wisconsin college in preparing a debate on the prohibition question sent representatives clear to the State of Maine to make a personal investigation. A visit to the debaters' room in a university library, where the table is heaped with pamphlets, reports, charts, magazines, and personal letters indicates to what extent debaters must go in their research. For this reason their forensics are often times as thorough as the discussions in Congress.

For this advancement in subjects and equipment, special credit is due to the departments of economics, political science, and sociology. Without their assistance, college debating could not be conducted in anything like its present standard. The rise of the social sciences has made possible this form of forensics; the two are supplementary, inter-active. The faculty committee on debates usually consists of a professor of

economics, a professor of sociology, and an instructor in English or public speaking. This provides for instruction in both subject material and expression; matter is dealt with first, and then manner; for it is fundamental that impression must precede expression. In the selection of questions, in the gathering of material, and in the interpretation of evidence, these instructors in the social sciences are indispensable; their presence at the practice debates is a safeguard against erroneous statements and antiquated theories. For it is not to be supposed that the instructor in oratory can keep himself informed in these specialized fields.

The student, then, aspiring to attainment in argumentative discourse must look well to his equipment. The more thorough his knowledge of history and the social sciences, the more likely his chances of success. I repeat it: Fullness of knowledge and vigorous thinking are the fundamentals in debating. Coupled with this equipment should be the power of vigorous expression, oral and written. Elocution of the old style has gone forever, and in its place has arisen a sane guidance in the principles of gesture, voice training, platform deportment, and the like. In proportion as students have developed in this union of thorough *impression* with effective *expression*, the evolution of debating has taken place.

DUAL AND TRIANGULAR LEAGUES.

The establishment of leagues has done much to relieve the financial and executive problems of intercollegiate debating. The older form was that of a dual league, but soon the advantage was seen of introducing a third college to form a triangular arrangement. Today there are also pentangular leagues—notably those of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wisconsin; and Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas.

But the three-cornered plan as adopted by Harvard, Princeton, Yale; Amherst, Wesleyan, Williams; Chicago, Michigan, Northwestern; Oregon, Washington, Stanford; (and several others) has been retained as the most satisfactory. A distinct advantage is that the three debates take place the same night, and on the same question. This enables each college to have two teams—an affirmative and a negative. The value of

this in preparation is obvious. At the final contest, the negative of the question is usually upheld by the visiting team. For instance, one year Williams sends her negative team down to Amherst, Amherst sends her negative to Wesleyan, and Wesleyan in turn sends her negative up to Williams. The next year there is a reversal so that the undergraduates may hear a different college. The negative is assigned to the visitors on the ground that the rigid burden of proof entailed upon the affirmative is offset in part by the advantage of speaking before a familiar audience.

The management of such a round-robin league is delegated to an executive committee, consisting of a representative from each institution. A written compact for three years provides for the schedule of debates, selection of judges, length of speeches and all other matters except the local arrangements. The question is chosen in a rather ingenious way. Early in the fall, or more often in the spring of the preceding year, each college submits to the secretary of the executive committee two debate questions. Then these six constitute the list, on which each college votes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, in order of preference. The question thus receiving the lowest total is deemed to be the one chosen. In the event of a deadlock the colleges take another ballot on the two equal-score questions. The visiting delegation pays its own railroad expenses, but is entertained at the expense of the home college. From this is seen the desirability of forming a league with institutions which geographically represent a triangle.

SELECTION OF INTERCOLLEGIATE TEAMS.

The most efficient method of selecting 'varsity debaters is still a matter of controversy. Of several plans employed, two are particularly noteworthy. The older, and unquestionably the more satisfactory method is found at Harvard, Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Williams, and most of the other eastern institutions. The plan is simple and fair. The preliminary trial, open to any undergraduate student, consists of a five-minute argument on either side of the intercollegiate question. From this, twelve are selected by a faculty committee for a further try-out. In order that these men may have opportu-

nity at rebuttal, they are divided by lot into two affirmative and two negative teams, of three speakers each. Two regular, semi-public debates (each an hour and a half in length) are then held; at which time a different set of judges makes the final decision.

North Dakota, on the other hand, follows a plan that is typical of many western universities. The men are chosen from a series of inter-society debates. In the fall each literary society chooses its three representatives and challenges some other society for a public debate. A two weeks schedule of inter-society debates on various questions is arranged, and five judges are appointed to attend all these contests and select the inter-collegiate teams. As a special safety device or escape valve, there is also a free-for-all debate open to non-society students, and men disappointed in not making their society team.

Here is an instance where the writer does not feel that the new method marks an evolution. The older plan seems more desirable from the standpoint of both the college and the literary society. In the first place, it furnishes the judges a more adequate means of selecting the best teams. The several society debates are on questions varying widely in difficulty. Now it does not follow that because a man excels in a discussion of the recall of judges that he will necessarily be effective when placed on a question as technical as that of a central bank, or the single tax. Mr. A., perhaps, is the son of a banker and has first-hand knowledge of banking problems; quite likely he is the man for a monetary question. Mr. B. knows nothing of this, but has specialized in the field of railroad transportation and is ready to handle a question of railroad rates. Evidently there is a far better basis of judgment when all the candidates present arguments on the exact question of the inter-collegiate contest. One can then estimate the men in their comparative thoroughness of preparation, analysis of the question, handling of evidence, and general argumentative effectiveness.

The second advantage is that it means a considerable saving of time for the busy debaters. And this is not so trivial a matter as it might seem. I have heard students remark: "No,

I'm not going out for the team this year. I simply haven't the time. I would have to try out for my society team, and then if I made it, study up the question and enter the inter-society contest. Then should I be chosen from this, I would have to throw overboard my material and work up an entirely different question. No, I can't do all this." But a contest on the intercollegiate subject, eliminates this researching through two questions. Furthermore, when twenty or thirty men appear in the preliminaries, all on the affirmative or negative of the same discussion, some original arguments are sure to be presented. These men who do not make the team are always very willing to turn over their material. After the semi-finals, the subject has been thrashed out so completely on both sides, that the teams require but little coaching for the intercollegiate contest.

There is still a third advantage to the college in the older method of selection—it is in accord with our growing conception of campus democracy. What would you think if the baseball coach should choose his 'varsity nine by selecting players from the inter-fraternity games? Suppose he said, "Now I will watch the Beta-Sig game this afternoon, and pick two from each team; tomorrow I will choose four more from the Psi U-Phi Delt game." What would you say to such procedure in athletics? Yet, that is precisely the policy often employed in selecting 'varsity debating teams. Should not the best six debaters in the university be chosen, regardless of whether they belong to the same literary society? Why should it be thought necessary to divide the plums among the several societies, when a larger university interest is at stake?

Nor is this new method as advantageous to the societies themselves, as it might appear. It is not surprising that their debates lack team work. Each man's primary aim is to make the 'varsity, and incidentally to have his society win. Mr. A. wants to appear to the judges as a brilliant individual debater, and consequently often has five opponents instead of three. In the nature of things, there is a conflict of loyalty; he would like to have his team win, but more than that he is eager for individual honor. No, the system is wrong. Were the inter-society debates distributed throughout the year, instead of

congested into ten days, and made purely a team contest with no consideration of choosing inter-collegiate debaters, I believe a splendid improvement would be effected.

THE MATTER OF JUDGING DEBATES.

Those who have been attending debates for several years must rejoice in the new method of judging. In the old arrangement the judges used to retire, and by consultation attempt to render a unanimous decision. The suspense for the audience was tedious. One time in a Yale-Princeton debate, the judges were out one hour and twenty minutes. Grover Cleveland, who presided, tells us that it was one of the most miserable hours he ever spent, trying to pacify the audience, and to ignore the frequent calls for "Speech."

The unfairness of this jury method became apparent. If the opinion was two to one favoring the affirmative, and the minority judge was a strong-willed, persuasive man, it was quite likely a question of time in influencing the other two to the negative. The present method is simpler and absolutely fair. The judges are not allowed to confer during the debate, but simply hand their sealed ballot to the usher. These are opened and read aloud by the presiding officer. Sometimes he reads the three ballots to himself before making the announcement, but it seems better to read each one as it is opened. The writer recalls one instance where the chairman announced the first ballot, "affirmative," the second, "negative"; and then make a few remarks before opening the third. The effect upon the audience was exasperating.

The selection of capable, impartial judges is sometimes a problem. An attorney or judge, a professor, and a keen business man are considered a well balanced group of judges. As these three types of men have had different training they see things from different angles. The consensus of their judgment ought to stand unquestioned. Men who are strongly opinionated on the particular subject for discussion are often debarred. When an economist is radically opposed to the single tax, naturally the contentions of the affirmative seem to him fallacious. The case is analogous to that of empanell-

ing a jury; those who has not formed a strong opinion are the more desirable; it is easier for them to determine which side gets nearer the truth.

A discussion sometimes arises as to the basis of judgment: How much ought arguments to count, and how much delivery? It is the old controversy of matter vs. manner. In the evolution of debating we are coming to realize that arguments are the main consideration, and that oratoric expression is secondary. Some, even, instruct the judges to mark 75 per cent. on subject matter and 25 per cent. on delivery, but such mathematical precision seems unwise. When playing tennis, although I may be crude and clumsy—wretched in form—yet, by actual points scored I may win out. The same is true in debating. But of course if I am weak in delivery—crude enunciation, feeble voice, sleepy appearance—why indirectly that counts against me because the judge necessarily misses my points. Nor ought credit to be given to arguments that are completely overthrown by opponents. I once heard a judge at a intercollegiate contest explain his method of judging: "After I hear the first debater I put down some number as 5; then if I like the next man much better I give him, say 7, then the third one may drop down to 2. Then, after I have heard all six, I add up and see which side has the larger score." What absolute absurdity! If we are to have recall of court judges, it ought to apply to such incompetent debate judges.

Frequently the managers of the two teams arrange to meet the judges just before the debate, and present them written instructions, so to avoid misunderstanding. The following is a copy of the instructions sometimes used:

(A) *The award shall not be made on the merits of the question, but on the merits of the debate:* That is to say, consideration as to what may seem to a judge the intrinsic merit of either side of a question should not enter into, or determine the award; but the award ought to be made to that college team which evinces greater argumentative ability and better form as speakers.

(B) In determining argumentative ability, the judges should take into consideration thorough knowledge of the sub-

ject, power of analysis and structure, logical sequence, skill in selecting and presenting evidence, and effectiveness in rebuttal.

(C) In considering the form of the speakers as distinguished from their arguments, the judges should regard bearing, quality of voice, pronunciation, enunciation, ease, and appropriateness of gesture, and directness, variety and emphasis in delivery.

(D) Although delivery is of some consideration, it should be remembered that *matter is more important than form*. Validity of arguments presented is the main thing, and delivery secondary, and should one team excel in matter, and the other to an equal degree in form, the award should go to the former.

FACULTY COACHING.

In the contracts of some triangular leagues appears the provision: "There shall be no faculty coaching." Is not this, too, significant of an evolution? In football, professional coaching seems necessary, but ought a purely intellectual contest to be put on the same basis? After a debate, ought it to be known that Professor So-and-so's team won? In high schools there may be need for detailed coaching, but among university students it ought largely to be dispensed with. When a professor of English or public speaking teaches a course in argumentation, ought not his class-room instruction to be sufficient guidance? That educational system is weak which does not stimulate college men to do real vigorous thinking for themselves. There is altogether too much reliance on ready-made arguments, and not enough individual research. Now if we pedagogues can agree to keep our hands off, and let the boys learn to sift evidence and present their own arguments, shall we not ultimately contribute to the development of college debating?

Don't think me an extremist. I believe it is well for faculty members to give suggestions and help the debaters in locating material, but what I do denounce is an instructor's furnishing the entire line-up of arguments, and then coaching the

boys how to say those pet ideas. Let's work to make inter-collegiate debating distinctive among contests—distinctive in that the students themselves do the work.

This year Yale won over Harvard, for the first time in several years. The comment of Professor F. R. Fairchild, who had charge of the Yale debaters, is significant. He says: "It is generally felt that the university has good reason to be proud of the showing made by the debating team this year. It is probably not so generally known that the credit for this result belongs more than in other recent years to the debaters themselves. Heretofore there has been chosen, more or less formally, a regular debating "coach." He has been expected to give up a considerable part of his time to the work of studying the question, gathering evidence, working up arguments, etc. Occasionally this method has reached the extreme of type-written arguments prepared by the coach and handed out to be memorized and delivered by the several members of the team. This year nothing of the sort was attempted. After an evening devoted to discussion of the question, the debaters, divided into affirmative and negative teams, were turned loose to work up their cases. At the succeeding meetings the two sides presented their arguments, which were then criticised and torn to pieces, and the debaters again left to reconstruct their arguments, strengthen the weak places, and present them again for the same kind of criticism. This criticism, together with some suggestions from other members of the faculty, was all that the debaters had in the way of coaching. No outsider looked up the evidence or developed the arguments. And no outsider can claim credit for the result. The debaters can know that what they accomplished they did themselves. It seems to the writer that this is the way to carry on debating. The plan of the regular coach verges too much on the professional. The coach cannot help feeling that his own reputation is at stake, that he must win at any cost, that he cannot afford to leave the developments of the arguments to the debaters, but must himself work up the strongest possible case. The debaters on the other hand, are in danger of feeling that they are little more than automatons to deliver the ready-made arguments put into their mouths."

EXCHANGE OF BRIEFS.

Lawyers before pleading a case in court submit a brief, outlining the arguments for prosecution, or defence. Many are advocating a similar arrangement in debating—an exchange of briefs at least three weeks prior to the debate. It seems imperative for both sides to have the same analysis of the question, and to agree to disagree on the same issues. This would prevent the all too frequent parallel-track debates, and insure head-on collisions. It would also tend to eliminate strategy, and to make the debates frank, public discussions, where the judges have simply to determine which side gets nearer the truth.

High school debates, in particular, are given over to trick plays; the attempt is to win by stealing a march on their opponents. "Never mind about enlightening the audience, just spring these unexpected points at the last moment, and see if it doesn't swamp the other side." Recently I acted as judge on the Parcel Post question. The affirmative won unanimously, but it is doubtful if they would have won, had there been a previous agreement on a definite plan of parcels post. The affirmative worked the surprise by advocating government ownership of express companies. The negative, naturally, had taken the usual interpretation of that question—simply the eleven pound extension of the United States mail service—and being inexperienced debaters were unable, on the spur of the moment to change their line of attack. Therefore, their contentions of expense, competition with private enterprise, unfairness of flat rates, etc., were wholly beside the point; in other words, both sides were discussing such totally different systems that a clash of opinion was impossible. Had there been an exchange of briefs, all this misunderstanding (or perhaps conscious trickery) would have been avoided.

But, you say, debating should fit one to meet the situations that occur in actual life. How many times, however, in a public discussion does a speaker have to *guess* what the issues will be? The debates in Congress, for instance, are on a definite well-defined proposition. The bill is drawn up and the arguments pro and con are quite generally known. There is no attempt to delude, and then spring the unexpected. In public

discussions, people are willing to tell beforehand their line of reasoning. Why should it not be so in debating, if our aim is to enlighten by searching out truth?

Yes, the next evolutionary step will be the exchange of briefs. What two colleges will take the initiative?

THE COURTESY AND ETHICS OF DEBATE.

In athletics we are hearing less about charges of professionalism, "ringers," muckerism; there is a growth of good sportsmanship among college men. The same is true in debating; *the courtesy of debate* has become a proverbial expression for fair-mindedness. The cheerful manner in which the rules are adhered to, even in the midst of intense controversy, is remarkable. At the announcement of the decision, how delightful it is to see the defeated team rush over to congratulate their opponents. There is a magnanimous, whole-souled spirit among debaters. At the banquet following, the intensity of a skirmish vanishes; the victors and the conquered sit side by side in a jovial exchange of wit. Such relationship evinces that there is something in debating which makes manly men.

The growing spirit of courtesy was impressed upon me by attending the inter-collegiate—or rather international—debate between the University of North Dakota and the University of Manitoba at Winnipeg. The cordiality with which we were greeted by our English rivals, showed about the city and university, and given a reception and banquet was refreshing. Then in the debate itself there was splendid courtesy. Our boys were given the choice of position on the platform, and allowed to determine the manner of keeping time; on the platform with the Union Jack were our Stars and Stripes; then as our boys did not have academic gowns, the Canadians courteously removed theirs; and not once did either side descend into sarcasm and bitterness; it was an illustration of how students may argue intensely and still be gentlemen. And I wish those who believe a visiting team have a hostile audience to overcome, could have heard the vigorous cheering given our boys; a stranger could scarcely have told which was the popular side. I returned from that contest assured that the courtesy of debate is a growing reality.

The *ethics of debate* has reference to the matter of honesty. Sometimes dishonesty creeps in. Not long ago, I attended an inter-society debate on the Recall of State Judges. One affirmative speaker wished to show concretely just how corrupt State judges are. Now, in a certain issue of *Pearson's Magazine* was a vivid account of a corrupt *Federal* judge. In quoting portions of this, in order to make it pertinent to the debate, he omitted the word *Federal*. The next speaker on the negative had evidently read the same article, and when it came time for him to speak, he walked over to his opponent, asked for the magazine, and exposed to the audience the dishonest trick by which the word federal had been crossed out. Such deception violates the ethics of debate and is rarely seen. A person who wilfully juggles statistics, or tampers with quotations to misconstrue the meaning forfeits his confidence with an audience; he has not realized that a fundamental in debating is honesty.

Interesting situations often occur that test a debater's ethics. One time on the ship subsidy question, a speaker gave elaborate figures about ship-building. They were given so rapidly (not intentionally) that the opponents were at a loss to take them down accurately. After he had taken his seat, one of them arose and asked if he would repeat the figures slowly. There was some reluctance on his part, but he finally did so. Had he refused his debating ethics would have been questionable. I recall another situation. One speaker used a very clever, original chart to explain an intricate problem. When the next speaker appeared, he requested that the chart be brought forward in order that he might expose the fallacies. Cheerfully, though conscious of defeat thereby, he turned over the chart to his opponent.

Yes, I am convinced that the twenty years have developed a growth in both the courtesy and the ethics of debate.

RECOGNITION OF DEBATERS.

That there has been an increase in the amount of recognition given to intercollegiate debaters is apparent. To discuss the various methods of honoring them would make an interesting study. We find that at Yale the men are given gold watch-

charms, bearing on one side the head of Demosthenes, and on the other the name of the owner, and the debate in which he took part. Harvard grants "shingles" or certificates to the effect that the owner has represented his Alma Mater in debate. Several colleges are endeavoring to honor alike those who excel in music, debate, oratory, and dramatics by presenting watch fobs bearing the official emblem of the college. The University of Michigan even believes in material compensation, and grants her debaters sums of money.

One of the recent forms of recognition is the granting of three or four hours of credit. This, however, seems objectionable. There is a growing tendency to cheapen the curriculum by allowing participation in student activities to count for credits. Oratory, debating, student publications, glee clubs, and the like, are all clamoring for substitute credit. "How much credit will I get out of this?" is a too frequent question. A versatile student who is on the debating team for three years, and active in other fields, need elect but a few hours a week to meet the diploma requirements. There can be no question but that the training and experience on a debating team is as valuable to a student as any course in the curriculum. We hear a man say, "Why, I wouldn't swap what I got out of debating for any two courses in college." But even so, ought it to count on the registrar's books? If we are to give credit for debate work, where are we to draw the line with other activities?

I am aware that one of the reasons urged for this credit, is that the debaters, relieved by dropping one course, can spend more time in preparing material. But, as a matter of fact, the debates usually come in the middle of a semester, and the course is not dropped until the following semester, when the debate work is all over. Now, if we wish to relieve the debaters, why not do so at the time when they are working the hardest? What they want is enough time for thorough investigation. If the instructors would be willing to excuse them from burdensome class-room assignments during the three or four weeks previous to the contest, it would satisfy the need. In such courses as English, public speaking, economics (and debaters are quite likely to be enrolled in these classes) it is

a fair proposition to substitute debate work for special reports and assignments. Such an arrangement—which is our custom in North Dakota—seems more feasible than that of granting actual credits.

But the real growth of recognition is to be found not in externals—in the granting of badges, certificates, and credits—but in the awakened student sentiment. When a man is made to feel by the attitude of his fellow students that one of the greatest honors that can come to him is to represent his Alma Mater in debating, then we have a worthy type of recognition. Demonstrations by bonfires, band music, and parades are quite essential for athletic celebrations, but we do not expect the same exhibition of enthusiasm for debate; it seems inappropriate for an intellectual contest. But what we do take pride in is the increasing student sentiment that quietly exalts debating and puts an honor-premium upon debaters.

Nor is recognition lacking outside of the college gates. The statement from the head of a prominent business concern is significant: "Yes, I employ several college men. Other things being equal, I like one who has excelled in debating. I find that the ability he has acquired to analyze problems, to think quickly and keenly, to contend with opponents fiercely, but honorably has an application in business." This is the type of recognition that is worth while.

A FINAL WORD.

Dare I say another word about debating? While I have no exhortation for the students, I cannot resist a final remark to colleagues in the teaching clan. I realize that every teacher is prone to extol his own particular field, and to wonder at the indifference from other people. But when students are discussing a political or economic problem, is it not to be assumed that college professors should be generally interested? Yet, one is led to assert that at the intercollegiate debates, the percentage of attendance from the student body far exceeds that from the faculty. There is nothing that so encourages, so inspires a debater as to feel that he has the wholesome support of his teachers, particularly if they teach in wholly different fields. That instructor who cares only for a

student's success in his own department and scoffs at activities not immediately connected with it, is narrow in the extreme. "Charity for all" is needed in the diversified curriculum. I like what Professor Lyman of the University of Wisconsin says in his article in the *Century* (October, 1911). To illustrate that certain faculty members are not unknown to pooh-pooh at debating, he mentions the case of a professor of history who complained because a boy making C grades in history was praised for being a debater of grade A. The assumption is that his teaching of history lacked the stimulus of a good fight.

There are several other debate problems that invite discussion, but I fear I have already said too much. My aim has been merely to stimulate a higher regard for college debating, and to indicate in what ways the twenty years have worked an evolution.

BE YOURSELF.

President Southwick's Opening Day Address to the Students.

This meeting is a simple family gathering for greeting and getting together. It is to give you a chance to see your Faculty and hear them tell you how glad they are to get back to their work with the students. And it is as informal as such an affair can be. If we add anything to the welcome that is in our hearts, it is that you may recall it better if it is said on Opening Day, because a first time in a new home or school stands out, and is less likely to be lost in the procession of the days.

Emerson College exists to help you to be natural, to protect your individuality and to enlarge it. This is a school of expression. Your whole business in this world is self-expression. Your entire duty in life is to express, in words and deeds, your own individuality as it reacts upon what God reveals to your senses and to your soul. Emerson's work is to help you to be your real selves, to express frankly and earnestly what you are and what you see today; and then tomorrow, when you are more and see more, to express that larger self-realiza-

tion earnestly and frankly. Expression is necessary to evolution; and evolution is through expression.

At all stages be yourself. Your salvation is in knowing that your individuality is your copyright, your protection from competition and effacement. To surrender it and become an imitator of others is to lose your most precious possession.¹¹ With all her lavishness Nature does not copy herself. There are no precise duplications in leaves or sunsets. God has given you the capacity for something different from any other human being. Your attractiveness and your effectiveness lie in guarding sacredly that precious *you*.

Be yourself! Imitate nobody. Imitate nothing save as a mere exercise, as to possess oneself of a new tool or to learn the best use of an old one.¹

If you would be an orator you repeat the words of great orators only for the inspiration of their message, and as an exercise in form. If you go much farther you become not an orator but a phonograph.¹¹ If you constantly use the ideas and words of a writer you will not become an author, but a plagiarist, or, at the best, a scrivener. If you would be a painter you try to reproduce the masters' paintings only so far as to learn somewhat of their ways of gaining their effects. To go farther is to become a copyist, not an artist. Your success will never come in seeking to be a second edition, a replica of another's art or excellence. Only mediocrity lies at the end of that road. Better a fifth-rate original than a first-rate copy.¹¹

Imitate no artist, however great. At the most you will be a replica not of him but of his style. Imitate none by copying his particular acts; no, not even those of a moral leader. Without the informing spirit itself, which cannot be imitated, the acts would lack authority and a significance. I would say do not imitate even Christ in performing specific things you read that he did. It is not in repeating those acts, but in absorbing his spirit that you grow toward him. Then you would do different acts which in that spirit would be none the less Christ-like.

Guard sacredly your originality. Suspect anyone who approaches that jewel. Your potential effectiveness depends

upon being yourself. Let your individuality stay at home, your spirit be in poise. You have beliefs, ideas, convictions. They are the result of your reactions upon nature, opinions, people, as you have known them. You possess them. They are yours. They may change as your horizon enlarges and experience deepens. But their successors, in their turn, will be yours.

This summer I heard a famous preacher trying to distinguish between beliefs and convictions by saying that beliefs belong to you, but you belong to convictions. This is only partly true. Nothing possesses you unless you let it or unless you will it. A conviction of truth, however, may well mean that your soul has grasped a portion of ultimate truth itself, and has reacted so intensely that the truth has fused with your own soul, and it seems as if the soul became almost a new thing. Ultimate truth is. We can only grasp whatever of it we are able to receive. And while it does not remake us, it can transform the quality of our living, the direction and forcefulness of our acting.

Keep your individuality. Your style is yourself, and for you it is the best style. Be true to what you see, and express it in your own way. Even in your dramatic work you are always to possess your fictitious character. Never should it possess you. To lose oneself in a part, to be possessed by a character means absurdity or intoxication, if it means anything. "I play Hamlet, I play Richard, but I *am* Lear," asserted the great Forrest. What did he really mean? Did he intend us to understand that when playing Lear he surrendered his individuality, that he did not know where Edwin Forrest was or what he was about, but lived and moved and had his being as the mad king? Assuredly he did not mean that. When one says, "I am the character," if he speaks authoritatively, he means that his imagination grasps not only a large part of what the author intended when he created that character but that he has grasped absolutely all he intended—perchance has carried the implications even farther than the author had foreseen. And he means, moreover, that his art is adequate to completely embody that character with convincing, light-giving truth.

The character conceived in a poet's brain needs a medium for materialization. Like a detached spirit it must have a human body in which to incarnate and be wholly manifest. But right here the figure loses truth, for the dramatic character does not possess your body as the soul possesses its earthly tegument. Were it so one responsive body would serve as well as another, and the actor, like an Aeolian harp, would be merely an instrument swept by every gust of emotion, and, like the harp, purely responsive. Were the actor to surrender his real self, to vacate the premises to the temporary tenant of the poet's creating, then would the personality of the actor lose all significance, and physical plasticity and completeness of self-effacement be the sole measure of an actor's success. But the actor's personality is and ever must be a determining factor in theatric art. We love Hamlet, Shakespeare's mystic, iridescent dream. But we love Edwin Booth's Hamlet. We love magnanimous Brutus. But we love him reflected in the generous and stately personality of John McCullough. Care-free Rip Van Winkle is indelibly stamped with the quaint, endearing individuality of Joseph Jefferson. We love Love, but it is ever the personality of the lover that varies the equation.

Be yourself. If, in imitation of another's achievement or type of excellence, you give away your individuality you lose that which not enriches him and leaves you poor indeed. Only the natural is intrinsic. It is only individual initiative that moves society.

Rigid insistence upon the protection of individuality does not mean self-satisfaction or personal insularity. Some people have sadly misread Ralph Waldo Emerson's philosophy by assuming that to be natural is to maintain a smug self-sufficiency, a calm superiority to the influence of times and places and people, the revelations of art, the opportunities of travel, and the utterance of sages. This is not to be natural, unless, in the old sense, to be "a natural"—a natural fool.

If we are to express ourselves in our own way, why study at all? Why are we not all right just as we are? Precisely because we want to be ourselves, and that "while we are now the sons of God, it hath not yet appeared what we shall be."

It is because to be natural is not to be what we were yesterday, but to express earnestly what we are today, illuminated by the flush of the dawning tomorrow, knowing that life is an endless becoming, knowing that our natural selves, while never other than our very own individual selves, are none the less our utmost potential selves.¹⁾

It is a common error to confuse the natural with the customary, to regard as unnatural what is merely unusual to our experience. The country boy talks, walks, thinks much as his family and neighbors talk, walk and think. It is his usual way, and he has known nothing different. He comes to the great city and hears a Beecher or a Phillips. He is entranced by the great orator and amazed at his variety. The speaking is very different from that of country pulpit or town meeting. It is extraordinary, but it does not impress him as in any way unnatural. It probably seems more truly natural than most of the utterance he has heard. And if in him lies latent and even unsuspected the motive and the potentiality to convince and move his fellow men straightway that power stirs within him; it rises to greet its own.

The girl whose life has been spent in a rural community or a small town comes to a great center and sees a Sarah Bernhart. The play itself has the common elements—love and hate, kindness and treachery, pride, fear, jealousy, fidelity—the ingredients of ordinary living. She knows these elements, has seen them expressed all around her—has expressed them herself. There is nothing new in them. But Bernhart! what wealth of interpretation, what sweep, iridescence, what bewildering variety, what a gamut of expressive power! All extraordinary, but all convincingly, compellingly natural. And much of it, did she but know, is entirely possible to herself. Straightway within her is stirred the dramatic instinct, the desire to enter sympathetically into other lives and interpret their meaning.

We must not regard the merely habitual as natural, or that which differs from our previous experience and habit as untrue to nature. The unusual may be unnatural; it is as likely to be the most truly natural.

We grow, not by abdicating individuality, but by fostering

it and bringing out its capacities. We grow not by simulating the appearances of power, but by developing its sources. We grow not by imitation, but by absorption, by the stimuli of great examples, by our original efforts and the strength that comes through self-exercise. These are the influences that stir to life the instinct within us that reaches and towers until it breaks up and through the crusts of crude habit and limitation and bursts into efflorescence in artistic achievement and enriched personality. This efflorescence is from the vital sap of individuality, not the artificial flower of imitation attached by a string.

Be natural. It is your protection. It is the only way to true growth, to the satisfactions that abide. Be yourself—your becoming self, your oncoming self. In this is your chance for initiative, for finding your own true course, which may take you along familiar paths, brightened with many flowers, or may lead you by untrodden ways, with bleeding feet and lonely heart, yet cheered by the high purpose which makes the thankless task a joy, lighted with the vision of the better life for those who shall follow after you. Be yourself, for in this lies the power for a successful solution of your own life problem, and for your richest social contribution. Society's problems, after all, are individual problems. Our schools, governments, churches, organizations, charities, are so many devices for lifting society—you and me—to a better human fulfilment. The end sought is always individual lives—sane, sweet, complete. And the successful individual solution is the most real, and is often the most important social contribution that you or I can make.

FACULTY NOTES.

A brilliant dinner was given at Hotel Maryland, Pasadena, California, in honor of President Southwick, June 10th, by the Emerson graduates and their friends who are located in sunny southwest.

Professor Ward's only brother was recently elected President of the State College of New Hampshire, at Durham. Professor Fairchild has been State Superintendent of Kansas, and is also the President of the National Educational Asso-

ciation. Professor Ward is naturally delighted, as they have had continents between them of recent years. The following clipping is from *The Boston Herald*:

Dr. Edward Thompson Fairchild of Lawrence, Kan., Superintendent of Public Instruction of that State, was unanimously elected President of the New Hampshire College by the Board of Trustees. It is understood that he will accept.

Dr. E. T. Fairchild is a native of Ohio. He was educated at the Wesleyan and Wooster University, and received the honorary degrees of Ph.D. and LL.D. His whole life has been given to educational work. He taught in a normal school in Ohio, and also served as Superintendent of Schools in that State. Later he was City Superintendent for a number of years in Kansas, and for eight years a member of the Board of Regents of the Agricultural College. He has served for three terms as State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Kansas, an honor which has come to no other occupant.

He is chairman of a committee of the National Education Association on rural schools, having associated with him such men as Dr. Bailey of Cornell, and Dr. Elliott of Wisconsin. He is also President of the National Education Association.

LITERARY MASTERPIECES.

(Presented at Emerson College Wednesday Evenings)

OCTOBER 23—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" *Shakespeare*

Gertrude McQuesten

OCTOBER 30—"Herod" *Stephen Phillips*

Henry Lawrence Southwick

NOVEMBER 6—"The Servant in the House" *Kennedy*

Foss Lamprell Whitney

NOVEMBER 13—"Henry IV" (First Part) *Shakespeare*

Walter Bradley Tripp

NOVEMBER 20—The "Electra" of Euripides

Evalyn Thomas

DECEMBER 4—"Faust" *Goethe*

Jessie Eldridge Southwick

LECTURES ON LITERATURE.

(This Course has been Delivered by Dr. Leon Vincent in
Emerson College on Thursday mornings).

OCTOBER 3—William Makepeace Thackeray.

OCTOBER 10—Charles Dickens.

OCTOBER 17—George Eliot.

OCTOBER 24—Washington Irving's Early Works.

OCTOBER 31—Kings of the Pulpit in Colonial Days.

THE AULD SCOTCH SONGS.

[There is an appeal in the tender pathos and the quaint humor of the songs of Scotland, which is indeed difficult to analyze. Perhaps it is because of their dialect or the genius of their writers, or perhaps it is because they truly express in an unrestrained, uncalculating manner, the emotions of these sturdy reverent people of the Highlands and Moors, whose devotions seem to breathe of olden times and which are so refreshing in this age of growing materialism.]

THE AULD SCOTCH SONGS.

*Oh, sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue.
The sangs my fater wish'd to hear,
The sangs my mither sung
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee,
And I wadna' sleep, she sang sae sweet,
The auld Scotch sangs to me.*

*Sing one o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blithesome or the sad,
They make me smile when I am wae,
And greet me when I'm glad;
My heart goes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tear dims my e'e
And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins
As ye sing the sangs to me.*

*Sing on, sing mair o' these auld sangs
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow o' the past
Where mem'ry loves to dwell.
Tho' hair grow gray and limbs grow auld
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sangs to me.*

—Rev. Dr. Bethune.

WITHERED HEATHER.

*When you were a lassie sweet
And I was a laddie, oh,
On the heather hills where the wild bird trills
His lilt o' the long ago,*

*Ah, life was a mad thing then,
 With a jest for every tear,
 And you were my song all the sweet day long,
 And I was your laddie dear.*

*When you were a lassie wed
 And I was the laddie braw,
 And the babby came wi' her mither's name
 On the wings o' a night o' snaw,
 Ah, life was a soul-swept chord
 That broke in a golden rain,
 And she was a part o' the Great Song Heart,
 And we were the echo strain.*

*Now you are a lassie gray
 And I am a laddie old,
 But we're dreaming still when the nights fall chill
 O' a wee little grave in the fold,
 And life is a white, white thing
 When the mem'ry rivers flow,
 Where the wild bird's note sobs in his throat
 As he sings o' the long ago.*

—Gordon Johnstone.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

*Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!*

*He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was deein';
 I said he might dee when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for leein', for leein',
 The Lord forgie me for leein'!*

*A weel-stockèd mailen,—himsel' for the laird,—
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffer:
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.*

*But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.*

*But a' the neist week as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.*

*But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.*

*I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!*

*He beggèd, for gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrows:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.*

—Robert Burns.

MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

*O my luvè's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.*

*As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I:
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.*

*Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will luv thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.*

*And fare thee weel, my only luv!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luv,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!*

—Robert Burns.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

*There were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.*

*They took a plow and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.*

*But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.*

*The sultry suns of summer came,
Ans he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.*

*The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.*

*His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.*

*They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.*

*They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.*

*They fill'd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heav'd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.*

*They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
They toss'd him to and fro.
And still, as signs of life appear'd,*

*They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.*

*And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.*

*John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.*

*'Twill make a man forget his wo;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.*

*Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!*

—Robert Burns.

HIGHLAND MARY.

*Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.*

*How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.*

*Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!*

*O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.*

—Robert Burns.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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No. 1

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Post Graduate News.....LILLIAN HARTIGAN

Senior News.....LILLIAN CLARK

ALBERT F. SMITH, *Business Manager*.

EMILE GOSS.....*College News Editor*

Junior News.....ISABEL TOBIN

Freshman News.....MARION VINCENT

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STUDENT



THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

President - - - - MARY SHAMBACH

Vice-President - - - MARY W. SAFFORD

Secretary and Treasurer - ALLENE BUCKOUT

The Association has met several times, and from the organization and interest shown, a most successful and helpful year is promised. Several important matters relative to the College life, including the establishment of a water filter system throughout the College, are under consideration.

It is sincerely regretted that Alla Martin is unable to return to College. Mary Shambach has been elected in her place as President of the Association.

Albert F. Smith has been chosen as Business Manager of the Magazine for the coming year. 1911-12 proved a good year for the College publication, for the Business Manager's books show a balance of over fifty dollars to be added to the treasury of the Association.

PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

The Students' Association again offers a first prize of \$15, and a second prize of \$10, for the best and second best stories submitted to the president of the association on or before January 15, 1913.

The judges to be appointed by the president.

The contest shall be governed by the following rules:

1. The material must be available for platform use.
2. It must contain not less than two thousand or more than three thousand words.
3. The plot must be original.
4. No names must be signed, but the name must be written on a separate slip of paper and enclosed in a sealed envelope with the manuscript when it is submitted.
5. All material *must be typewritten.*

THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays—2:00-3:00—Room 510

*"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,—
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our in-
completeness,—*

Round our restlessness, His rest."

—The Rhyme of the Duchess May.

Inspired with the tireless enthusiasm of Miss George, the Boston Student Secretary, the Young Women's Christian Association of Emerson is becoming a splendid and important factor in the College life. It is hoped that every student will become an active member eventually, and a strong effort is being made towards such a realization. Weekly a large thermometer with its rising mercury indicates the latest bulletin of membership, and attractive posters decorate the doors to welcome the new students. Perhaps one of the strongest means by which the influence of the College upon the city is felt, is through the Association, for the larger part of the settlement education in Boston is made possible through the Harvard students and the girls of Emerson, who so generously give their time and energy to this splendid movement. Every activity of the organization cannot be too highly commended.

Mrs. Southwick led the meeting of October 4th, choosing as her subject "The Content of the Ideal," and making the hour most helpful and inspiring. Miss George outlined the aims and ambitions of the organization for the coming year.

October 18th, Mr. Locke of the Boston Civic Service House, described the settlement work in the "new, old city," and asked for the coöperation of Emerson during the coming year.

The Boston University cabinet gave an informal luncheon October 23rd, to the cabinet members of the Simmons and Emerson College Associations, in honor of the Field Secretary, Miss Corbett.

Taking as her subject, "The Personality of Christ," Miss Corbett gave a very uplifting talk in the meeting of October 25th.

On the evening of October 10th, the Association's yearly reception to faculty and students was held. Yellow and white chrysanthemums were in evidence everywhere, and the walls of the receiving rooms were almost covered with streamers and pennants. In one weirdly lighted corner several gypsy fortune-tellers scared the timid freshmen, while in the other rooms and corners, the games and dancing, and the dainty refreshments contributed towards making the evening most enjoyable.

CANADIAN CLUB.

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	ISABELLE MACGREGOR
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	LAURA CURTIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	MARY CODY
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	MAUD RELYEA
<i>Magazine Reporter</i>	-	-	-	AMELIA GREEN

After a summer's separation, the members of the Club felt strongly the joy of reunion, and at the first meeting welcomed three new members to their midst—Ethelwyn Cunningham of Hamilton, Ont., Ida Leslie of Halifax, N. S., and Maud MacLean of Charlottetown, P. E. I. Canada now has fourteen representatives in Emerson.

Abbie A. Ball entertained Bertha Gorman and her sister, with several other Canadian friends, at a luncheon given at her home in Dorchester.

The Club spent a delightful afternoon in Arlington at the home of Mrs. Story, the president of the Boston Canadian Club.

Alecia Conlon, the former president of the club, is having a most enjoyable visit in Vancouver.

'12.

At the first meeting of the Post-Graduate Class the following officers were elected: President, Helena B. Churchill; Vice-President, Abbie Ball; Secretary, Winifred Bent; Treasurer, Ruth Watts.

Those who have returned for post-graduate work are: Marguerite R. Albertson, Abbie Ball, Winifred Bent, Alberta Black, Edna Case, Helena B. Churchill, Olive Clark, Diana Coad, Lillian Hartigan, Anna Keck, Sylvia Leland, Laura Vic MacKenzie, Odeline Stallings, May Sullivan, Neva Walter, Ruth Watts, Jean Walsh and Josephine Whitaker.

Helena B. Churchill spent the summer in Boston, giving readings and attending summer school.

Alberta Black has been teaching in Tilton Seminary, Tilton, N. H., where she successfully staged many plays, including "The Rivals" and "Merchant of Venice."

Of the many readings which Ruth Watts gave during the summer, "Pomander Walk" was undoubtedly the greatest success. *The Wilkes-Barre Record* says:

Last evening in Nelson Memorial Hall, Kingston, an appreciative audience listened with increasing delight to a reading of that quaint and whimsical comedy, "Pomander Walk." Miss Ruth Watts showed rare versatility and an artistic temperament in her presentation of the characters of the turbulent Sir Peter, ever ejaculating "gobbliss-mysoul" as he falls a prey to the deep laid schemes of the simpering widow; the impetuous Jack, wooing and winning the dainty Marjolaine; her sweet-voiced mother, the conscientious Dr. Sternroyd, the pomposity of the bogus man of fashion. Under the guidance of the reader, the audience changed in an instant from the rollicking humor of the comedy parts to the tenderness of the love scenes, and felt that a recall of Miss Watts must not leave them only "half way to fairyland."

*Here's to the young Emersonians,
May you all helpful be
In making dear old Emerson
Endowed and granting degrees!*

'13.

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	AMELIA GREEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	MARY SHAMBACH
<i>Magazine Reporter</i>	-	-	-	-	LILLIAN CLARK

*Seniors at last! Mirabile dictu!
Ups and downs, caps and gowns,
Date-books and Debate;
Pictures, rings, and a thousand things
Control the Senior's fate!*

Welcome to all new students!

The Senior Year has arrived at last! Truly, "Mirabile dictu!" There are rushing parties, suave young men lurking around the corners to entice us to buy caps and rings of their firms, "gym" stunt, dramatic art and shakespearean rehearsals, and a thousand and one activities besides the regular College work which demand our attention. It is worth it, however, and the few remaining months which seemed so far away two years ago, are only far too brief for us now.

Isabelle MacGregor spent the holidays in Lynn.

Mary Cody toured the White Mountains with Judge and Mrs. F. G. Hutchinson during the recent holidays.

Lela Carey read before the Winthrop Women's Club on October 4th.

The Senior Class gave a most enjoyable dancing party at Richard's Hall on October 19th, with the object of increasing the Class funds, in which they were successful—that is, the treasurer has more funds—to collect.

Mary Shambach enjoyed a day at Wellesley this month.

Edith Walton spent Columbus Day at Nashua, N. H.

On her way to the Pacific Coast this summer, Docia Dodd gave seventeen recitals. The following press notices are taken from the papers along the way:

Hampshire, Ill.:

"One of the most pleasing entertainers that have ever appeared in this place."

LeGrand, Iowa:

"Displayed her varied training to the entire satisfaction and delight of the crowd present."

Lynn, Mass.:

"Selection of readings and able manner of delivery, were all that could be desired."

'14.

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	MILDRED JOHNSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	MATTIE RISELEY
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	SADIE O'CONNELL
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	LAURA CURTIS
<i>Magazine Reporter</i>	-	-	-	ISABEL TOBIN

The members of nineteen-fourteen, for the most part, have returned, and they welcome the new comers most cordially. One and all join in saying: "It seems so good to be back again!"

Among those who have given readings recently are: Frieda Michael, in Brookline; Doris Sparrell, for the Daughters of the American Revolution, in Everett; Sadie O'Connell, in Upton; Fern Stevenson, in Vassar; Mildred Johnson, in Bath, Me., and Arthur Winslow in Hanover.

'15.

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	ALBERT F. SMITH
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	THEODOSIA PEAK
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	ALBERT LOVEJOY
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	HELEN SMITH
<i>Magazine Reporter</i>	-	-	-	MARION VINCENT

*With meek and unaffected grace,
The modest "Freshies" came,
With high resolve their luck to try,
In this great Hall of Fame.*

—Apologies to Goldsmith.

The advent of the Freshman into Emerson College, in September of 1912, will be a day long remembered by the Class of 1915. All kinds of high resolves were made on that first "Red letter morn," inspired by the cordiality of the upper classmen and the Faculty. Their smiles and kind words of welcome warmed every beating heart and made the homesick Freshies, for a time, forget "father and the boys."

The Saturday following our entrance, our first "hazing" was administered. This took the form of a sight-seeing tour of historic Boston, with the revered and distinguished Seniors as hostesses. We are indebted to them for the profitable good time which they gave us.

Then the Juniors took their turn as hostesses, warning us not to offend the witches by remaining away from the dance on October 26. Accordingly, we assembled in Richard's Hall, which was decorated with orange and black crepe paper. Funny little jack-o'-lanterns peeped at us from all corners. Black cats and owls stared at us from our dance orders. We were charmed by the witch who told us our past, present, and future. Juniors, we thank you. It will not soon be forgotten.

Then the ambitious young Freshmen decided, according to custom, to start on the "stunt." A committee, with Miss Vincent as chairman, was appointed, and it is now well under way.

SORORITIES.

DELTA DELTA PHI.

Delta Delta Phi wishes all a most happy and successful year.

The following members have returned this year: Olive Clark, Mattie Riseley, Gertrude Chapman, Helen Leavitt, Lillian Aune, Rhea Ashley, Vera MacDonald, Abbie Fowler, Alice Esmond.

Lucille Boyer is teaching this year in Wellsville, Ohio. The Deltas miss her.

We enjoyed a call from Monica Keating, a graduated member of Delta Delta Phi, last month.

Mrs. Walter Durfee entertained the Deltas with a dinner party at her home in Jamaica Plain.

Mattie Riseley recently spent the week-end in Milford, at the home of Olive Clark.

Word has been received from Harrisonburg, Va., announcing the marriage of Wintie Whitesel and Walter Ruby, on the 15th of October. Mr. and Mrs. Ruby will be at home after December 1st, in Oneida, N. Y.

Abbie M. Fowler, Lillian M. Aune and Alice L. Esmond were readers at the Cantabrigia Club in Cambridge, November 4th.

Delta Delta Phi is always at home to her friends at the Chapter House, 39 St. Stephens Street.

ZETA PHI ETA.

The Zeta Phi Eta Sorority is at home to her friends at Hemenway Chambers, on Westland Avenue.

Sheila McLane and Marion Colby were guests at the Chapter House in October.

Grace Rosaaen and Edna Spear are doing lyceum work in the West and South.

Nellie Burke is teaching in the State Normal School at Ellensburg, Wash.

Announcements have been received of the marriage, on September 2nd, of Lucile E. Warner of Ellensburg, Wash., and Dr. Hugo Carl Reimer of this city. They sailed on the Canopic for an extended honeymoon abroad.

Faye Smiley is teaching at Brenan College in Gainsville, Ga.

Anne Keck has returned for the post-graduate course.

Margaret Davidson is attending the State Normal School at Ellensburg, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Jennings announce the marriage of their daughter, Hazel Forsyth, to Mr. Newstone Knight Raymenton, on Saturday, October 19th.

Mary Sandstrom is at the head of the Department of Oratory now being established in the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles, Cal.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Welcome to the new girls, and may your year be a happy and successful one.

We are glad to say that eight of our girls are back: Marguerite Albertson, Leila Harris, Dorothy Demming, Ruth West, Disa Brackett, Lillian Hartigan, Doris Sparrell, and Hazel Hammond.

We are at home to our friends at 177 St. Botolph Street.

Disa Brackett entertained the Sorority at dinner on October 17th, at her home in Roxbury. All had a delightful time.

Maude Fiske, who is teaching in a private school at Hartford, Conn., was a guest at the Chapter House over Sunday recently.

Janet Chisney is making an admirable success in public work. She is now touring the West with the "Pilgrim Girls," under the management of the White Lyceum Bureau.

Eva Churchill is teaching in Maine. She visited the house October 26th.

Katurah Stokes is expected to return for her Junior year in a few days.

Iota Chapter of Phi Mu Gamma entertained the Eta Chapter from the New England Conservatory at a tea given at the Chapter House, October 18th.

We expect to have Jane Rae, who returned home on account of ill health, with us again next semester.

On Wednesday evening, October 30th, at eight o'clock, Frances Riorden, '12, was united in marriage to Jack Prouty, at her home in Niagara Falls. They will make their home in Boston.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

The Kappa Gamma Chi Sorority extends a hearty welcome to all Emersonians, wishing success for each and every one.

The Kappa members back for this year are: Emma Belle Gallagher, Evelyn Oelkers, Elizabeth Beattie, Madaline Tarrant, Anastasia Scribner, Mildred Johnson.

Marjorie Kinne, '10, is back to continue her study of music with Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, and will also take work at Boston University.

We regret to say that Alla Martin, who expected to complete the four-year course, is unable to return.

Ella Dornan, '12, has accepted a position as instructor of oratory in the college at Sterling, Kan.

Alice Davidson, '10, is teaching at the Convent de Chautel, Wheeling, W. Va.

We were very glad to have Jean Fowler with us for a few days. She has accepted a position as reader with the White Lyceum Bureau.

Ruth Roane spent the summer visiting in New York State.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bruggeman announced the marriage of their daughter, Alma Marie, to Mr. Robert Remington Stanley, on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth of September. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley will make their home in Chicago.



We A short month ago the College walls resounded with
Are the hearty greetings of the returning students—to the
Here. companion of the earlier years there was the hearty
 clasp and the exclamation: "I'm mighty glad to see
 you here again!" To the new student was extended the warm
 welcome: "We are pleased to have you here with us!" and
 in answer to both came the sincere reply: "I am very glad to
 be here." And in the many letters to the College from distant
 Canada—from northwestern Washington, and from every-
 where over this great continent where Emerson is represented,
 there comes a similar sentiment: "Oh, how I wish I could be
 with you again at the beginning of this College year!"

It is good to be here. But it is not enough just to be here.
 There is a future before us, and an opportunity now, which
 will never come again. The opportunity and the future will
 be just as great as we make them to-day and to-morrow.
 Emerson is not a magical labyrinth in which a student may
 wander about in a state of passive wonder during his college
 years and then expect to suddenly graduate a brilliant suc-
 cess in his chosen field—success here implies work, responsive-
 ness, preparation and initiative on the part of the student.
 The College offers the most expert instruction in every branch
 of our art, but the best of teachers cannot make us a success—
 he can only point out the right way and inspire us to follow it
 by means of his experience and acknowledged ability. It is
 we who must climb the road. It is long and steep, the dust
 may blind us, and there is no short cut, but when the toiler has

earnestly gone as far as he can towards the summit, the reward is ample, for his view of life is greater and broader, and his influence becomes more powerful, for he is nearer his God. And the world will need his services to help bring others to his level.

Our future, then, is before us to-day. Our opportunities in Emerson and in the great educational center of Boston are absolutely unlimited. May we start climbing now, if we are not already well on the road.

The The EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE closed one of
Magazine. its most successful years with the May number of Volume 20. Larger than ever before, and urging and practicing the highest ideals, indeed every alumnus and student owes a high debt of gratitude to the retiring editor, Eleanor Wilbur Pomeroy.

The present editorial staff is entirely new to the problems of the publication, and to your tender mercies we humbly offer our first issue. Beginning next month three new features will be instituted, in addition to the regular departments of the magazine, which were omitted this month for lack of space. The first will be distinctly technical, and dealing with the technical problems of the graduate in the field; the second, a series of articles by prominent platform artists on the interpretation of the various authors at present before the public; and the third, a review of the popular current magazines and books for available platform material.

The For the splendid article, "The Evolution of Col-
Present lege Debating," we are indebted to Professor John
Issue. Adams Taylor of the University of North Dakota.

Mr. Taylor's admirable study of the development of the college debate and his clear suggestions as to the method of meeting its several problems, will be of inestimable value to the teacher and student of Public Speaking.

The Smart Set Publishing Company very kindly permitted the use of the lyric, "Withered Heather," included with "The Auld Scotch Songs."

The Story Contest. It is sincerely hoped that there will be an even more keen competition than last year in this contest. The stimulating, constructive thought involved in the preparation of such material must prove of inestimable value to the writer, and there is the added stimuli of the prizes offered. The association is to be commended for the support of such a movement.

A Dramatic Club. Last year, and several times this year, have come the rumors that Emerson is to have a Dramatic Club, but the movement still seems to remain in the embryo. To those who witnessed and were moved by the sweet pathos of "Friend Hannah," as presented by Phi Mu Gamma last year, the success of such an organization in the College is already assured. Week-end or vacation trips to the nearby towns could easily be arranged and might prove a financial success, as well as a valuable experience. It has been pointed out that every other college has its dramatic organization excepting Emerson, where most of all it would be expected to exist. It remains for someone to take the initiative.

The Endowment Fund. Professor Kidder announces no radical additions as yet to the endowment fund, and it has been thought advisable to defer the Treasurer's report until later in the year. Matters are not at a standstill, however, as many of the Alumni can testify—the fund is constantly swelling, and it is hoped that its goal will be realized soon.



REUNION COMMITTEE—1913.

OLIVE PALMER HANSEN, '97.

M. ELLA BALL, '97.

GRACE BRONSON PURDY, '95.

The reunion of 1912 was a pronounced success. We want the reunion of 1913 to be a MORE pronounced success. Be loyal to your college and your class by stimulating interest and gathering recruits during the winter months. Let each class try to be the banner class. All suggestions and Communications will be acknowledged if addressed to the Reunion Committee, Emerson College, Boston.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

President, - - - - - M. Ella Ball

First Vice-President, Mrs. Edith Jackson Waite

Second Vice-President, Miss H. Mountford Low

Secretary, - - Miss Hettie Belden Ward

Treasurer, - Miss Harriette A. Wetherbee

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Miss Agnes W. Baker

Miss Alice Josephine Whitcomb

Miss Edith M. Wills

Mrs. Gracia Bacon Moody

Mrs. Ellen Atwater Goudey

Miss Edith Ball

The November meeting of the Emerson College Club of Boston was held at the College rooms on Tuesday evening, October the fifth, with a large and enthusiastic attendance. After the routine business had been transacted, the following very delightful program was enjoyed: Reading, "The Little Sister," Miss Laura M. Belden; music (selected), Miss Alice Grayce

Link; "Widow Bedotte's Courtship," Mr. Crosby and Mr. Bump. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Miss Baker, Mrs. Waite and Miss Ward.

HETTIE M. WARD, *Secretary*.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The E. C. O. Club of Hartford sends greetings to all Emersonians!

Our first meeting of the season was held Saturday, October 5th, at the home of Miss Ruth V. Adams. After a social hour, the business meeting was held. The annual election of officers resulted as follows:

<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Marielle Wood
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Clara M. Coe
<i>Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Caroline Grimley Reid
<i>Secretary,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Bernice L. Loveland

The afternoon spent with the Motherhood Club of Hartford, at which President Southwick gave his wonderful portrayal of the story of "Herod," was enjoyed beyond measure; and we are looking forward to the time when we shall be able to hear him again this winter.

We are also anticipating the time when our Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Stockdale, will lecture here.

LOST—One Round Robin—sent from Hartford last February. Any information thankfully received.

BERNICE L. LOVELAND, *Secretary*.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND.

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	CORA D. FESSENDEN
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	AGNES H. GRAY
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	MARION B. FISHER

A most attractive and artistic pamphlet, giving the membership, constitution and programs of the Club for the coming year, has been received.

MARRIAGES.

'03.	'07.
May Bowker	Nellie Casseday
Mrs. Melvin Jesse Cook,	Mrs. Roger Austin Wilson,
Friday, July the fifth,	August the second,
Le Raysville, Pennsylvania.	Pedro Miguel, Canal Zone, Panama.
'06.	'09.
Florence Chaffe White	Mary Isabel Ellis
Mrs. Harold Andrews Thurlow,	Mrs. Austin Slausen Basten,
Wednesday, August seventh,	Wednesday, July third,
Hackensack, New Jersey.	Kingston, New York.
'06.	'10.
Katherine V. Hayes	Edna Mills Weatherspoon
Mrs. Edward Mark Sullivan,	Mrs. Stanley Donald Skeene,
June nineteenth,	Wednesday, September eleventh,
1375 Commonwealth Ave.,	Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia.
Boston.	
'10.	
Grace Martyn Weir	
Mrs. Clyde Jeffry Smiles,	
Monday, September second,	
Ashland, Wisconsin.	

Jane Wheatley is scoring a notable success as "Calpurnia," in William Faversham's production of "Julius Cæsar," now playing at the Lyric Theatre in New York.

The *Buffalo Sunday Morning News* devotes almost two pages to a richly illustrated account of the May day festivities and dances at the Buffalo State Normal School, under the direction of Jane Keeler.

'93. Ruth A. Woodwell is teaching Voice, Expression and Physical Culture at the Florida Normal Institute, Madison, Florida.

'95. Emersonians throughout the East were deeply grieved to hear of the death, in New York, of Mrs. Grace Burt Homan, at one time President of the Alumnae Association. The *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* devotes over a column to an account of the high esteem in which Mrs. Homan was held in her own school and in the many educational activities in New York with which she was connected. It says in part:

"No teacher in Erasmus ever won more love and admiration from the students than Mrs. Homan. The peculiarity of her work brought into her classes at one time or another every individual who attended the school—a distinction which no other member of the faculty enjoyed—and on each boy and girl her personality and ability made a deep impression. She was a gracious, clever and unusually good looking woman and an instructor of rare ability. She was devoted to her work, and had a natural talent for all dramatic impersonation which kept it from ever becoming perfunctory."

'96. Mary A. Jack has accepted a position in the Expression Department of the Normal School at Duluth, Minnesota.

'97. Any information as to the present address of Mrs. Sara Meill Dowling will be gratefully received by the editor.

'02. *The Poughkeepsie Evening Star* speaks in the following complimentary terms of the work of Mr. and Mrs. (L. Livingstone Cobban) Paul F. Van Deusen:

Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Van Deusen gave another delightful Browning recital in their studio last evening. Mrs. Van Deusen recited with ease and charm of manner, "Saul," Browning's greatest single poem. In the rendition of "Pippa Passes," Mr. Van Deusen's shading of voice was excellent and his interpretation of this beautiful poem, left nothing to be desired.

'05. Miss May E. Schwartz is teaching at Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

'06. Betsey L. Kenyon will do studio work at Plainfield, New Jersey.

'08. The engagement of Eulah Bradstreet to Mr. Ralph Edwin Guillow, physical director of the Lowell Textile School, has been announced.

May L. Phillips is teaching in the High School at Syracuse, New York.

'09. The engagement of Caroline May Paige to Mr. W. Palmer Smith (Emerson '98) has been announced.

Of the work of Ethelyn Flora Holland, who is at present the head of the Expression Department in Perkinomien Seminary, Pennsburg, Pa., the *Perkinomenite* speaks in the following complimentary terms:

"Miss Holland, the head of the department, deserves a great deal of credit for the work she has accomplished. Her ability was well shown in her reading of "The Prince Chap." During the year she has tried to share her talents with those working under her and has succeeded as far as was in her power. Those who took part in the plays derived a wonderful benefit, for she is an exceptionally good coach."

Mary R. Slifer is teaching at the State Normal School at Bloomburg, Pennsylvania.

'10. Rev. Walter Taylor has charge of the Oratorical work at the Theological Seminary in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

'11. Grace Loverin has accepted a position as teacher of Physical Culture and Expression at St. Mary's Academy, Nauvoo, Illinois.

Alice F. Best is teaching at Fort Loudon Seminary, Winchester, Virginia.

Eva Hammond Churchill is Assistant Principal of the High School at Jay, Maine.

Madeline I. Randall will introduce Folk Dancing, Gymnastics and playground games into the schools of St. Johnsbury, Vermont. At the recent spectacle produced there, "The Pageant of St. Johnsbury," Miss Randall directed all the folk, symbolic and interpretative dances, in which over a hundred and fifty people participated. She played "Civilization" in the first part of the allegory, interpolating a symbolic dance, "The Future," and interpreted "Imagination" in the last part.

Luzerne W. Crandall is principal of the Lenthal School, Newport, Rhode Island.

'12. M. Katherine Shank is teaching at Vincennes University, Vincennes, Indiana.

Lois Houlette is reader and accompanist on the Temple Chatauqua circuit in Indiana this year. She writes of delightful experiences in introducing Doctor Cook and Shungapavi, the wizard of the Mogui Indians.

Marion L. Colby is teaching English and Physical Culture in the Manual Training School at New London, Connecticut.

Alice E. Conant is teacher of Physical Culture, Out-of-Door Sports, Dancing and Elocution at St. Margaret's School in Buffalo, New York.

Ione Velma Stevens is in charge of the Voice and Expression classes at Miss Cowles' School at Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. At a recent faculty recital, Miss Stevens read very successfully Edwin Peple's story, "The Mellet's Masterpiece."

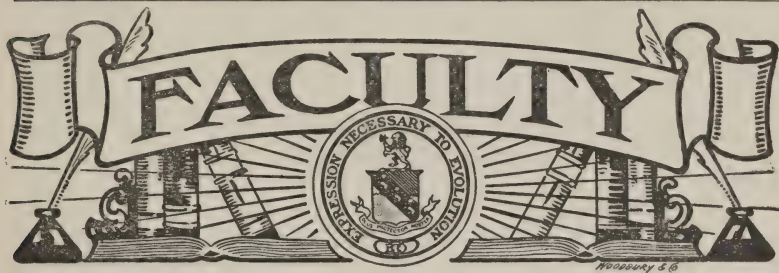
Nellie Burke is teaching in the Normal School at Ellensburg, Washington.

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No. 2.



Several requests have come during the past two years for the reprint of two articles from the January number of 1906. Perhaps there is no better time than the present.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL: A CHRISTMAS EVE REVERIE

Ebenezer Charlton Black.

. . She chanted snatches of old tunes.—*Hamlet, Act iv., Sc. 7.*

There are words and expressions which, say as we may, have about them a certain wizardry. Somehow or other—and the law of mental association does not explain all—they throw a glamor over us, and we are at their mercy. As the scent of a bouquet thrown off from some passer-by will take us in a moment far from the crowded street and the grey of middle life back to childhood and the garden of the long ago, there are expressions which, despite ourselves, have the power of throwing us into moods and states of mind out of which emerge dreams and phantasms, more real than we at first may be inclined to admit.

This Christmas eve I have been under the spell of an expression of the uncanny sort. As the brief December afternoon was closing in, I read in the quaint setting of a play-bill of a century and a half ago the title of a long forgotten melodrama, "The Wandering Minstrel." Since I read these three words

in broken black-letter type, now going brown on the soft yellowed tobacco paper, vision after vision has been passing before me.

I have seen Orpheus, and all nature dancing to his music: the mountains stepping it in a stately minuet, the oaks kicking up their roots and waltzing with birches, the royal lion forgetting his dignity in the rapture of a double shuffle, and the lower animals wild in the restless whirl of a reel. I have beheld old Homer, deep-browed and million-wrinkled, rolling out to the melody of his lyre that deathless music which whilom he sang to the *brool* of the restless Ægean. I have had a vision of the tents of a Danish camp, in the midst of which, under a spreading tree, sat King Alfred, the "Darling of the English" and well named "the Great," harping, like a bearded David, to Guthrum at his tent door, a very Saul of an evil spirit. I have been present at the board of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers when the snow was at the door and the wind in the chimney, and have heard, as the wassail-bowl went round the hall, the far-wandered gleeman with streaming hair, his back to the logs piled high on the blazing hearth, with wild gestures and a wilder eye, pour forth to the twanging of a harp his torrent of melody till the old hall re-echoed with shouts, and the war-cry rebounded from the smoky roof. I have listened to the same gleeman, when the snows were away and the wind was low, singing of love and chivalry, under the summer oak, to the blue-eyed maidens and yellow-haired lads of old England.

Visions, too, I have had of poor Louise, the glee-maiden, with snood in hand and viol by her side, wandering from cottage door to castle gate, with the lay of the woodland walk ever on her lips; and of that aged Minstrel, called the Last by him who was a later and a greater, singing in Newark's tower, garlanded with its woods, of Teviot's Flower and Branksome Hall:

"While Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the minstrel's song."

And now I see Oliver of "The Deserted Village," the happy-go-lucky, the all-lovable, fluting in the market-place of a French village, as the sun goes down, to dark-eyed children in well-worn sabots and old men in much-mended blouses. Surely,

since Time was young, and the god Pan piped, far in the forest, to gleaming nymph and reeling satyr, the world has never seen so strange a wandering minstrel.

A wandering minstrel! As I write the enchanted words, memory, flashing her inextinguishable lamp upon the past, reveals far back the figure of a wandering minstrel, none other than that of Fiddler Henry, to me, at least, the indispensable of our village Fair. In a dusky cloak and a bell-crowned hat, white as the locks that stream down his back like a mountain torrent, with heavy beard and glowing eye, mouthing out to the melody of his fiddle his tales of love and war, he is a poet and a minstrel every fibre of him.

Ah, Fiddler Henry! by thy side I have stood a sanguine and trustful child, regardless alike of merry-go-rounds and ginger-bread stalls, from the time that the sun came over the eastern hill until in my eyes thou wast apotheosized amid the glare of naphtha lamps and the circle of lads and lassies whirling dizzily to thy wild minstrelsy, when the unwelcome tidings came that it was long past bedtime, and, with visions of the day when I should have a fiddle and a bell-crowned hat, I walked down the single street of the quaint old village, not altogether heedless of the evening star that hung high above the pines, and the orange light that was dying away in the west.

Sad was that Fair day which came, and with it no Fiddler Henry. Hither and thither in the market-place I rushed, but nowhere was he to be seen. In despair, I ventured to ask about him of an old candy-wife to whom on bygone Fair days I had seen him speaking. It was long ere I made the withered bel-dame understand, for she must needs think that a bairn can want nothing but barley-sugar or treacle candies. At last she exclaimed, "Harry the Fiddler, my bairn! ken ye na' hoo the puir body was smoor'd i' the snaw last New Year's nicht abune Yarrow?" I understood enough; Fiddler Henry had gone away and was never coming back to the fair, and disconsolate I hurried from the market-place.

Surely I was right when I said that some expressions throw a glamor as of wizardry over us, and that "The Wandering Minstrel" is one of these. It has charmed me like a spell; it has said, "Open sesame!" to my heart's treasure-cave. And

now, as I bid adieu to the wandering minstrels who have been with me to-night, I am somewhat sad. As Fiddler Henry leaves me, it is, indeed, as if a bit of myself were going out into the windy night; and, laying down my pen and watching the flickering fire, while snatches of his old songs flit as bats about dark brain-corners, I cannot but feel something strangely impressive in the fact that the song is with us when the singer is away, that the melody lives when the hand that guided the bow is still beneath a snow-wreath. Something strangely impressive indeed! yet herein catch we not a glimpse of the meaning of the whole thing?

“A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.”

and ever since, in windy weather and on rainy days all alike, there have been minstrels and minstrelsy. Long before troubadour sang or Orpheus piped, the cataract blew its trumpet from the steep and the wind its thousand bugles up the fells, the nightingale shook out her music to the moon, and the summer stream sang all night through to the listening oak. Ay, and before the “great while ago,” ere the sough of the wind and the plash of the rain had begun, there were mysterious minstrelsies, sphere music and morning stars singing together. Minstrelsy is of the eternities and cannot die; the minstrel only opens his soul, already tuned, to the breezes of the Infinite, and it is they that make the melody.

I awake to find my early dream of fiddle and bell-crowned hat more than realized; for, by the constitution of our being, we are all of us wandering minstrels, fluting our roundelays and threnodies in the naphtha-glare and amid the merry-go-rounds of this poor world-fair, with weird passages of wailing as well as allegretto movements in our scores. Before and behind are the eternities, and all around are tones of sphere-music and minstrelsy of loftier worlds with influence on those who will but listen, the highest and holiest. Happy the earth-minstrel who at times shuts out the dazzle of the naphtha-glare and the clatter of the merry-go-rounds, and listens with bowed head to the sphere-music begotten of the eternities, struggling, if he cannot reproduce it, at least to be in tune

with it. For him to have done so will be the better for the world, and, mayhap, not the worse for himself, when out above some Yarrow his limbs are benumbed in the wildering snows of the death-drift.

INTERPRETATION IN PLATFORM ART.

Agnes Know Black.

"Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door. . . . Then said the Interpreter, 'Come in; I will shew thee that which will be profitable to thee.' So he commanded his man to light the candle. . . . Then he took him by the hand and led him . . ."

In Bunyan's immortal allegory there is no more wonderful and significant passage than that which describes the Interpreter's House. Here, in a series of unforgettable pictures, the glorious dreamer gives concrete embodiment to the truth of the deepest experiences of human life. He sets forth with vividness the things that are of eternal worth, and makes us forget, for a time at least the trivial and the base. To be an Interpreter, and to make the art of eloquence an Interpreter's House—this is the supreme duty of the student of platform art. The supreme duty and the highest privilege—for he who interprets fully and worthily has the proud prerogative of peopling anew the vast realm of memory and imagination, and with such inhabitants! Here Achilles wars again, Æneas renews his "unutterable woes," and Dante wanders through the depths of Hell and the fields of Purgatory to reach the joys of Paradise and the Beatific Vision. In this realm of Memory and Imagination Wilhelm Meister reveals emotions which had previously lain unawakened. There is now a Forest of Arden, and there is a Lear who asks for pity. In the darkness and in the glorious light, amid tragic scenes and scenes of mirth-provoking laughter, we live and move and have our being. We heal sorrow with delicate humor, and we purify the soul with exquisite pain if we are true interpretative artists.

The term *interpretation* is too often regarded in a narrow sense. Interpretation is looked upon as a thing distinct from, and even opposed to, other phases of the art of expression. This

misconception has arisen mainly from the error that interpretation is merely literary interpretation, with which circumscribed idea the term has little to do. It is true that literary interpretation has a place, and a very important place, in the wider study. The student ought assuredly to know much about his author, many things about forms; he should be accurately informed as to grammatical niceties, should be able to trace the influences that shaped and informed an author, should have a scholarly and erudite knowledge of the work under consideration. But he may possess all this critical and scholarly apparatus and yet fail in interpretation. It may be questioned if frigid scholarship divorced from any trace of spiritual appreciation could ever prove what it proudly proclaims itself to be,—dispassionate criticism. Certain it is that the pedantry which concerns itself wholly with the fact-grinding element in any art, which spends its time and strength upon so-called discoveries of obscure peculiarities or obscurer analogies, is but one degree less worthy than the puerility that counts the number of prepositions or conjunctions in a Shakespeare play! The study of every art should have a wider sweep; it should touch at many points, and often receive direct suggestion and inspiration from nature and humanity. The true interpreter is the artist who, like the poet or prophet, makes his hearers see what without his intuition they had never seen, and makes them feel what without his more penetrating sympathy they had never felt.

The genius for interpretation in literature is not a single power, but a combination of many powers. It unites the talent for acquiring knowledge with the gift of imparting it. It not only grasps the thought in all its fulness, but re-creates it and invests it with the added power of its own highly tempered intellect. Literary interpretation is a definite acquisition; interpretation in the broader sense is an indefinite power that follows vital processes. The speaker is melodramatic whose skill is merely to play upon the audience without some subtle interpretation of truth to carry conviction. The orators, the readers of power, show the widening possibilities of human achievement. Their words awaken dormant hopes, and reveal the vast horizon of man's life and destiny.

The great actor, the great impersonator, is always an interpreter—the revealer of a character through that character's thoughts and actions. It is not enough that he depict the characteristics; he must lay bare the motives, the hidden springs of action, of a character that in itself is an embodiment of thought and feeling and imagination. In superficial impersonation there are always particular limitations, but in interpretation of a *personality*, such is the catholic significance given to the traits of character that however much the particular expression may differ, the broad interpretation will meet with universal approval.

All technical training in the art of speaking is preliminary; in all cases it should be a means to an end, and that end—interpretation. The voice acquires its power, volume, flexibility, and sweetness not to exhibit these qualities, but to be a perfect medium for expression. Vocal exercise must not only be physiologically intelligent; it must have some spiritual conception to body forth, if it would be a thing of beauty and strength. A beautiful voice is valuable only as it is used in symbolizing elevated thought and feeling. The training of the voice must go beyond the technical and merely mechanical stage which is concerned with the purely physical elements of vocal expression; but to reach the goal of interpretation there must be scientific training in the mechanics of speech—a training as ample in its scope, as careful in its detail, as that demanded of the finished artist in any other of the fine arts. Failure to make speech something more than perfection in the various exercises of the vocal powers, and neglect to supplement the cultivation of the mind by unavoidable drill in the technique of the art, have resulted in meretricious accomplishments of very illusive value.

The whole study of gymnastics and gesture in relation to platform art should endow the artist with physical powers and graces to reveal forcibly and convincingly the hidden life, the spiritual meaning, of some masterpiece. Spoken words are addressed to the mind primarily through the sense of hearing, but nature has not restricted communication to one sense only; she has made herself visible to the eye as well as audible to the ear. In the earliest artistic expression word and ges-

ture went hand in hand. The Homeric poems were chanted to the accompaniment of swaying body and waving hand. The festal hymns which gave birth to the regular drama in ancient Greece were declaimed with appropriate gestures. And long before this Miriam sang her song of triumph to the music of the timbrel and in the mazes of the dance. Rhythmical movements of the body and rhythmical movements of the voice combine harmoniously in expression of intense feeling and emotion. We cannot feel without this emotion leaving some index upon the face, or betraying itself in some visible way. Gesture, like any other art, demands careful study, and consideration of the methods and requirements established by tradition, and the developments of individual genius. Fully to depict any emotion the physical mechanical means of conveying that emotion must be carefully acquired and made so much a matter of habit as to be, in the best sense of the word, automatic. It is no argument against the assiduous formal study of gesture that such formal gestures often result in stilted genuflections instead of actions free, untrammelled, and in perfect accord with the sentiments expressed. A true artist never exemplifies the laws of gesture by his utterance; he uses these laws as principles to guide his movements and by art to conceal art. The traditions, *formulae*, and standards of beauty come down to us from the Greeks, and impose their inflexible principles upon us. These principles of truth regarding the beautiful are the same to-day as in the time of Phidias and Praxiteles. These traditions must be obeyed. The eye must be trained to know and appreciate the graceful, the powerful, in posture and movement. Sensibility, sympathy, the instincts of a cultivated soul, are the inspiration; but so strong is self-consciousness that we are forced to obey certain established artistic principles, to acquire a certain mechanical expertness, if we would avoid the weakness, the general awkwardness and discomfort, the spasmodic actions, that result from blindly following the promptings of impulse alone.

All these phases of elocution may be, and often are, studied as arts in themselves, but the ultimate aim in great work is ever interpretation. And to this end all training in technique which is concerned with public speaking, be it on the plat-

form, in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the stage, should ever go hand in hand with the close, persistent, and liberal study of noble literature for its own sake. Cultivate the mind to make it alert to perceive the sequence of thoughts and equally quick to appreciate sympathetically the feeling, emotion, and passion by which the words are prompted, and which they often suggest rather than actually portray.

To interpret truly and nobly is to make real, to bring home with conviction, to the minds and hearts of all men, the beauty and wisdom and experience of the world's greatest thinkers. The prime force that contributes to this end is dramatic instinct. A subjective dramatic instinct has made itself felt in all ages and among all peoples. We find expression given to it in the plaints of Job and in the impassioned appeals of Isaiah. It is found in the earliest extant writings of India and Cathay; so universal is its place that to it we may trace, as to a fountain-head, the origin of all literature. This instinct, this impulse to treat objectively as well as subjectively all that touches deeply and intensely, is greatest in the greatest artist. It permeates his work; it is the warp of the interpreter's web, into which the dark or bright colors of memory and imagination and emotion are woven. Instinct to fulfil its important mission loftily and well must ever be guided by a discriminating intellect, and the secret of success will be found not in the exaggerated feeling or aimless, illogical thinking, not even in physical gifts and graces, however captivating and engrossing to the senses, but in a certain quiet fervor of fashioning and controlling influence that is inseparable from nature's teaching.

Distinct from dramatic instinct, but vitally connected with it, is that faculty of the mind which more than any other may be called the language of genius,—the imagination. Imagination can only be approximately defined; its workings can only be understood by those possessing the gift in some degree. It is the supreme intellectual faculty, the essential element in all art, and as such, its culture is of paramount importance. Perception and memory, judgment and reason, depend upon the healthy development of the imagination for the exercise of their highest powers; the control of the will and the growth

of the moral sympathies are strangely and intimately connected with its workings. Imagination is not delirious dreaming, vacuous, impossible; it is the twin sister of common sense. Imagination is much more than exquisite fancy, that playful sprite of nimble wit; it is deep, logical, sincere, penetrating the inner meaning of life, and originating action according to principles. The power of imagination acts and reacts upon every faculty of the mind, compelling their coöperation to aid its peculiar function and gift of getting at the root, at the innermost core of meaning with regard to every image upon which its power is exerted. By it substance and spirit are alike divided asunder, and their essence revealed in all its far-reaching significance.

Imagination deals with the spiritual realities which material realities only shadow forth; it penetrates the mystery of the universe of which all visual appearance is but the vesture that reveals it to the eye of sense, so that the things which are unseen are known by the things which are seen,

"And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape."

The poet's pen, the imagination's bodying forth!—but beyond and behind there are the *forms of things unknown*, images of beauty, things for which the speech of mortal has no name, the city that lieth foursquare, a pure river of water, the Ancient of Days! There is a power beyond all instinct, beyond all intellectual activity, beyond all feeling and volition; and from this larger *we*, this innermost being, come feelings and emanations, secret longings, mysterious stirrings of the heart, insatiable yearnings for something greater than the things of time and sense. This *soul*, or by whatever name we call it, is the ultimate source of our power. Its workings defy analysis; but here are grouped and arranged all those influences that dominate our wills, quicken our intellectual powers, and reinforce our spiritual faith and passion. No artist can give expression to more than is in his soul. His interpretation is always bounded by the depth, intensity, and sublimity of his vision. Every artist of more than ordinary power possesses

that which we call genius. But he must bring to his task of interpretation attention and concentration, energy of mind, a patient, receptive spirit, and readiness to respond to the thoughts that he is assimilating. There must be in his efforts the same fidelity, honesty, full-measure-and-running-over, that goes to the successful day-by-day service of the world's ordinary labors. He must also walk among his fellows with sympathy and charity, never immure himself in a proud ascetism. The supreme effort of a pure soul must be manifested in a full-blooded personality.

The Interpreter in the Dream lit his candle; the artist must bring to his work illumination—the illumination which gives to dramatic instinct that artistic insight without which art sinks to the level of artifice; the illumination which betokens delicate intellectual poise, with its strength and harmony in every conception, and an emotional nature sensitive to every finer intuition. To fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to be moved by every emotion, to comprehend the thoughts, to paint the imagery, to give form to the indefinable shapes of beauty that are hidden under words,—such work demands mental training and moral discipline of no ordinary kind; such work is interpretation.

The evening of November 20th, in Huntington Chambers Hall, Miss Evalyn Thomas interpreted the *Electra* of Euripides. It was so different from the conventional reading in material and treatment, that it was felt that some word, other than the very complimentary press notices, should be accorded the rendition. Miss Gertrude Chamberlin and Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick very kindly consented to voice their appreciation of Miss Thomas' remarkable interpretation.

APROPOS OF ELECTRA.

Miss Gertrude Chamberlin.

Before going to see a performance of a Greek play, such as the production of *Alcestis* by Harvard University; or to listen to the reading of one, as in the recent interpretation of *Electra* by Miss Evalyn Thomas, it is well to understand, somewhat, the essence of a Greek drama, and the conditions of the Greek

stage in the days of Euripides, the fifth century before Christ.

The Greek drama, like the English drama at a later period of history, had its origin in religious observances—"Greek drama grew by gradual expansion out of an idolatrous rite—out of sacrificial pomp." Ancient Greek writers tell us that it originated in the Dionysian dithyrambics sung at the festivals of Bacchus five or six centuries before Christ.

Tragedy is said to have been invented by Arion, the dithyrambic poet, about 580 B. C. The name tragedy is thought to have been derived from "tragos," a goat, and "ode," a song,—the old dramas being produced when a goat was sacrificed, or by actors clothed in goat skins.

Thespis, in 536 B. C., introduced dialogue into the choral representations; and joined, to the dithyrambic songs,—a *person*, who is said to have been the first actor. No further change of importance was introduced until the time of Aeschylus, the "Father of Greek Tragedy," who introduced a third character on the stage.

With Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, "that tragic triad of immortal fames," Greek tragedy may be said to have closed. It stirs one's patriotic blood to read that Aeschylus fought on the field of Marathon in 490 B. C.; that Sophocles led the pæan of thanksgiving for the victory of Salamis; and that Euripides was born (so tradition says) on the very day of the battle.

"Euripides is the mediator between the ancient and modern drama." In the fifth century before Christ a change had come over the Athenian people—their religious belief had become undermined; Faith in their mythological Gods had been shaken; hence, by natural transition realism was introduced—heroes must be endowed with *human* passions—Euripides is more modern than either of his great predecessors in Greek tragedy.

The popularity of Euripides with the masses is attested by the well-known story that many Athenian prisoners, taken by the Syracusans, in 415 B. C., received their liberty in return for their recitations of parts of Euripides' plays,—so great was the admiration of the Sicilians of the work of the master.

Robert Browning made this tradition the subject of one of

his unique poems, "Balausteon's Adventure." He prefaces the poem by a quotation from Mrs. Browning:—

"Our Euripides the Human
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres."

In this poem, "Balausteon's Adventure," Browning included his translation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, putting it into the mouth of the beautiful Greek girl, Balausteon, who delivers her companions from captivity by her moving recitation.

Now, about the condition of the Greek stage, some knowledge of which is essential to any intelligent understanding of Greek drama. First, as to the theatre itself; and why it was so vast in the ancient cities of Athens, Syracuse or Rome. The theatres were for the people—every citizen was entitled to a place, the State paying for him (in Athens)—thirty thousand persons could be seated. In such a colossal structure the voice and face of the actor would be lost. Hence the cothurnus, to raise the actor; hence the voluminous robes to hide the disproportion resulting to the figure; hence the mask, larger than life, painted to represent the noble Grecian countenance; hence the mechanism by which the intonations of the voice were made to swell like the tubes of an organ, making the voice reach a great distance. All these accessories produced a being elevated above ordinary mortals—a being unable to move about, unable to show any changes of facial expression on account of the mask—the countenance was always painted in accord with the prevailing sentiment of the situation represented—these necessities of the Greek stage show why there could be no development of characters, or human passion; why it was impossible to exhibit struggles or conflict.

Certain great situations were selected, and held through one or more acts. A lyric movement of the chorus closed the act, and a change might then be affected. They represented states of tragic suffering, for suffering endures; never states of conflict, for "conflict is fugitive, evanescent." The Greek drama, then, by its very necessities, proposed to itself only a few grand attitudes or situations with brief dialogue to illuminate those situations, but scarcely any action—"The Greeks used

the gloomy idea of Fate; and in no instance did the qualities of a man's will, heart or temperament manifest themselves in conflict with each other. The scenes were grand from their very simplicity; and two other elements lent dignity and stateliness; the nature of the dialogue; and the function of the chorus.

In a given scene there would be but one dialogue, between two persons, occupying the entire act; its object being to emphasize points of the situation as to its grandeur, its statuesque appeal to the eye; and the burden of its tragic consequences.

The functions of the chorus in Athenian tragedy is well known. It expressed public opinion and was the channel by which the author insinuated the lesson of the play. How solemn must have been these bursts of lyrical music in this ancient poetry, "the tragic and religious raptures supported to the eye by the most mysterious of symoblic dances."

Gilbert Murray says: "To the Greeks of the Great Age for a few glorious generations the stuff of life was really a thing of splendor."

Miss Thomas gave a noble presentation of the *Electra* of Euripides—the characters were finely differentiated, the heroic atmosphere of the Greek tragedy held throughout, the intoning of the chorus most impressive; while the portrayal of *Electra*, herself, that figure of direct vengeance, terrible, unmoved, calling upon her brother, *Orestes*, to revenge the death of their father, *Agammemnon*, was handled with a sure touch.

Too much praise cannot be given Miss Thomas for her ambition to present the great things of literature, supplemented as it has been under the most stimulating conditions. It was her rare privilege, while in residence at Oxford, to be under the influence of so high an authority on matters of Greek drama as Gilbert Murray, the translator of *Electra*.

In closing, it may be added that Nathan Haskell Dole, scholar and translator of international reputation, was present on the evening of Miss Thomas' appearance at Huntington Chambers Hall; and followed the play in the original Greek. Mr. Dole characterized Miss Thomas' rendering of *Electra* as a "remarkable piece of work."

Dr. William G. Ward's recent serious illness caused deep concern among the Alumni and students of the college, and it is with the greatest pleasure and relief that he is welcomed back to our midst, fully recovered. The class of Nineteen Thirteen, who come under Dr. Ward's instruction perhaps most of all, sent a remembrance of roses during his illness, with a card bearing the following greeting:

*"As these roses are red,
So our hearts are true,
And the class of '13
Is thinking of you."*

"Hoping that we may have you with us soon.

E. C. O. '13."

The next day, Dean Ross received the following:

Ring Sanatorium
Arlington Heights, Mass.
December 12, 1912.

My Dear Dean Ross:

I am sending you herewith a squib which I wish you would give to the committee on flowers of 1913—as I do not know who they may be—but I do know that I was very much delighted to receive them, (i.e., the flowers), and I would gladly return something better than the enclosed "pupperel"—variation of dog—if I were able to do so. But just now nonsense is the best there is in the locker.

Yours sincerely and cordially,

WM. G. WARD.

TO SWEET THIRTEEN.

Who was it said that sweet Thirteen

Was not the sweetest going?

Before it heard of sweet thirteen

This world had naught worth knowing

Till thirteen hundred and thirteen

When Emerson was founded,

The oldest college in the land

By Rithmetic compounded.

There thirteen hundred glories bloomed

Too numerous to mention

Before this class—nineteen-thirteen—

Attracted our attention.

*Now nineteen-thirteen girls I wean
Are quite a winsome number,
And nineteen-thirteen boys beside
Make figures ring like thunder.*

Chorus in voice of Mrs. Partington :

“That makes 3826—the biggest class ever ; I don’t believe it.”

G’wan !

*This class in thirteen sections dwells
With hundreds in each section,
And quite a waiting list beside
Who clamor for election.*

*For thirteen teachers train their minds
In thirteen kinds of wisdom,
And thirteen times they prove their powers
In thirteen kinds of quizzdom.*

*And thirteen dramas they have staged
From thirteen nations hailing,
And nineteen-thirteen dramatists
On every sea are sailing.*

*Thirteen debates by thirteen teams,
And every team a winner,
The man who called thirteen bad luck
(was a double-dyed old villain, and)
The biggest kind of sinner.*

*Now lads and lassies every one
Who sent the flowers to-day,
Receive the gratitude of one
Who loves you—grave and gay.*

*And clings to all your youthful joy,
And all your strivings true,
The spirit is the only force
That fights the battle through.*

MISS EVALYN THOMAS

—in—

THE "ELECTRA" OF EURIPIDES

—given at—

Emerson College, Friday, November 20, 1912.

Those who appreciate Greek tragedy were delighted with the rendition of the "Electra" of Euripides, given by Miss Evalyn Thomas, at Emerson College of Oratory. Miss Thomas is well suited to the majestic style of this work; and her reading gave vital beauty and impressive force to this drama of ancient time and elemental passion. The character of Electra was portrayed with keen appreciation of the type—beautiful and powerful, but within harmony of spirit.

The dramatic varieties of tone and attitude formed a series of vivid and picturesque revelations—Orestes, rendered in rich and earnest quality; Clytemnestra given in a voice mellow and sometimes appealing; the weird chant of the Greek chorus giving true mystic and impressive background to the whole. The bodily action throughout the play was fine and in perfect unity of attitude and motion.

Miss Thomas used the translation of Mr. Gilbert Murray, and has enjoyed the personal criticism of this classic authority. The life, beauty, power and distinction of this work of Miss Thomas will command the attention of scholars and students.

—Jessie Eldridge Southwick.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT,
ETC., OF THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE,
PUBLISHED SEVEN TIMES ANNUALLY AT BOS-
TON, MASS., AS REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AU-
GUST 24, 1912:

Editor, JOHN J. ROY, 56 Paul St., Newton Center, Mass.

Managing Editor, JOHN J. ROY,
56 Paul St., Newton Center, Mass.

Business Manager, ALBERT F. SMITH,
66 High St., Worcester, Mass.

Owners, EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE ASSOCIATION
(Signed) JOHN J. ROY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of December, 1912.

[SEAL]

FRANK SPURR, Notary Public.
Boston, Mass.

(My Commission expires November 7, 1913.)

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

VOL XXI.

DECEMBER, 1912.

No. 2

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Post Graduate News..LILLIAN HARTIGAN
Senior News.....LILLIAN OLARK
ALBERT F. SMITH, *Business Manager*.

EMILE GOSS.....*College News Editor*
Junior News.....ISABEL TOBIN
Freshman News.....MARION VINCENT

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THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

On the morning of December 18th, the chapel hour was given over to the Students' Association, and a splendid, enthusiastic meeting was held to voice the students' appreciation of Emerson and to help further its interests during the vacation. Miss Shambach explained the purpose, and Miss Leland, Miss Green, Miss Cogswell and Mr. Smith responded for the respective classes. A word or two and some inspirations were added by several of the Faculty, the spirit moved many other students—as Mr. Putnam so aptly described his Emersonian experience, "It was glory all the way!"—and three hundred poised, animated, radiating souls left the hall with the true oratoric resolve to move people—every eligible they could find—to Emerson in 1913.

THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays—2:00-3:00—Room 510.

*The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one;*

*Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.*

*The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.*

November has been a splendid month for the Association, and indeed gratifying to those upon whose shoulders the responsibility lies. Vacation, shopping, examinations, the many activities and the rush of the holiday season sometimes make us forget the higher duty. When a membership roll swells at this time, surely it is ample proof that this opportunity for the closer communion of "the quiet hour" is appreciated.

The success of the year is due in no small measure to the extremely attractive and appropriate posters—everyone wishes to know the artist. The Association must refuse the information, however, as Miss Hubbard is too modest to have her work known.

The inspiring message, "Prayer," on November 8th, adds one more item to the debt the girls owe to their loved teacher and friend, Mrs. E. Charlton Black.

The world-wide week of prayer for the colleges was observed in Emerson in the several noon hours during the week of November 12th. Rev. Scott, assistant pastor of Union Congregational Church; Dean Ross; S. F. Hubbard, head of the North End Settlement House, and Miss George were the leaders. This movement has proven one of the most effectual ever undertaken in educational institutions.

THE CANADIAN CLUB.

The Emerson Canadian Club recently affiliated itself with the Boston Canadian Club.

The Club attended the recent "At Home" of the Harvard Club.

The President, Isabel MacGregor, and Jean McLatchy entertained the members at a nafternoon tea.

CLASSES.

'12.

The members of the Post-Graduate Class who were fortunate enough to spend Thanksgiving at home were Anne Keck, "Bobby" Sullivan and Olive Clark.

Jerome K. Jerome's "Fennel" is the first play assigned in Dramatic Training Class.

Edna D. Case "turned preacher" during the month of July and kept the Second Congregational Church filled with enthusiastic congregations. The *Blossburg Advertiser* says:

"The address on 'Faith,' and the sacred recital rendered by Miss Case was very effective and showed the speaker's power in holding an audience and interpreting the thoughts of the classic authors.

Miss Case is leader of the Men's Dramatic Clubs in the East Boston Evening Center.

'13.

THE EMERSONIAN WHITE HOUSE

A Fantasy in Three Acts

ORIGINATED BY EVELYN REES NORCROSS

Assisted by Allene Buckhout, Bessie Bell, Lillian Clark, Josephine Penick

Presented by 1913 E. C. O., November 21, 1912.

SYNOPSIS

PLACE—White House, Washington, D. C.

TIME—1925 A. D.

ACT I—Cabinet meeting in Executive office.

ACT II—Reception in Purple and Gold room.

ACT III—Banquet to E. C. O. students of 1925 in Emerson room.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

President of the United States	-	-	-	-	Rose Willis
Vice-President of the United States	-	-	-	-	Jean Matheson
Private Secretary to President	-	-	-	-	Nella Kinsbury
President's Aide	-	-	-	-	W. W. Putnam

MEMBERS OF CABINET

Secretary of Home	-	-	-	-	-	Alice Esmond
Secretary of Ultimate Consumers	-	-	-	-	-	Alice Faulkner
Secretary of Peace	-	-	-	-	-	Beth Beatty
Secretary of Modern Developments	-	-	-	-	-	Olga Newton
Secretary of Fashions	-	-	-	-	-	Rhea Ashley
Secretary of Ethics	-	-	-	-	-	Emilie Goss
Secretary of Conservation	-	-	-	-	-	Pear Parsley
Secretary of Matrimony	-	-	-	-	-	Isabel MacGregor
Prof. William Woodrow Theodore Esperanto	-	-	-	-	-	Frederick Dixon
Chief of Police-women	-	-	-	-	-	Edith Walton
Captains of Police-women,						

Page	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lillian Brown, Allie Rice, Bernice Durgin, I. M. Leslie Eva Felker
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Pianist - - - Bessie Taber Allen

"Emersonian White House March," composed especially for the occasion by Miss Allen

Violinist - - - Ethelwyn Cunningham

DIPLOMATIC CORPS

Ambassadors
from

Great Britain	Lady Marie Codyngton	-	-	Mary Cody
Canada	Hon. Jeon of McClatch	-	-	Jean McClatchey
France	Countess Lilliane de Porterraire	-	-	Lillian Porter
Austria-Hungary	Baroness Abbée von Fowlaer	-	-	Abbie Fowler
Russia	Princess Helena Leavittiski	-	-	Helen Leavitt
Germany	Countesse Lilliane von Aunehertz	-	-	Lillian Aune
Italy	Marchesi Lilliani Carlenieri	-	-	Lillian Carlen
Denmark	Prince Hamlet, and	-	-	Mary Shambach
Cuba	Lady Ophelia Shakespeare	-	-	Marjorie Westcott
Greece	Senorita Diso Bracketto	-	-	Disa Brackett
India	Mme. Le Lo Harrias	-	-	Lela Harris
Norway	Princess Claramar Thiesam	-	-	Clara Thieson
Turkey	Baroness Ethnils Broonck	-	-	Ethel Brooks
Australia	Mme. Juliassouf Hak Wiggioni	-	-	Julia Wiggini
Switzerland	Baroness Ruth of Weicest	-	-	Ruth West
Spain	Fräulein Helen von Alpen-Brew	-	-	Helen Brewer
Japan	Senorieata Heleno Hubbard	-	-	Helen Hubbard
North Pole	Viscountess Drusaya Dodsoniki,	-	-	Drusilla Dodson
South Pole	Lady Dodd Esquimeau	-	-	Docia Dodd
So. Amer. Republics	Lady Inezero Basfrigid	-	-	Inez Bassett
China	Senorita Berto Gorman	-	-	Bertha Gorman
Netherlands	Shoguness Hy li Eam	-	-	Hylia Eames
	Princess Dorotheo Maelderdienk			
				Dorothy Elderdice
Panama	Senorita Myrto Hutchinez	-	-	Myrtie Hutchinson

Mars Lord Planetette Deere - - - J. G. Hart
 Charge d'Affaires de Fashionne, Mlle Veraire de Donallé,
 Vera McDonald
 President of the Amalgamated College, Mme. Thomas Thumb,
 Mrs. Safford
 The Amalgamatedly-Educated Twins,
 Florence Hinckley, Blanche Phillips
 President of Class 1925 Emerson College of Oratory - Amelia Green
 Delegation of students from Emerson College of Oratory:
 Alice Pearson, Clara MacDonald, Phyllis Moorhead, Jessie
 Dalton, Mary Persinger, Hazel Hammond, Gertrude Green,
 Amy La Vigne, Mabelle Clow.

EMERSON NATIONAL HYMN.

Tune of "Star Spangled Banner"

In the White House to-day,
 Heartfelt homage we pay
 To our College so dear
 In the Hub of the nation!
 Where we learn to impress,
 Evolute and express,
 And give to the world
 All our soul's radiation.
 Vital slides we have made
 Up the ladder of fame,
 Giving proof of the might
 Of thy dynamic name!

Chorus:

Oh, say does that Emerson banner still wave,
 So it's seen up in Mars—
 Making free all that slave.

O'er the universe wide
 Em(er)son methods applied
 Make the nation's torsos
 Aid all thoughts in enlargin'—
 Blest with victory and peace
 We have carried release
 And given to all
 Poise and more royal margin,
 We'll continue the aim
 To extend our school's fame—
 And the central idea
 Evolute thru expression.

—Written by Lillian Carlen.

To organize a government by and for "the females of the species," a quarter of a century ahead of the times, and so effectively that even the police-women resign for want of something to do, may seem a stupendous and impossible task, but in the capable hands of Miss Evelyn Norcross, it at least fur-

nished a delightful theme for a morning's entertainment. How we shared in the sentiment of the Emerson Delegation's toasts to their faculty! How we hoped for a realization of President Thumb's prophecy for the College! But space does not permit detail,—the College as a whole joins in thanking the Class, the Committee, Miss Norcross, everyone who contributed to this splendid and original production.

Allene Buckhout read recently at the Boylston Street Congregational Church in Jamaica Plains.

Rhea Ashley, Vera McDonald and Helen Leavitt attended the Yale-Harvard game at New Haven.

Isabel MacGregor, Jean McLatchy, Olive Clark, Alice Esmond and Abbie Fowler read before the Cantabrigia Club in Cambridge, November 4th. Later the readers were charmingly entertained at a luncheon given by Helen Leavitt.

Anticipation is keen for Mr. Dickson's and Mr. Roy's interpretation of the coy Bianca on February 6th.

'14.

JUNIOR STUNT

"ENDIMION"

A Comedy from the Greek Version of Marie Josephine Warren used

HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS HALL

Saturday Morning, December 7, 1912

CHARACTERS

MORTALS

Endymion, a Prince	-	-	-	-	-	Ruth Timmerman
Phrynia, with whom Endymion is in love	-	-	-	-	-	Virginia Beraud
Eumenides, the bond-friend of Endymion	-	-	-	-	-	Florence Stiles
Kallisthene, Eumenides' betrothed	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Louise Carter
King Æolus	-	-	-	-	-	Dana Cochran
Queen Hermia	-	-	-	-	-	Madeline Tarrant
Erithœ	-	-	-	-	-	Jennie Windsor
Calyce	-	-	-	-	-	Blanche Fischer
Doris	-	-	-	-	-	Marion John
Thaleia	-	-	-	-	-	Doris Sparrel-

Phæon	-	-	-	-	-	Belle McMichael
Admetis	-	-	-	-	-	Julie Owen
Timon	-	-	-	-	-	Judith Lyndon
Alcides	-	-	-	-	-	Frances Symonds
Diomed	-	-	-	-	-	Geraldine Jacobi
Two Priests of the Temple of Zeus	}	-	-	-	-	Jean Edith West
The Royal Guard of the King	-	-	-	-	-	Florence Bean
A Page	-	-	-	-	-	Isabel Burton
						Ethel Bailey

IMMORTALS.

Artemis, goddess of the chase and of the moon, and special guardian of maidens	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Johnson
Peach Bloom	}	Companiens of Artemis	-	-	-	Blanche Fischer
Rose bud	-	in the chase	-	-	-	Marion John
Morning Glory	}		-	-	-	Doris Sparrell
Morpheus, god of sleep	-	-	-	-	-	Anastasia Scribner
Hermes, a trisky messenger of the gods	-	-	-	-	-	Theresa Cogswell
Pan, ruler over the creatures of the forest	-	-	-	-	-	Elsie Gordon

Six Dryads of the Oak Trees:

Mattie Risely, Frieda Michael, Dorothy Wolstad, Louise West,
Alice F. Brown, Maud Relyea.

ACT I—The outskirts of a forest at the foot of Mt. Olympus.
Dawn.

ACT I—The same. Midnight.

ACT III—The same. The following morning.

Direction of John J. Roy. Dances by Richards of Boston and Paris.
Costumes, Hayden. Wigs, Garey. Scenery, DeRibas. Lighting, N. Y.
and Boston Calcium Light Co. Flowers, Kornfeld's.

Effects through the courtesy of Mr. John Craig.

Incidental music arranged and played by Miss Fern Stevensosn and
Miss Ethelwyn Cunningham.

The Boston *Transcript*:

"Not until the programmes were given the audience that crowded Huntington Chambers Hall this morning, did the guests know what the Junior Class of Emerson College of Oratory had in store for them. Mystery shrouds the entertainments annually given by the three classes of the college. Rehearsals are held behind closed doors and only the President and Dean of the college know what is going on within.

"The production this morning, heralded as the annual Junior "Stunt," stretched that elastic slang word to the farthest limits of its capacity. For the morning's entertainment was an elaborate performance of the classic comedy "Endymion," translated from the Greek by Marie Josephine Warren of Wellesley College. All of the thirty-two parts were capably filled by the girls of the class. No professional had any share in the coaching, as the play was under the exclusive stage direction of John J. Roy, also a member of the Junior Class. Yet lines were perfectly learned, climaxes well wrought and a classic grace and simplicity preserved at all times.

Miss Elvira Slim, averse to matrimony	-	-	-	Louise Mace
Mrs. Sophia Pinkerton, a widow	-	-	-	Hazel Call
Arabella, her daughter	-	-	-	Amy Gildersleeve
Pat Galliger, Mrs. Galligers' husband	-	-	-	Jean MacDonald
The Lyre Bird	-	-	-	Albert F. Smith
The Jay	-	-	-	Genevieve McGill

PERSONNEL OF CHORUS

Frances Bradley, Gladysmae Waterhouse, Evalyn Benjamin, Lora Bailey, Beth Sturdivant, Amy Gildersleeve, Caroline Jones, Betty Perry, Ethel Neil, Georgette Jetty, Grace Biggler, Minnie Frazine.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I—Parlor in Mrs. Galliger's boarding house. Time, 10.30 a. m.

ACT II—The same. Time, 8 p. m.

Time of Action—Present.

Place—Jabbertown, Vermont.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Incidental music arranged and played by Genevieve McGill and Harriet Brown.

ACT I.

1. "The Bad Boy and the Good Girl" - - - Bob and Betty
2. "A Little Bit of Irish" - - - Mrs. Galliger
3. A German "Decomposition" - - - Herr Von Skitz

ACT II

1. "The Lyre Bird and the Jay" - Lyre Bird, Jay, and Chorus
2. "Those Silvery Bells" - - - Bob and Cast
3. "I Fell in Love with Polly" - - - Count and Chorus
4. Finale - - - Entire Cast

Committee—Marion Vincent, Chairman; Albert R. Lovejoy, Emily Brown, Theodosia Peak, Gertrude Morrison, Harriet Brown.

Direction of Marion Vincent.

Dances by Richards of Boston and Paris.

Costumes, Hayden; wigs, Garey; floral decorations by N. Fishelson & Son and Kornfeld's; gowns, Mrs. Duff.

The *Boston Transcript* tells of the Freshman "Stunt" as follows:

"Hazing traditions were forgotten at Emerson College of Oratory this morning and all Classes joined in good-natured applause of the Freshman Class in its 'annual stunt' in Huntington Chambers Hall. The first-year girls, not to omit two young men of the class, appeared before the footlights in the production of a musical farce in two acts, originated by Marion Vincent, '15, and entitled "When Pat Comes Home."

"Miss Genevieve McGill scored a hit with the audience in her clever 'Jay Bird' dance, assisted by a chorus in costumes that suggested a stock company's production of Rostand's 'Chanticleer.' An amusing impersonation of 'Count de Longshanks Stargazer,' by Miss Ruth Southwick, perhaps displayed more dramatic ability than any other feature of the performance. Hung by slender threads to the dialogue

of the piece, were a half-dozen musical numbers taken from the popular songs of the past decade.

"To show their appreciation of the Freshmen's endeavors, the whole college gave a volley of piercing cheers for the class at the close of the performance that would have reassured the most timid victim of 'stage-fright' that her acting had been a success 'out in front.'"

SORORITIES.

DELTA DELTA PHI.

The Delta girls were scattered during the Thanksgiving vacation—Mattie Riseley visited in Cambridge; Olive Clark spent the holidays at her home in Milford; Abbie Fowler attended a house-party in Greenwood; Lillian Aune and Alice Esmond entertained friends at the Chapter House.

Mary Breedon recently was the guest of Lillian Aune at the Chapter House. Those who saw the Freshman production, "The Doll Shop," last year, will remember with pleasure Miss Breedon's dainty characterization of "The French Doll" and her clear soprano voice, and will be pleased to learn of her splendid successes in New York with the Victor Herbert musical comedies and with the production of "Seven Sisters."

The Sorority gave a Dickens-Browning program at Brighton, December 16th, under the auspices of "Brightelmstone." The numbers were under the direction of Miss Sleight.

ZETA PHI ETA.

Olga Newton entertained Rose Willis during the Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Athol, Mass.

Winifred Bent has read several times recently in Boston and vicinity, and Florence Bean at Charlestown.

Jean West spent the Thanksgiving recess with Jennie Windsor, at her home in Lawrence.

Willa Newton has been the guest of her sister Olga for a few days.

PHI MU GAMMA.

A shower in honor of the approaching marriage of Miss Lucie House to Mr. Clifton Dailey was given at the Chapter House on November 22nd.

Dorothea Deming entertained Sue Riddick and Florence Newbold during the Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Hartford, Conn.

Katurah Stokes has returned for her Junior year.

Marguerite Albertson spent the week end of November 15th at a house party in Lynn.

Doris Sparrel gave an evening's reading in Somerville, Mass.

The Eta Chapter of Phi Mu Gamma entertained the Iota Chapter at a tea given November 14th.

Francis Riorden Prouty entertained several of the girls at a recent luncheon.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Among recent guests at the Chapter House have been Gladys Brightman, Edith Newton and Jean Fowler.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton announced the engagement of their daughter, Edith Sarah, to Newell A. Thompson of Brookline, Mass., on October 12th.

Elizabeth Beattie gave several readings at the Unitarian Church in Malden recently.

Mrs. William P. Tarrant of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has been the guest of her daughter Madeline.

Mildred Johnson spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Winter Hill, Mass., Elizabeth Beattie visited at Swampscott, Me.,

Marjorie Kinne and Emma Belle Gallagher were delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Kenney.

Rose Boynton is traveling in California this winter.

Kappa Gamma Chi extends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

A sale was held in the College rooms on the afternoon and evening of December 3rd, and the proceeds devoted to our pledge for the Endowment Fund.

In the evening a brief business meeting was held, and later the following splendid program was rendered: Piano selection, Mrs. Woodworth; recitations, "Our Towser," and "Getting Ready for School," by Master De Mont Waite. Two groups of Folk Dances in costume—Dutch and Dancing Topsies were given by several students from the Sargeant School in Cambridge. Act I of "Pygmalion and Galaeta," presented by several students from the Dramatic Art Classes concluded this most delightful evening.

Miss Hadcock proved a charming hostess.

HETTIE B. WARD, *Secretary*.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND.

The Emerson College Club of Rhode Island is devoting itself this year to the study and interpretation of the various popular authors, as follows: October, Edgar Allan Poe; November, Hawthorne; December, Rudyard Kipling; January, R. L. Stevenson; February, Frank Stockton; March, Richard Harding Davis; April, F. Hopkinson Smith; May, Ruth McEnery Stuart. The annual Field Day will be held in June.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The November meeting of the Emerson College Club of Hartford was held at the home of Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell of Windsor, Conn. It was decided to adopt as our programme

for this winter the reading and discussion of some of the lectures by Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson.

The December meeting was held with Mrs. Golda Tillapaugh Curtiss.

Mrs. Clare Plummer Dresser read adequately and sympathetically the first lecture "Education by Communication."

We are very glad to welcome Miss Maud Fiske, '12, as one of our members.

BERNICE L. LOVELAND, *Secretary*.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The Emerson College Club of New York held its first regular meeting this season on November 9th, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms in the Berkeley Lyceum.

The meeting was one of the most successful ever held, though the shadow of the death of our beloved President, Grace Burt Homan, was over us. Mrs. Grace B. Purdy, the Vice-President, presided. Mme. Piler-Morin, Belasco's original "Madam Butterfly" and a most enthusiastic exponent of the Silent Drama, gave "The Actress." It was one of the most splendid pieces of acting it had ever been our good fortune to see. Mrs. Viola Vivian Todd and Miss Kelso rendered some very good music.

Mrs. Edward Noyes (Florence Heming, '92) was present, and gave us a short talk concerning her work in interpreting the Greek dances. She has made quite an enviable reputation in New York, also abroad, where she was entertained by royalty. At the Garden of the Tuileries, she interpreted the famous "Groupe de la France," giving the moods of the four most conspicuous figures, and called it "The Spirit of the Group."

The Emerson Club of New York extends an invitation to all Emersonians who may be in New York the second Saturday of each month, to attend our meetings.

CHARLOTTE KIRK CARMODY.

The programs of the New York Club are here appended:

November 9—Mme. Piler Morin, pantomime. Music by Mrs. Viola Vivian Todd and Miss Kelso.

December 14—Miss Grace Corell, "My Year in Japan." Music.

January 11—Reminiscences of Summer Journeys. Report of reunion at Boston. Readings by members of the Club. Music.

February 8—Mrs. Viola Vivian Todd, dramatic reading, "The Last Days of Pompeii." Dances of the period by Miss Hinda Hand.

March 8—Irish and Scotch Folk Lore in song and story, Miss Edith M. Searle, assisted by Miss Marjorie McClintock, harpist.

April 12—Annual banquet.

Officers—President, Mrs. W. H. Purdy, 51 North Tenth Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; First Vice-President, Mrs. H. R. Hansen; Second Vice-President, Miss Lottie R. Grainger; Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. T. Arvidson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Margaret Klein; Treasurer, Miss Anna R. McIntyre, 516 West 112th Street, New York City.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Walter B. Swift, M. D., E. C. O. '98, is now permanently located as a practicing physician in Boston, where he is in charge of the Voice Clinic at the Psychopathic Hospital. This clinic is a charity, and deals with all forms of speech defects. What Dr. Swift does in this clinic is to bring the diseased voice up to normal by various psychological, Emersonian and physiological methods. It will be of interest to the Alumni, and especially his own class, to know of the use of Emersonian voice methods in the cure of diseased conditions of the voice, as this is an application of the Emersonian work that every graduate should have an eye to as a part of their own legitimate activity. Of course Dr. Swift being a physician, and also having a psychological training at Harvard, as well as being a specialist in nervous diseases, is unusually fitted to officiate on the medical side of speech defects, and thus determine the course of such conditions and point the way to treatment. Then would come in the work of the Emersonian, who is not a doctor, to carry out that treatment. In all voice defects there are two sides—the medical side and the treatment side, or in other words, the diagnosis side and the training side; and every such case, before treatment is begun, should be submitted to the doctor for diagnosis, to determine the cause; then can treatment be rationally carried out.

We hope Dr. Swift will favor our magazine later with a series of articles along the line of speech defects—for we are sure that all his training—first at Emerson, then at Harvard under Professor Munsterberg, then his medical experience, including three years specializing in Europe, and his experience at the Voice Clinic—ably fits him to interest our Alumni in

this field of voice treatment, and show them a sphere of usefulness some have thought little about.

We also hope he will, in these articles, show the Alumni how to form classes in speech defects in the various towns where they may be located over the country; and thus become new powers for good in their several communities. The doctor is a very busy man, but we are sure if enough interest is shown by Emersonians in this new application of their work to speech defects, he can be induced to write a series of interesting and valuable articles about his chosen line.

It was only by chance we happened to learn about Dr. Swift's work, as he never says much about his own doings and accomplishments; but now we have heard it, let us strike the iron while it is hot, and show enough interest to get these articles for our magazine and add new fields of usefulness and profit to every Emersonian.

'05. Bernard Lamber has been appointed head of the Department of Public Speaking in the University of Puget Sound at Tacoma, Wash. Professor Lambert has also recently inaugurated a series of lectures on public speaking and debate under the Tacoma Y. M. C. A.

The Waltham *Free Press-Tribune* compliments Mrs. Nellie Parker Spaulding's interpretation of "The Country Boy" as follows:

"The interpretative recital of Selwin's play, "The Country Boy" given by Mrs. Nellie Parker Spaulding Monday evening in the First Baptist Church was a striking success. Mrs. Spaulding possesses real interpretative ability as well as powers of expression, and she displayed both talents in this presentation. The most dramatic and moving parts of the play brought forth her best efforts and at these points her work could hardly be improved upon. The presentation of the play was followed by the recital of two humorous numbers which were especially well done and which were as much appreciated by the audience as the main number of the program."

'08. Laura M. Scott writes:

"The magazine keeps the Alumni in touch with the "doings" at the college as nothing else can."

'09. Press notices were most favorable with regard to the staging of the comedy, "Anita's Trial," at the Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton, Va., under the direction of Miss Alice May Hamlin.

'10. Elma Smith is teaching in the Pomona High School, and also in the Pomona School of Expression. She recently directed the performance of "The Foresters," given by the Juniors of Pomona College in the Greek Amphitheatre.

Bertha Fiske is spending the winter in Los Angeles.

Owing to the rapid growth of the department, the Nebraska State Board of Education has engaged Lura Pelletier as assistant to Ruby Page Ferguson, in the Nebraska State Normal School at Peru, Neb.

MARRIAGE.

'09. Elsie Thomas (Mrs. William Marshall Plant), Cincinnati, Ohio, November twenty-third.

'11. The *Nebraska State Journal* speaks in the following complimentary manner of the work of Lois Beil:

"The students and citizens of University Place gathered in the Wesleyan Auditorium Wednesday morning to hear the reader, Miss Lois Annabelle Beil. She is teacher of Shakespeare and Physical Culture in the Wesleyan School of Oratory and Expression. The selections read by Miss Beil were, "The Ballad of Splendid Silence," by E. Nesbit; "The Queen of Sheba," by Edith Tatum, and "Rosa." They were all difficult selections, but were rendered with the perfect ease of a master artist. Before Miss Beil says a word, one feels the touch of a big and commanding personality. She so enters into and lives her characters, that the audience follows her with never failing interest. She entertains, but she does more; she inspires to greater ideals and larger life. The time of her next appearance is awaited with keen interest by those who heard her."

'12. Esther Appelby is teaching in McComb, Miss.

Isabel M. Roop has charge of the Expression Department at Oswego College, Oswego, Kan.

PRODUCE

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Produce! Cut loose! Be something of use!
Turn a trick that's worth while, and don't stop for
the style!

Let the method go hang—what you need is some
bang!

All the college degrees stretching down to the Z's
Will not help you a bit if you dawdle and sit
In your arm chair, expecting that Fortune will hit
You a whack on the back with a gold laden sack!
It's not what you learn while the midnight lamps
burn,

But the knowledge you use, that keeps up your dues
And pays for your laundry and hansoms and shoes.
The chap who is "It" may not suit you a bit,
Because he has not even heard of Sanskrit;
But he's chockful of grit and "get up and git."
What he knows, he applies;

So he's ten times as wise
As you with your learning; for you are not turning
Your knowledge to power.

Come down from your tower!

You're too near the clouds,

And too far from the crowds.

You must learn how to mix,

Or you won't count two sticks,

And you'll never catch onto the practical tricks.

Conditions are drifting, and phases are shifting.

Your moth eaten theories are getting a sifting.

It's time to be turning—what you need is unlearning.

While you grope for the rule that they taught you
in school,

Some A. B.-less fool whose judgment is cool.

But whose ambition's hot, as likely as not

Has already managed to get on the spot.

And while you're hesitating, he's investigating

Life's cupboard to find where the jam jar is waiting.

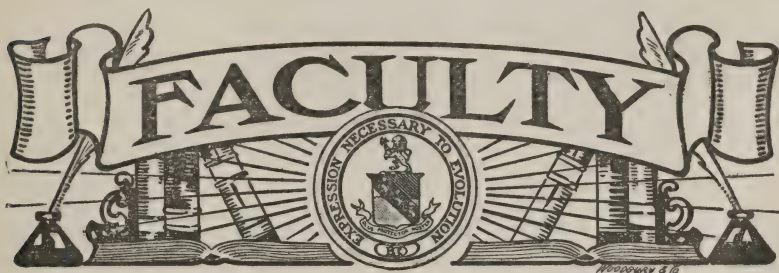
From The Associated Sunday Magazines

Emerson College Magazine.

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1913.

No. 3.



Ibsen's Brand

"Everything or nothing!" is the watchword of Ibsen's *Brand*. "The spirit of compromise," he says, "is Satan." He tries to conform to this ideal of relentless duty which he sets before his followers. To be consistent he remains at his post in a bleak northern parish and thus sacrifices the life of his only child, "Alf." The wife, Agnes, is a light-hearted butterfly girl when the play opens, betrothed to an artist of similar type. She became fascinated by the austere man of duty and gave up everything to become his wife.

THE BEGINNING OF ACT IV.

(Christmas Eve at the parsonage. Agnes stands, dressed in mourning at the window and gazes out into the gloom.)

AGNES.

Still he comes not, comes not. Ah, how weary the waiting!
Still must I send my cry of longing out in the darkness,
Hearing it waste away and lose itself in an echo.
Still no answer; none. The snow falls silent and heavy
Shroudlike over the roof of the grey old church. But, listen!
Footsteps at last and the creak of the gate,—firm footsteps
Quick and strong like a man's.

(Hastens to the door and opens it)

Is it you? Oh, enter, enter!

(Brand enters, covered with snow, in travelling clothes, which he removes during the conversation.)

AGNES *(embracing him.)*

Ah, you were gone so long. You must never again go from me.
When I am left alone, you see, I can never

Shake from my soul the shadows of night. Ah, how ghastly
Were not the last two days and the night intervening between them

BRAND.

Child, you have me again. But why are you pale, beloved?

AGNES.

Tired am I and faint. I have longed, I have gazed and waited.
Then have I tried to make a wreath from the little
Plant that I guarded and cherished and kept alive since the summer
Just for the Christmas tree. He had called it how own. And he got it,
Too, as a wreath—at last—and now it is covered
Almost with snow—Oh, my God—

BRAND.

Out there in the churchyard.

AGNES.

Speak not the word!

BRAND.

Those tears shall you wipe from your cheek, and quickly.

AGNES.

Yes, I shall—and I will; but be patient, only be patient.
Bleeding still is my soul, for the wound is raw, and the courage
All has flowed out with my strength. But it soon will be better
Can I but live and endure through these days of the season of Christ-
mas.
Nevermore shall you hear me complain.

BRAND.

Is it so we should honor the Christfeast?

AGNES.

Nay; but be patient—I know—I know it is wrong—but be patient.
Remember only last year so well and rugged and rosy
And this year carried out—from my arms—carried out—
(*shudders.*)

BRAND.

In the churchyard.

AGNES (*shrieks*)

Speak not the word!

BRAND.

Yea, I will, with a voice like a trumpet
Even because you're afraid and tremble to hear it.

AGNES.

I admit it—

The word wrings your heart too; I can see,—though you will not
There on your forehead the drops that the utterance cost you.

BRAND.

Those are but spray dashed up from the raging fjord in the crossing.
Nothing more.

AGNES.

And the moisture dimming your eye, is a snowflake
Melted? No, 'tis too warm; its source is the depth of your bosom.

BRAND.

Agnes, my wife, let us both be strong, be strong in resistance;
All of our power unite, and foot by foot we shall conquer.
Oh, out there on the sea I was a man and undaunted,
Breasting the wave that dashed incessantly over the gunwhale—
For so fierce was the storm that the gulls were silent with terror.
Loudly pelted the hail on my frail craft as we lay there
Out in the midst of the fjord where the water, hissing and seething,
Ground upon mast and helm; the sail all torn into tatters
Flapped in the froth. Every nail shrieked and whined in the vessel.
All the eight men in the boat with me sat rigid as corpses
Resting on useless oars. But I waxed strong at the rudder.
I, it was who gave orders, and knew that one Mighty ordained me
Unto a calling great and sealed with a covenant priceless.

AGNES.

Easy it is to stand erect in the midst of the tempest;
Easy it is to be strong when the battle rages around you.
Think, ah think upon me who must sit alone in the stillness
Hearing the sparrow-twitter of sorrow ever around me.
Me, far removed from the healing tumult and solace of action,
Me hemmed in by a small, confining circle of duties,
Me that cannot forget, that must not, dare not remember.

BRAND.

"Small," "confining" you call your sphere, your circle of duty?
Never so great as now! For list while I tell you
Something that came to me now in the very midst of our sorrow;
Often the thought as it comes makes dim my eyes, and my spirit
Humble and tender. Tears bring with them relief, and a solace,
Almost a rapture. Blessed are they who can weep. For, Agnes, at
such times
I can see God so near as I never before have known him,
Oh, so near that it seems at times almost I could reach him.
Then do I thirst to cast myself as a wanderer
Newly returned, on his bosom, and feel that about me
Strong and sustaining press the arms of the infinite Father.

AGNES.

Think of him ever thus as one who is near you,
Father, and not a master.

BRAND.

Agnes, I dare not.

Thus should I bar the way for the work he has set before me;
Mighty and strong must he be—aye, great as the heavens.
Such the times demand for the times are feeble and petty.
You can see him near as a father loving and tender,

You can bend your head in his lap and rest there securely,
 All your weariness leave and go with his light on your forehead
 Healed and rejoicing; and bearing the glint of his glory sharing
 Down unto me in my striving and struggle. And, Agnes, this
 Look you is it not the all and the essence of marriage?
 One is it given to strive, to wage war of offense and defense,
 One is appointed a healer of wounds and a solace.
 Only when thus they share are they truly one. From the moment
 When that you turned your back on the life of the world and so boldly
 Cast your lot with mine as my wife, upon you has rested
 This high calling. Mine the fight till I die or I triumph,
 Mine the burden and heat of the day and the chill of the night watch;
 Yours to reach me the brimming cup of love and refreshment.
 Yours to wrap the folds of your gentle womanly kindness
 Under my breastplate of steel. Is the calling narrow? What think
 you?

AGNES.

Every calling now is for me too great and too heavy.
 All the thousand branches of thought twine round the one. It has
 dazed me,
 Left me bewildered. I ask you only to let me cry and complain.
 Later perchance you can help me again to a sense of my duty
 When I have found myself. Ah, Brand last night, in your absence,
 Into the chamber he came, rose flushed and healthy, to seek me;
 Thinly clad in his little shirt, with baby footsteps he staggered
 Up to the bed where I lay, reached out his arms to his mother,
 Called me by name and smiled, but as if he would ask me to warm him.
 Yes, I saw it and shivered.

BRAND.

Agnes!
 The child was cold, I could feel it.
 Oh he must be so cold out there—

BRAND.

'Tis only the body
 Lifeless under the snow; the child himself is in heaven.

AGNES (*recoils from him*)

Why, oh why do you tear the wound so cruelly open?
 That which so harshly you call the body still is my baby.
 Body and soul unto me are one, and I cannot divide them.
 Both are the whole to me. My Alf, my baby, up yonder
 He is the Alf that sleeps with the snow wreath falling upon him.

BRAND.

Many a wound must be torn afresh, I can see it
 Ere you are healed of your plague.

AGNES.

But be patient, only be patient,
 Led I can be, not driven; stand by me, strengthen me, aid me.
 Speak in your kindest tone, O you, that with voice of the tempest
 Urges in mighty crises a soul to choose the eternal,
 Have you not also the note of song for the soothing of sorrow?

Words of balm that can heal, can lift the cloud from the spirit?
 God whom you taught me to know is a king enthroned in his fortress.
 Dare I approach him—I, with my little motherhood sorrow?

BRAND.

Better, perchance, you turn to the God you once knew?

AGNES.

Ah, never!

Yet there are times I am drawn by the stress of my longing
 Toward the dawn and the daylight. Too vast and grand are your king-
 doms

Everything here is too vast for me, yourself and your calling,
 Aim, and purpose, and will, and every way that you follow.
 Aye and the jutting crag, and the barring fjord, and my sorrow,
 Memory, darkness, strife—the church alone is too little.

BRAND (*startled*)

Little! The church too little? Again that thought! Can it be then
 Scattered abroad in the air? Why say you too little?

AGNES (*shaking her head sadly*)

Is it for me to give reasons with reason? The mood of the moment
 Bears me along as the odors of spring are borne by the breezes.
 Whence does it come, whither go? For me 'tis sufficient
 Only to understand that it comes. I know without knowing
 This that for me the church is too little.

BRAND.

Then there is vision

Hid in the dream of the people! A hundred souls I encountered
 Uttered the self same thought. And even she, the distracted,
 Shrieking out there in the waste proclaimed it thus: "It is ugly
 For it is little." She had scarcely reasoned about it.
 Since then a hundred women have said the church of the parish
 Is too little. This cry so often repeated interprets
 Need of a temple. O Agnes, well do I see it.
 You are the woman chosen of God as my angel
 Lighting my path, and treading firm and secure, though in blindness
 Pointing the way for me lest I should stray in the bypaths.
 Never the will-o'-the-wisp deceived you. Even the first day
 Leading me into fields of fruitful action, and stopping
 Me, as I stood all poised for flight to the dome of the heavens.
 Inward you turned my vision, my inmost self you revealed me.
 Agnes, again you have spoken the words that cleave as the lightning—
 Led me where insecure I stumbled, and summoned the day beam
 That it should judge my work. The church of God is too little?
 Well, it shall be built large. For never saw I so clearly
 As even now I see how richly God has endowed me
 When he gave you to me. And I pray as you recently pleaded
 "Go not from me. Remain! Ah, do not go from me!"

AGNES.

I will shake off my sorrow, will dry my tears and the fortress,
 Memory, lock as it were a tomb; let the sea of forgetfulness
 Roll between it and me. The gladsome gala-procession,

Once my happiness called, shall be no more in my dream world—
I shall live only for you, be naught but your wife and your helpmeet.

BRAND.

Toward the heights lies the way.

AGNES.

Only urge me not onward.

BRAND.

Through me does one Greater command.

AGNES.

And of him you have told me
He rejects not the will though frail be the power of action.
(*is about to go.*)

BRAND.

Whither, my Agnes?

AGNES.

The household can not tonight be neglected.
Least of all tonight. Do you remember last Christmas?
Candles were everywhere lit, and you called me extravagant.
Wreaths and pretty things and toys on the tree and singing,
Childish laughter. Ah, Brand, this year must the candles be lighted
All of them, so we may know that the Christmas feast is before us.
Everywhere must be swept and decorated to honor
God's great solemn feast. If perchance He should enter the chamber
Sees he a punished daughter, a son who is chastened and humble.
Children obedient who know at last though still with reluctance
They must renounce life's joy if the wrath of the father demands it.
Look you now, can you find any traces of tears on my cheek?

BRAND.

Light the candles

Dear one, 'tis your life work.

AGNES (*smiling sorrowfully*)

Build you in the meantime

Great and grand the new church. Ah, but let it be done ere the spring-
time.

BRAND (*gazes after her*)

She can submit in anguish in the midst of the fires of torture;
Spirit and flesh may faint, but she wills to renounce to the utmost.
Give her thy strength, O God! And in mercy take from me
That dread bitterest duty of sending the vulture
Grim and fierce of the law upon her to drink up her heart's blood.
I have endurance and courage, lay both our burdens upon me.
Both can I bear and will. But have thou mercy upon her!

—Translated from the Norwegian by Anna E. Bagstad.

Extracts from
“The Real Diary of a Real Boy”

BY HENRY A. SHUTE

(Copyright, 1906, by the Everett Press Co.)

The following extracts, taken almost at random from this rollicking book, will surely present a wealth of the material which is so hard to find—that which is humorous without being absurd and strained. Excepting the possible selection of those adventures better suited to reading, no attempt has been made to arrange or abridge, out of justice to Judge Shute, who so kindly permitted the citations from his book. It might be suggested that the “stewdcats” referred to are the students of the Phillips Academy.

December 1, 186—.. .. father goes to boston and works in the custum house so i can get up as late as i want to. father says he works like time, but i went to boston once and father didnt do anything but tell stories about what he and Gim Melcher usted to do when he was a boy. Once or twice when a man came in they would all be wrighting fast, when the man came in again i sed why do you all wright so fast when he comes in and stop when he goes out, and the man sort of laffed and went out laffing, and the men were mad and told father not to bring that dam little fool again.

December 15. Fite at recess to-day, Gran Miller and Ben Rundlet. Ben licked him easy. the fellers got to stumping each other to fite. Micky Gould said he cood lick me, and i said he want man enuf, and he said if i wood come out behind the school house after school he wood show me, and i said i wood and all the fellers hollered and said they wood be there. But after school i thaught i aught to go home and split my kindlings and so i went home. a feller aught to do something for his family ennyway. i could have licked him if i had wanted to.

December 19. Cold as time. Went to a sosiabile tonite at the Unitarial vestry. cant go again because Keene told mother i was impident to the people. i want impident. you see they was making poetry and all sitting around the vestry. they wanted to play copenhagin and post office and clap in and clap out, but Mister Erl woodent let them because it was in church. so they had to play poetry. one person wood give a word and

then the oppisite person wood give a word that rimed with it. it was auful silly. a girl wood give the word direxion and then a stewdcat wood say affexion and then waul his eyes towards the girl. and then another wood say miss, and then another stewdcat wood say kiss and then he wood waul his eyes, and when it came my turn i said what rimes with jellycake, and the girls turned red and the stewdcats looked funny, and Mister Burley said if i coodent behave i had better go home. Keene needent have told mother anyway. You jest wait Keene, and see what will happen some day.

Jan. 1, 186— Had an awful time in school today. me and Cawcaw Harding set together. when we came in from resess Cawcaw reached over and hit me with a bat, and i lent him one in the snoot, and he hit me back. we was jest fooling, but old Francis called Cawcaw up front to lick him. i thought if i went up and told him he wood say, noble boy go to your seat, i wont lick neether of you. anyway i knew that Cawcaw wood tell on me, and so i told old Francis that i hit Cawcaw first, and old Francis said Harry i have had my eye on you for a long time, and he jest took us up and slammed us together, and then he wood put me down and shake Cawcaw and then he wood put Cawcaw down and shake me till my head wobbled and he turned me upside down and all the fellers looked upside down and went round and round and somehow i felt silly like and kind of like laffin. i didnt want to laff, but coodent help it. and then he talked to us and sent us to our seats and told us to study, and i tried to but all the words in the book went round and round and i felt auful funny and kind of wabbly, and when i went home mother said something was the matter and i told her and then i cried, i don't know what i cried for, because i didnt ake any. father said he wood lick me at home when i got licked at school and perhaps that was why i cried. ennyway when father come home i asked him if he was going to lick me and he said not by a dam sight, and he gave me ten cents and when i went to bed i got laffin and crying all to once, and coodent stop, and mother set in my room and kept her hand on my forred until i went to sleep. i drempt i was fiting all the time. when i get big enuf ther is going to be a fite between me and old Francis, you see if there aint.

Feb. 3. Snowed like time all the forenoon. in the afternoon me and Pewt and Beany rolled up some big snowballs. then tonite we put all the balls together and made a big snowman rite in front of Mrs. Lewises front door. then we put an old hat on it and hung a piece of paper on it and wrote man wanted on the paper. tomorrow all the people who go to church will see it and laff becaus Mister Lewis got a devorse. they will be some fun tomorrow.

Feb. 5. i coodent write ennything last night becaus i got sent to bed and got a licking. i tell you we got in an auful scrape. sunday morning me and Pewt and Beany went out erly to see our snowman. he was there and when the people began to go by they began to laff, and most of the people said it was the funniest thing they had ever see, and whoever put it there was a pretty smart feller. so we said we did it and Pewt said he thought of it first and Beany said he did, and i said i did most of the werk.

Well, pretty soon some people came along and looked at it and said it was a shame and they went over to pull of the paper and she came out and see it, and she took a broom and nocked it over and broke it all up. and then she went rite down to my house to tell father. then she went over to Beanys house and then up to Pewts. well after church father took me over to her house and Beany was there with his father and Pewt with his father. she said she would have us arested for it. but they talked a long time and after a while she said if our fathers would lick us and make us saw and split a cord of wood she woodent say no more about it. when we went out father said, i never see such dam boys did you Brad, did you Wats, and they said they never did. so we have got to saw and split that wood and we got licked two.

Mar. 10. . . . old Si Smiths big white dog and a bull dog had an awful fite today. neether licked and they had to squert water on them to seperate them. they didnt make no noise, only jest hung write on to each others gozzles. my aunt Sarah said it was dredful, and she staid to the window to see how dredful it was.

Mar 11.

Went to a corcus last night. me and Beany were in the hall in the afternoon helping Bob Carter sprinkle the floor and put on the sordust. the floor was all shiny with wax and au-fully slipery. so Bob got us to put on some water to take off the shiny wax. well write in front of the platform there is a low platform where they get up to put in their votes and then step down and Beany said, dont put any water there only jest dry sordust. so i didnt. well that night we went erly to see the fun. Gim Luverin got up and said that there was one man which was the oldest voter in town and he ought to vote the first, the name of this destinkuished sitizen was John Quincy Ann Pollard. then old mister Pollard got up and put in his vote and when he stepped down his heels flew up and he went down whak on the back of his head and 2 men lifted him up and lugged him to a seat, and then Ed Dearborn, him that rings the town bell, stepped up pretty lively and went flat and swore terrible, and me and Beany nearly died we laffed so. well it kept on, people didnt know what made them fall, and Gim Odlin sat write down in his new umbrella and then they sent me down stairs for a pail of wet sordust and when i was coming up i heard an auful whang, and when i got up in the hall they were lugging old mister Stickney off to die and they put water on his head and lugged him home in a hack. they say Bob Carter will lose his place. me and Beany dont know what to do. if we dont tell, Bob will lose his place and if we do we will get licked.

Mar. 29, 186—. The toads has come out. fine warm day. me and Potter Gorham have been ketching toads this afternoon. they sit in the puddles and peep. folks think it is frogs but most of it is toads. Potter got 23 and I got 18. tonite i put my toads in a box in the kitchen after the folks went to bed. in the night they all got out of the box and began to hop around and peep mother heard it and waked father and they listened. when i waked up father was coming threw my room with a big cane and a little tin lamp. he had put on his britches and was in his shirt tale, and i said, what are you going to lick me for now i havent done nothing and he said, keep still there is someone down stairs and mother said dont

go down George and father said, lissen i can hear him giving a whistle for his confedrt, i will jump in and give him a whack on the cokunut. i had forgot all about the toads and you bet i was scart. well father he crep down easy and blowed out his lite and opened the door quick and jest lammed around with his club. then i heard him say what in hell have i stepped on, bring a lite here. then i thought of the toads and you bet i was scarter than before, mother went down with a lite and then i heard him say, i will be cussed the whole place is full of toads. then mother said did you ever, and father said he never did, and it was some more of that dam boys work and he yelled upstairs for me to come down and ketch them. so i went down and caught them and put the mout all but 2 that father had stepped on and they had to be swep up. then all the folks came down in their nitegounds and i went up stairs lively and got into bed and pulled the clothes round me tite, but it didnt do enny good for father came up and licked me. he didnt lick me very hard because i guess he was glad it wasent a berglar and if it hadent been for me it might have been berglars instead of toads.

April 25, 186—. Cant go down town for a week beacaus i sassed J. Albert Clark, that is J. Albert Clark says i sassed him but i didnt. Beany had been working for J. Albert raking up leaves in his garden. J. Albert was going to give him 10 cents for it and me and Beany was going to divide up on goozeberries and juju paist, but Beany didnt dass to ask J. Albert for his pay because he had raked all the leaves under J. Alberts front steps and he was afraid J. Albert wood find out about it and not pay him. Beany wanted me to ask him but i didnt dast to because i let my rooster out to fite J. Alberts last sunday and J. Albert dont believe in fiting roosters. last night he was setting on his steps with some company and he had on his best lavender britches and his best blew coat.

So Beany said, tell you what Plupy, you set on your steps and we will holler across the street about the money that J. Albert owes me. So Beany he went across the street to his steps and he hollered over, hi there Plupy have you got any chink, and i hollered back, no Beany i havent got a cent, and Beany hollered i shood have 10 cents if J. Albert wood pay me

what he owes me, an i hollered why in time dont he pay you, and Beany hollered i gess he hasent got any chink, and i hollered he has probably spent all his chink in buying them lavender britches, and Beany he hollered, well if J. Albert Clark needs the money more than I do he can have it. well while we was hollering mister Head and the Head girls who was setting on their steps got up and went into the hous laffing, and the company at J. Alberts all laffed, and J. Albert came down and beckoned to Beany and Beany he went over to get his 10 cents and J. Albert he said, Elbridge, that is Beanys name, Elbridge you cood have your money enny time if you had asked me for it decently, but now i shall not pay you for a week and i shall not imploy you enny more. Tell you what, Beany came over to my steps feeling pretty cheap and we was talking about it when mother called me in and sent me up stairs, and said she wood tell father as soon as he came home. So i went up stairs an looked out of the window jest in time to see Beanys father lugging Beany in by the neck. Well that nite after father got home he jawed me and said i coodent go down town for a week and made me got to J. Alberts right before the company and ask his forgiveness, and Beany had to to.

May 27. My rooster is sick. i gess he had et something. he sits all humped up. i went in swimming 2 times today.

May 27. My rooster is pretty sick. i tride to give him some kiann pepper tonite. father said kiann pepper was good for sick hens, so i held his mouth open and give him a spoonful. when i let him go he kept his mouth open and sorter sneezed pip-craw pip-craw pip-craw, and then he went to the water dish and began to drink. i think he is better because he hadent drank any water for 2 days before. he was still drinking when i went away. i guess he will be a lot better tomorrow.

May 28. What do you think, this morning when i went out to feed my hens i found my rooster dead. he had drank up all the water and he was all puffed up. i felt pretty bad. father says i gave him enuf kiann pepper for a horse. he aught to

have told me. he was a pretty good rooster too. i am having pretty tuff luck.

June 14. . . . last summer me and Tomtit Tomson and Cawcaw Harding and Whack and Poz and Boog Chadwick went in swimming in May and all thru the summer until October. one day i went in 10 times. well i didnt say anything about it to father so as not to scare him. well today he didnt go to Boston and he said i am going to teech you to swim. when i was as old as you i cood swim said he, and you must lern, i said i have been wanting to lern to swim, for all the other boys can swim. so we went down to the gravil and i peeled off my close and got ready, now said he, you jest wade in up to your waste and squat down and duck your head under. i said the water will get in my nose. he said no it wont jest squat rite down. i cood see him laffin when he thought i wood snort and sputter.

so i waded out a little ways and then div in and swam under water most across, and when i came up i looked to see if father was surprised. gosh you aught to have seen him. he had pulled off his coat and his vest and there he stood up to his waste with his eyes jest bugging out as big as hens eggs, and he was jest a going to dive for my dead body. then i turned over on my back and waved my hand at him. he didnt say anything for a minute, only he drawed in a long breath. then he began to look foolish, and then mad, and then he turned and started to slosh back to the bank where he slipped in and went all over. When he got to the bank he was pretty mad and yelled for me to come out. when i came out he cut a stick and whaled me, and as soon as i got home he sent me to bed for lying, but i guess he was mad because i about scart the life out of him. but that nite i heard him telling mother about it and he said that he div 3 times for me in about thirty feet of water. but he bragged about my swimming and said i cood swim like a striped frog. i shall never forget how his boots went kerslosh kerslosh when we were skinning home thru cros-lots. i shall never forget how that old stick hurt either. enny-how he didnt say ennything about not going in again, so i gess i am all rite.

June 23. there is a dead rat in the wall in my room. it smells aful.

June 24. Rany. most time for vacation. the smell in my room is fearful.

June 25. more trouble today. it seems as if there wasnt any use in living. nothing but trouble all the time. mother said i coodent sleep in that room until the rat was taken out. well father he came into my room and sniffed once and said, whew, what a almighty smell. then he held his nose and went out and came back with mister Staples the father of the feller that called me Polelegs. well he came in and put his nose up to the wall and sniffed around until he came to where my old clothes hung. then he said, thunder George, this is the place, rite behind this jacket, it is the wirst smell i ever smelt. then he threw my close in a corner and took out his tools and began to dig a hole in the wall, while father and mother and aunt Sarah stood looking at them and holding their nose. after he dug the hole he reached in but didnt find ennything, then he stuck in his nose and said, it dont smell enny in there. then they all let go of their nose and took a sniff and said murder it is wirse than ever it must be rite in the room somewhere. then father said to me, look in those close and see if there is ennything there. so i looked and found in the poket of my old jaket that big roach that i lost, when i went fishing with Potter Gorham. it was all squashy and smelt auful. father was mad and made me throw the jaket out of the window and wont let me go fishing for a week. ennyway i know now what became of my roach.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following essay won the fifty dollar prize in Boston University. As the Department of Expression at that institution is directly under two members of our own Faculty, we feel that this will be of interest).

ON "THE TRUE AIM OF CULTURE," AND "VOCAL RENDERING."

HAROLD W. REED.

"The true aim of culture is to induce soul states or conditions, soul attitudes. . . ." In other words, the true aim of culture is the love of the beautiful.

The pupil of Socrates, when confronted with the above state-

ment, will at once inquire, stroking his beard in a non-committal manner, after the fashion of his master, "What is a soul state?" Everybody has "soul states." Even the savage has a "soul state," though he, unfortunately, does not know it. A string of colored glass beads "induces a soul state" with the savage. A soul state is the attitude the mind, consciously or unconsciously, takes toward anything. This is defining the proposition in its own terms, but, with a few illustrations, the meaning is clear enough. A Beethoven Symphony is beautiful to one man and tiresome to another. The one prefers classical music, the other favors the street-band or the hurdy-gurdy. The lover of Beethoven's music has his soul educated, or attuned, to a higher pitch than the other, and it is the importance of refining this other man's tastes that Hiram Corson is insistent upon. He does not demand that the street musician should be forced to appreciate the great symphonies: it is enough if he learns to get the most out of his hand-organ music.

What is in Beethoven's music, what in Michaelangelo's painting, what is in Shakespeare's poetry, is there because of the moral dispositions of the creators' souls. Beethoven saw the great light and translated it into his own musical idiom, Michaelangelo immortalized his vision in color, Shakespeare in words. The man who gets the most out of the harmonies, the colors, the poetry, is the man of cultured soul capable of being exalted, in the presence of the masterpiece, to the height reached by the great creators themselves. A string of beads transcends the savage's imagination. He cannot thrill at Coleridge's "Has thou the charm to stay the morning star," though the spectacle itself can impress him. The same inspiration that drew from Coleridge that immortal apostrophe, would cause the savage to fall on his face in mute wonder. His soul is perfectly adjusted to the requirements of the occasion. To the majority of a college class the poem is a place of rhetoric, and the actual sight would be "lovely if the air were not so cold in the early morning." The savage looks upon the evening clouds and worships Manitou the Mighty enthroned behind them, while the civilized people merely admire the colors. In some respects simple nature is more cultured than college educated nature. When a great *man* has something

to say, it is a great saying, and it takes another great man to understand it. It is the culture necessary to the understanding of not only great men and their works, but also of great things and the beauty and significance of their being, that Corson desires to inculcate. In short, his aim is to teach the knowledge of the *Good* so that the pupil shall always be on the lookout for it and recognize it when he sees it. This is the desired "soul state," this the results of culture. To be as open-minded and as capable of being impressed as the savage, and to be able to appreciate the great works of men's brains, to recognize and love the Beautiful is the end of education. Plato held the same opinion. "Music," he says, meaning, of course, general education, "ought to end in the love of the beautiful."

" . . . *To attune the inward forces to the idealized forms of nature and of human life produced by art . . .*" is Hiram Corson's next point in the true aims of culture. The first half of this is synonymous with his first phrases, and I have spoken of it somewhat in the illustration of the savage before Mount Blanc. It is the reproduction of Nature by human art that transcends the savage mind, and requires intelligent appreciation—culture—for its proper apprehension. The savage may fall down and weep because of the tremendous beauty of a sunset, but it is the cultured mind that bows down and is translated by the sheer beauty of the "*Adagio*" of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. This is an example of pure intellectual beauty. The "*Andante*" of his First Symphony is beautiful to the ear, and creates an agreeable impression in the mind, but it does not *move*. It is a pretty work of art, admirably proportioned, pleasing to the sense in every way. But it is the work of the young Beethoven, his Opus 21, written in the very prime of early manhood.

Put the man through the mill of necessity and trouble, blast his days with worrying over money matters, blight him with an "unspeakable nephew," make him deaf—stone deaf—so that he cannot hear his own orchestral *fortissimi*, and he writes an "*Adagio*" in his last great symphony that is a wonder and a consecration for all time. But not for all men. Only those who have their inward forces attuned to this truly idealized form of nature and of human life—may feel the full signifi-

cance of this great music-poetry. It is not for the idle rich, however well educated; neither is it for the underserving poor. It is for those who have eyes and ears and who can see and hear great things. They are the truly cultured who get the most intellectual and spiritual enjoyment out of life, whose education is never finished. Not only can they see and hear great and glorious things in this world with their own physical, mental and spiritual organs, but they can also see with Shakespeare's eye, and hear with Beethoven's ear—his mental ear if you please, for his poor physical ears were useless—and who can interpret and assimilate therefrom to their own benefit.

“. . . *Not to make the head a cockloft for storing away the trumpery of barren knowledge.*” A negative quality of culture, and exactly the opposite of the Platonic idea of culture, which says expressly: Study nothing useful. *Make* the head such a cockloft as described above. Plato says: Do *not* study music (liberal education), nor gymnastics, nor the useful arts, but study abstract matters like geometry, mathematical astronomy, dialectic, etc. Corson obviously means: Do not load your head with useless lumber. “Words are man's province, words we teach alone,” is the motto of too many college and high school teachers. Hundreds of pupils study Latin, German, French, who never read a word in those languages after they get out of school. Scores study counterpoint who never intend to write music, nor—and here is the real point—ever go to hear a string-quartet played. Their appreciation of music is helped not a mite by their laborious study of counterpoint. The appreciation of a fine bit of counterpointal writing is as great a delight to the cultured musician as the enjoyment of a finely constructed paragraph is to a literary man, or the appreciation of the technique of light in a painting to the art-critic. Technical detail is mere trumpery, useless lumber, or a fine tool, according as it is used. In the hands of the intelligent and cultured it is a fine tool. Horace describes a poet of his day who could reel off two hundred verses in an hour, standing on one foot. Many college students could do the same thing, and boast of it. They can rattle off Latin syntax by the yard, and come no nearer the interpreta-

tion of Horace's poetry than the "bard" described above came nearer writing great poetry. Knowledge is indeed trumpery when it lies forever idle and useless.

"How is the best response to the essential life of a poem to be secured by the teacher from the student?" By the fullest interpretative rendering of it. To do this requires technique, and considerable acumen. An interpreter of poetry must himself be a poet to begin with, and secondly he must have at his command the resources of vocal technique, that his reading of the poetry may awaken in the minds of his hearers thoughts as great as the thoughts of the poet himself. He must make the obscure places plain and throw the light of understanding upon the hidden passages. In short, he must *re-create* the thought, and its poetical and technical dress. The music does not exist until it is played; the poetry is mute until it is read. We easily see how important it is for a musician to have complete technical command of his instrument. But it must always be secondary. Technique for technique's sake is the bane of most modern music and poetry. The same applies to the performance of music and the reading of poetry. A great pianist not only practices technique for hours and hours every day; he also studies the form of the piece, the relation of phrase to phrase, the relation of separate parts to the whole, the general "effect." He does exactly what the elocutionist does. Not only practicing his chosen instrument, but studying the smallest detail of the work to be played. The composer's life and times; above all, the content of the work; all these enter into the preparation of a single sonata for public recital. And there are hundreds of other things he must study. The same is true of the reader's art.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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No. 3

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Post Graduate News.....LILLIAN HARTIGAN
Senior News.....LILLIAN CLARK
ALBERT F. SMITH, *Business Manager*.

JULIE G. OWEN.....*College News Editor*
Junior News.....ISABEL TOBIN
Freshman News.....MARION VINCENT

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OF INTEREST TO ALL.

Through the thoughtfulness of Miss Eleanor Pomeroy and the courtesy of Mr. Herbert Cook Sylvester, a unique celebration of Lincoln's birthday at Emerson College is being planned. This is in the form of an exhibition of all the portraits ever made of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Sylvester's collection, which he has so kindly offered us, not only includes every picture ever made of our great President, but it is known to be one of the best collections of its kind in existence. Mr. Sylvester, whom we all know as the Art Editor of *The Youth's Companion*, firmly established himself in the favor of the magazine last year when he so generously allowed us the use of an electrotpe of a portrait of Lincoln, which appeared in the Lincoln number. We are glad to have his kindness again brought before us in the form of this most interesting exhibition.

THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays—2.00-3.00. Room 510.

*“Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.*

*Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”*

—Alfred Tennyson.

The membership thermometer now registers 80! Where there is life there is growth!

On November 22nd Miss George led the meeting. The subject of her talk was “Seeking for Truth.” These talks always prove a great inspiration and help to those who hear them.

On December 6th, Rally Day, a very interesting meeting was held. The subject discussed was “The Origin of Hymns.”

At the last meeting before the separation for the holidays, December 13th, Mrs. Stockdale brought the Association “The Christmas Message.”

The open meetings have met with a hearty response from the girls. Much has been said, among the students, of the meaning of the “Quiet Hour” to each individual.

The work of the Intercollegiate Extension Committee is broadening out into various channels. In addition to supplying teachers for the Civic Service House and North End Union, it has presented many readings throughout the city.

CANADIAN CLUB.

Abbie Ball gave several readings during the Christmas recess. Her program at Littleton, Mass., and selections at an “At Home” in Brookline, and at the Acacia Club in Dorchester, all proved very successful.

Jean McLatchy spent the holidays in Williamsburg, Va., as the guest of Pearl Parsley.

On the occasion of a recent visit to the battleship "Georgia," Amelia Green gave a reading which was much appreciated by the crew.

CLASSES.

'12.

"ALL FOOLS"

By George Chapman.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROLOGUE	- - - - -	MISS WHITAKER
GOSTAUYO	- - - - -	MISS BLACK
MARI ANTONIO	- - - - -	MRS. CHURCHILL
VALERIO, sonne to Gustauyo	- - - - -	MISS KECK
FORTUNIO, elder sonne to Mari Antonio,	-	MISS LELAND
RYNALDO, the younger	- - - - -	MISS BENT
DARIOTTO	} Courtiers	MISS WATTS
CLAUDIO		MISS COAD
CORNELIO, a start-up gentleman	- -	MISS CASE
CURIA, a page	- - - - -	MISS SULLIVAN
KYTE, a scrivener	- - - - -	MISS HARTIGAN
FRANCIS POCK, a surgeon	- - - - -	MISS BALL
SERVANT	- - - - -	MISS WELCH
GAYETTA, wife to Cornelio	- - - - -	MISS WALTER
BELLONOCA, daughter to Gostauyo	- -	MISS CLARK
GRATIANA, stolus wife to Valerio	-	MISS ALBERTSON

Scene—Florence.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

Scene 1—A street in Florence.

Scene 2—Before the House of Cornelio.

ACT II.

A street in Florence, before the House of Gastauyo.

ACT III.

Same as Act II.

ACT IV.

Same as Act III.

ACT V.

Scene 1—A street in Florence.

Scene 2—A room in the Half-Moon Tavern.

"All Fools" was presented January 29th in the Huntington Chambers Hall, under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society. We as a class wish to express our heartiest appreciation and thanks to Professor Tripp, who very kindly directed the play.

Abbie Ball was kept busy reading during the holidays. Perhaps one of her most successful evenings was the one given for the Congregational Church, at its annual meeting on New Year's Eve.

Winifred Bent recently read for the Southboro Woman's Club, in Southboro.

'13.

The Senior Class wishes every Emersonian happiness and success for the New Year.

On December 12th, a delightful dance was given at the Gypsy Green Bungalow, in Roslindale, under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks. Those present were Misses Bell, Bracket, Brewer, Carlen, Cunningham, Dodson, Fischer, La Vigne, Newton, Norcross, Pearson, Porter, Watts, and Westcott, and their respective escorts.

Docia Dodd, Amelia Green, and Mary Shamback recently visited the battleship "Georgia" and read for the sailors.

'14.

Happy New Year to you all, and many of them!

On December 18th, the Juniors held an auction sale in room 10, and, with Bertha McDonough as auctioneer, sold everything in sight before one could say "Jack Robinson."

The committee for the Junior Prom has been decided upon. Elsie Gordon was elected chairman, and Judith Lynden, Blanche Fischer and Mattie Risely were appointed her co-

workers. Green and yellow were chosen for the class colors, and the jonquil proved to be the favorite for a class flower.

Ethel Bailey and Frieda Michael gave recitals at Charlestown, Dexter and Turner, Maine.

The members of the Junior class who have recently given readings are: Elizabeth Sullivan at Kingston, N. Y.; Maud Relyea at Prescott, Ont.; Jenny Windsor at Lawrence, Mass.; Mattie Lyon at Spring Hill, Pa.; Loraine Bailey at the Church of St. John the Evangelist. All proved very successful.

Belle McMichael spent the holidays with Sadie O'Connell.

'15.

Gladysmae Waterhouse read at the Rugby Street Church in Roxbury. Albert Lovejoy read in Templeton, Mass., during the holidays. Albert Smith has given several readings in Boston and vicinity.

The Freshman stunt was presented on December 18th. At five minutes of nine on that memorable morning there was much trepidation in the hearts of many of the class of 1915. However, their fears turned to joys before eleven o'clock, and only favorable comments have been heard since.

SORORITIES.

DELTA DELTA PHI.

A Happy New Year to everyone from Delta Delta Phi! Our greeting may be late, but is none the less cordial.

The members of Delta Delta Phi spent the holidays at their respective homes, except Lillian Aune, who visited friends about Boston, and Vera McDonald, who spent Christmas week with Rhea Ashley, at Middletown.

Olive Clark gave a New Year's recital at Milford, N. H.

Mrs. John Ahlers entertained, at a luncheon, all the Delta members who were in New York during the holidays.

Abbie Fowler was recently the guest of Mrs. Walter Ruby, *nee* Peggie Whitesel.

Lillian Aune gave a Christmas program at the Methodist Church in Newton.

ZETA PHI ETA.

The Zeta Phi Eta Sorority extends best wishes for a most pleasant and profitable New Year.

Rose Willis, Anne Keck, Bessie Bell, and Olga Newton spent the holidays at home.

Miss Lou Goyne announces her engagement to Mr. Jones of Hartford, Conn.

PHI MU GAMMA.

The marriage of Lucie House and Mr. Clifton A. Dailey was solemnized at the home of the bride, Lexington, Mass., on December 19th. All the girls of our Chapter attended the wedding and reception. Dorothea Deming was one of the maids of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Dailey will be at home to their friends after January 12th, at their home in Rutland, Vt.

Marguerite Albertson read for the Research Club, Millville, N. J.

The week-end of December 27th, Dorothea Deming entertained friends at a house party at her home in Hartford, Conn.

Leila Harris gave readings in Champaign and Urbana, Ill., while home for the Christmas vacation.

Janet Chesney, who is still traveling for the White Bureau, was guest at the Chapter House the sixth of January. Her success is widely known.

Josephine Lyon, one of our 1911 girls, is reading for the Star Bureau of New York. One of the press notices from a Port Jervis paper is as follows:

"The entertainment given by Miss Josephine Lyon, this evening, was considered one of the best ever given here. Miss Lyon is a graduate of Emerson School of Oratory, and she is so gifted in her art that it would be difficult to tell which of the miscellaneous program she gave was the best."

Leila Harris was the guest, during the holidays, of Harriet Brown of Chicago, Ill.

The many friends of Katurah Stokes enjoyed a dinner party and dance given at her home in Morristown, N. J.

While visiting in New York, Lillian Hartigan was the guest of honor at a luncheon on board the White Star liner "Krowland."

The Phi Mu Gamma convention was held this year at Old Point Comfort, Va. Iota Chapter was represented by Lillian Hartigan. She was made a member of the Grand Council. Maude Fiske was elected one of the editors of the *Argaliad*.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi extends to all the heartiest wishes for success throughout the New Year!

Emma Belle Gallagher has been called home by the death of her mother, and will be unable to return. We miss her very much.

Evelyn Oelkers spent a part of her vacation with Ruth Roane at Springfield, Mass.

Jean Fowler has been a guest at the Chapter House during the past month.

Stasia Scribner, Beth Beattie, Madeline Tarrant, and Mildred Johnson were at home for the holidays.



THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

The regular meeting of the Emerson College Club of Boston was held in the College on the evening of January 7th. After a short business session, Mrs. Nellie Parker Spaulding read admirably Edwin Selden's play, "The Country Boy." Pathos and humor seemed to be chords which the reader struck at will, and, adding to a very adequate interpretation the charm of her own personality. Mrs. Spaulding made the evening one long to be remembered by everyone present.

In the intermissions, Miss Cordelia Foster officiated most acceptably at the piano. The hostesses of the evening were Miss Low, Mrs. Bardin and Mrs. Porter.

HETTIE B. WARD, *Secretary.*

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The New York Club is indeed flourishing, reporting an average attendance of sixty, and better than that, every one working and permeating the spirit of their Alma Mater.

The December meeting of the E. C. O. Club of New York city occurred Saturday evening, the fourteenth. Miss Grace V. Correll, a member of the club, who has spent the last two years in Japan, gave a very pleasing talk upon Japan, telling of the people, the schools, the construction of Japanese houses, skating in winter, the theatre and other matters of interest. Miss Nina Mills, also a member of the club, was expected to sing, but was detained by illness. However, Miss Mills secured as a substitute Mr. Mertz of the Metropolitan Opera House, who charmed the company with his delightful interpretation of German and English ballads. Refreshments were served by Mrs. William Purdy, Mrs. Sylvanus Purdy, Mrs. Ackerman and Miss Lewis.

W. Palmer Smith.

The Emerson College Club of New York held its regular meeting January the eleventh, at their rooms in the Berkeley Theatre. It was "members' night." Miss Margaret Klein and Miss Colburn, who traveled abroad the past summer, gave some very interesting personal glimpses of their experiences. Miss McCleary's piano selections were much enjoyed, and Mrs. Francis X. Carmody read admirably "At the Charity Fair," and Robert Browning's "A Tale."

Mrs. Grace B. Purdy told of the proceedings of the national convention of Women's Clubs at San Francisco, to which she was a delegate. Mrs. H. R. Hansen spoke most enthusiastically of the last Alumni reunion and for the next one in June. After a social hour, the meeting closed.

CHARLOTTE KIRKE CARMODY.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The Emerson College Club of Hartford held its first meeting of the New Year with Miss Clara M. Coe. After a brief business session, Mrs. Caroline Grimley Reid read Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson's lecture, "The Power of the Ideal." The club was pleased to entertain as the guest of the afternoon, Miss Pauline Phelps, E. C. O. '89.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND.

The Rhode Island Club recently had the pleasure of presenting under its auspices F. Hopkinson Smith, author, artist and builder of bridges and lighthouses, who read from his own writings extracts from "Col. Carter of Carterville," "Forty Minutes Late," and "Tom Grogan." In response to a generous burst of applause he added "A Water-Logged Town," one of his Venetian sketches. It proved a rare opportunity for the members to hear this gifted and versatile author.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'98. Lena Budd Powers has established a School of Expression at San Antonio, Tex., which is meeting with splendid success.

The Irving Dramatic Society, under the direction of Mr. W. Palmer Smith, presented several dramatized scenes from

Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," in the Stuyvesant High School Auditorium in New York, December 24th.

The marriage of Caroline May Page to Mr. William Palmer Smith is announced.

'01. The classes of the newly established "Little Theatre" and the Metropolitan Dramatic School in Philadelphia, which are attracting so much comment and favorable criticism in the press of that city, are largely in charge of Louise Levering Weber. Perhaps one of Mrs. Weber's innovations in the application of Expression which is attracting most attention, is the establishment of a debutante class.

Harriet M. Collins is in charge of the Dramatic Art and Expression Departments of St. Katherine's School at Davenport, Ia. Miss Collins made a special study abroad of the Irish folk stories, and is very successful in their interpretation throughout the West.

Miss Evalyn Thomas was recently the guest of Doctor Winiagar Simpson at the Long Beach Sanitarium. Miss Thomas read several times during her stay, and of the interpretation the *Long Beach Press* speaks, in part:

"Miss Thomas, who has but recently returned to America after an extended period abroad, largely devoted to study at Oxford, is a dramatic reader of great charm and personality and wonderful power of interpretation. Last evening, by special request, Miss Thomas read Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." This she followed by a clever college story, to take away the "Ibsenian flavor." It was in the great tragedy, however, that the reader was at her best. The several characters, widely different as they are, were splendidly interpreted and well sustained throughout. Humor, power, passion and tragedy were alike faultlessly portrayed, and the sweep of the mighty "action" of the drama was never for an instant allowed to falter.

"It is Miss Thomas' voice, however, that is her most striking characteristic. It is like a mighty organ on which she plays at will the scale of human emotions, tears, laughter, and the strangling grip of strong emotion flow through it like living waters and the listening audience live and breathe at the artist's will.

"While it was in the great tragedy that the reader was at her best, the vim and vigor and rattling good fellowship of the college tale lost nothing in the telling and boyish slang fell as gracefully from the speaker's lips as did the phraseology of the master dramatist.

Miss Thomas is spending some time in Southern California, and is

scheduled to appear on several occasions in public recitals. She has made a special study of Ibsen and the Greek tragedies, and although her repertoire is unusually extensive she is at her best in these great masterpieces of human emotion."

'06. *The Evening Tribune* of Providence compliments the interpretation of Miss Betsy Lewis Kenyon as follows:

"Yesterday was her first appearance before a Providence audience, and to those who heard her her fine rendition of "Madame Butterfly" was a revelation. She is a young woman of great dramatic ability with a charming, magnetic speaking voice. She is, moreover, eminently fitted for her chosen field of work, both by temperament and ability, and added success is prophesied for her career as an artist."

'07. Lola C. Baumann has been chosen teacher of Public Speaking in the Northwestern State Normal School at Edinboro, Pa.

'09. The marriage of Maude Jessie Williams to Dr. Alvin H. Monroe was solemnized at "Valley View," the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rollin A. Williams, in Hampton, Vt.

'10. Mildred F. Page is very enthusiastic concerning the success of her Voice, Expression and Athletic departments in Belhaven College, Jackson, Mich.

Walter P. Taylor will lecture and initiate a new course in Oratory at the Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, Pa.

'12. Ione Velma Stevens staged very successfully W. B. Yeats's delightful morality play, "The Hour Glass," in the holiday celebration in Miss Cowles School in Hollidaysburg, Pa. *The Altoona Tribune* says:

"Miss Stevens' pupils presented excellently Yeats' "Hour Glass" This is one of the most poetic and beautiful symbolic plays, and the performers were remarkably successful in both interpretation and acting."



Energy. As the great panorama of change takes place from year to year, man changes his opinions, his methods, his beliefs and his purposes of life. We hear on every hand about having spent our happiest days in youth, about the sane educational methods of the past, about the heart of reverence in old-time religion. We hear, on every hand, about the *new* in everything; the advancement in science, electricity, medicine, law, philosophy, politics, and theology, still that unseen force—that power which we call life—moves on perpetually bringing forth the seasons with their varied conditions, revealing something new in the old and telling man of the importance of research, experiment and efforts, to fathom the mystery of life. The phenomena that always is and yet seems to ebb from the physical body, the noted physicians, clergymen, philosophers, scientists, materialistic writers all agree and call it death, yet all know this cannot be true. There is no less energy to-day than centuries ago. The natural no less natural, the human plane is more intelligent, if not egotistical, yet the hidden mystery in the phenomena of life is as unexplainable to the human intellect as it was in the beginning of civilization. History is a repetition of human events and explains nothing. Religious beliefs and speculations in the form of creeds, dogmas, superstitions and theories are but frail structures of faith without a foundation of fact. Materialistic and so-called free thought is even worse, pointing man to the great phenomena of life—that perpetual energy—leaving the mind in a sea of vastness, without an anchor of comfort on a thread of faith. Science does not even echo

an answer to this great phenomena of life. Medicine and surgery is only a toy in its effort to imprison this energy in the temple of human flesh; faith cures are complete failures over bodily frailties. Let us cease to boast about our age of discovery until we can explain something of the phenomena of life. In the meantime let us consider our achievements and use this unexplainable energy we call life, in the betterment and uplift of mankind, using our medical advancement in relieving the suffering, our scientific research in directing this energy to best advantage, and when we come to that point where we lose our vision of the phenomena of life in what we call death, let us be comforted in faith until we discover the hidden truth which underlies this great force, instead of being lashed naked in a suffocating doubt on a sea of dread and fear until we too pass the portals of human existence.

(Written for the Emerson College Magazine by M. S. Funk.)

Founders Day. The entire morning of December 19th was given over as a tribute to the memory of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson, the founder of Emerson College. Representatives were present from the several Alumni Clubs, and tribute after tribute was paid to our honored teacher, leader and friend, and to his unswerving and absolute belief in the potency of the spirit. Mrs. Southwick outlined Dr. Emerson's beliefs and accomplishments in an able address, and then, almost as a benediction. Mrs. Emerson added a final word to the tribute paid to the genius and power of our great teacher, "whose lines have gone out through all the earth, his words to the end of the world."



Miss Dorothy Elderdice
Whose story "De Song in de Pine Trees" was awarded
First Prize in the Students' Association Contest



Miss Helen Leavitt
Writer of "The Great White Spirit" which was
awarded Second Prize

Emerson College Magazine.

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DE SONG IN DE PINE TREES.

DOROTHY ELDERDICE.

*"In de hebens, in de clouds,
oh I sees
Menny spots — menny dark,
menny red;
In de hebens, oh I sees
menny clouds."*

*"In de woods in de air,
oh I hyears
De whoop, de long yell
en de cry
In de woods, oh, I sees
menny clouds."*

They tell me many long winters have passed since I looked my last on my old home in the pine forests of the Southland. Perhaps so. But I know that whenever I choose I can see with wide-open eyes every detail of the old familiar plantation grounds. Again I look inside the room over the big white portico and see my old Mammy bending over my bed. Once more I hear the piercing notes of that weird Indian song ringing through the silence of the midnight.

"Sh-sh, dar now, honey, don' you let yo' mammy see you jump up en poke yo' li'l head outen dat cole winder no mo'.

Long time I'se done told yo' dat dat funny ole song is only ole Injun Gawge. Yas, honey, hit's jest dat crazy ole Injun niggah blowin' his flute long de fores' road fit to bus' his win'pipe. Dar now, dar now, honey, mammy she gwine ter sing yo' a cheer-somer song.

*"Swing low dar, sweet chariot,
Whit come fer tuh carry me home!"*

"But, mammy, Indian George's voice is lots louder than yours. Won't you ever tell me 'bout him again? It's been two whole weeks since the last time. Please, mammy, please. Then I'll go right away off to sleep an' tomorrow I'll not 'noy you a bit, mammy! Cross my heart, I promise I'll not bake my mud pies on the parlor table, nor—nor use mother's best china for my dolly's parties; an', oh yes, mammy—I'll jump up right off in the mawnin' so you won't have to sprinkle me with col' water. 'Deed, mammy, I'll be mighty good. I will for sure!—An' _____"

"Well, dar, now, honey chile, let me get my bref cotch from listenin' to all yo' rig-my-roll! As you nebber goes to asleep till neah mawnin' 'time enny ways on nights after parties, spec I might as well gib in, 'fore you' pester de life outen me. Den if yo' don' sleep none tonight, why den mebbe you won' nebber ax me to tell yo' stories atter bed-time no mo'.

"Fer lan' knows how long Injun Gawge bin livin' in dat ole log cabin ob his'n down 'long de rivuh. Yo' knows it, Lizbuth chile—ain't no bigguh'n yo' mothuh's hen-coop en only two li'l winders in it, wired in like dey wuz jail winders.

"Well, nobuddy knew fer sho' whar Injun Gawge come from. He say he lib down in N' Orleans twel de slaves wuz made free en dat his mothuh—she wuz a full-bred squaw woman. En so he sorter hol' his head high. He think jest 'kase his wool a li'l bit shinier en sleeker dan our'n, en his cheek bones a li'l higher sot, en his nose a li'l crookeder, en his skin teched with Injun red dat he darefore kin sorter be big chief 'mong us. But, laws a massy! he soon fin' out!.

"Ole Jedge Kennedy, though, who'd hired Gawge de fust time he see'd him, he say, 'I trust dat niggah wid de las' cent I hab left in my pocket.'

"En Injun Gawge sho' did hev a lot ob good back 'n him eben ef he did know it. But de mo' his mastuh like him de mo' de nigguhs hate him, 'specially Rastus Bell, en Charley Snow. Dey bin sent out to do de plowin' on de plantation w'iles Injun Gawge bin doin' easy jobs 'roun' de house. Den, too, Charley Snow, he say Gawge done stole Annie Cole's 'fections away from him, en he jest ez jealous, Lizbuth, as yo' two li'l cats when you pets one an' doesn't so much ez look at de udder.

"Well, one day Jedge Kennedy he come 'roun' en tell Gawge dat he goin' up ter Washin'ton on bizness trip, he wuz, en not to let de bu'glars ner de Ku Klux ner nuffin' bodder Mis' Kennedy an' li'l Godfrey, his seben year ole gran'son. En Gawge he poin' to de hatchet hangin' on de wall en say he jest tommy-hawk ennybuddy 'at come nosin' 'roun'. He'd do dat fer sho. So Jedge Kennedy he wave his han' en ride off. Now, two days atter, Gawge fin' a note under his do' sayin' would he come 'cross to de woods to Possum Holler dat night at moon-up en play his flute at a party; en de note wuz signed Annie Cole. Well, Gawge'd be almos' shoutin' happy to go see dat girl ennytime, but he 'specially glad to be axed to bring his flute. He allus pride hisself on his flute playin'. Ole Jedge Kennedy wuz a musishun, hisself, so one summer he teach Gawge to play de flute en he bin blowin' it ebber sence, he sho hab!

"Well, jest 'fo' Gawge set out dat night li'l Godfrey come a-runnin' down en get Gawge to play sump'n speshull fer him en to tell him an Injun story. Now, Gawge, he jes' lub dat han'some chile wid his chubby li'l cheeks en his eyes blu's cherrybim's. Gawge allus called him 'Heap Big Injun Brave' en show him how to shoot de bow en arrer en buil' wigwams outen cornstalks. An' de las' thing dat Gawge do 'fore he leave wuz to sing dat chile one ob de Mohegans' songs, what yo' done heard yo' daddy read 'bout in de book, honey. So he sing dat song yo' jest hear floatin' through de winders.

*"In de hebens, in de clouds,
oh I sees
Menny spots — menny dark
menny red ———"*

An' de rest ob it yo' knows well, honey.

"Well, li'l Godfrey go a-trottin' back up home den, he did, en Gawge sot out jest ez de moon riz ober de tops ob de big pine trees. Dar wuzn't no soun's 'ceptin' de croakin' ob de frogs en de screechin' ob de squinch owls en de whippin' ob de whipperwills. De shinin' moonbeams hadn't struck thru de thickes' trees yet but Injun Gawge he knowed thet path so well dat he kin walk it backwud on the blackes' night. Howsum-ever, all ob a suddint, in de thick shadders ob de bigges' pines come two white figgers a-glidin' along en a-glidin' a-long—one on de right han' an' one on de lef'. Dey kep' a-comin' an' dey kep' a-comin', and dey kep' a-comin', en Injun Gawge he see um. But he can't move, he can't, he jest natcherally friz to de spot. De Injun blood in him kep' him from hollerin' his lungs outen him but de nigguh blood in him a'most make his eyes jump from de bottom ob dey sockets, en his knees tremble like he wuz a-dancin' a jig. Soon de ghos'es come so neah dat he fell plumb on his face, nen he felt sum'n cole touch him 'roun' de neck, nen pretty soon he didn't feel nuffin', en he didn't know nuffin' no mo'. De ghos'es hed done grab him en toted him off wid um.

"De nex' ebenin' about sunset time, Mis' Kennedy tell li'l Godfrey she ain't see'd Gawge about de big house all day so she think mebbly he bin tuk sick or sump'n. Darefore, she sen' Godfrey down wid some nice hot chicken soup en fixin's fer him.

"Well, Godfrey, he stay so long dat Mis' Kennedy think she hev to go atter him. But ez she get neah de cabin do' she don' see no one, en she don' hear no one, but she go on—she sho one brave woman allus, she wuz! Den she go in. De soup wuz a-settin' on de table not teched, en dar wuz no Godfrey ner no Injun Gawge ennywhars!

"Den de whole countryside wuz raised up en de lanterns en torches made de night bright ez Footh ob July. All de folkses wen a-huntin' thru de great wilderness makin' ez much noise ez if they'd bin in camp meetin'. But de los' chile wuzn't nowhares dat dey could fin'. So dey sent a 'spatch to Jedge Kennedy en he hurry home.

"Now, honey, does yo' member dat ole prison on de udder side ob Possum Holler? It wuz built to put fracshus Yankees

in durin' de wah en hain't bin used much sence. Well, about four days attar de ghos'es had cotch Injun Gawge, three men rode by dat prison on hoss back en one call out to anudder, 'Yes, dey say Jedge Kennedy has offered five thousand dollars for the return of the child, dead or alive, an' fifty dollars for the nigguh.'

"Well, ef yo' could 'ave gone long dat same place dat night yo'd hev seen firs' a long stick a-beatin' thru a hole un'neath the prison wall, en nen a arm, nen a nudder arm wid a flute in it, nen a head, nen a body. Nen Injun Gawge jump up en stretch hissself up big ez life. He had heared de men on hoss-back en made de triul ob his life to get out. But he didn' make tracks fer home, no suh! He tuk to de darkes' part ob de woods a-callin' his Heap Big Injun Brave; En he yell some ob de loud war whoop his mothuh taught him. Den when voice gib out, he take de flute en play. He do dat all de nex' day en two long nights twel hit seem lak he must a-raised the very spirits theyselves!

"Meanwhile, howsumever, li'l Godfrey done bin 'scovered! He hed wand'ed out to look for Gawge en hed los' his way. Yo' knows how long en wide dat ole fores' am, 'Lizbuth chile, en how skeered dat li'l feller must hev bin, even though de night was wahn en dey wuz no beasts en snakes attar him. Well he walk all 'roun' gettin' funder en funder from home, twel at las' he so tored he fall in a li'l heap on de pine needles en sleep so soun' he don' hear de folkses callin' fer him.

"Nen the nex' mawnin' he start out agin en dat secon' night an old woodcutter who somehow hedn't hearded about the los' chile tuk li'l Godfrey home wid him. 'Cose de chile too done out to do anything but sleep 'n' eat dat night, an' nen he sleep on and on twel nex' aft'noon. Den de ole woodcutter fin' out who he wuz. But it too late to sen' him home dat night. So he wait till nex' mawnin'.

"But po' Gawge ain't fare so well. He kep' a-goin' on, en a-callin', en a-playin', en a-singin.' At las' de third night de same ole woodcutter dat foun' Godfrey hear a voice sing dat crazy song about de hebens en clouds. He think, fer sho, dat a loony-tick got loose from Mount Hope but he shoulder his axe en go on in d'rection ob de soun'. Dar on de groun' he

foun' Injun Gawge a-lyin'. He hed got caught in the branches ob a pine tree w'at hed bin chopped down, en his leg wuz broke. So de woodcutter had anudder fifty dollars to add to de five thousand dollars he one get a'reay.

"When dey tuk Injun Gawge home he wuh out ob his head bad, he wuh. He done cotch the fever down en de swampy side ob de woods. De days go by en de fever seem to get wuss en wuss, en den bettah. But he still outen his head an' tho dey tell him ovah en ovah again dat Godfrey done bin foun', he jes' keep a-shoutin' fer him en singin' his ole song. Den he try to break thru de do', er jump outen de winder. Dat's how come dey had to wire de winders jes' lak dey wuz jail winders.

"But one day Jedge Kennedy bring Godfrey down wha Gawge could see him. Den's when de crazy nigguh set up, he did, draw his han' ovah his face, rub his eyes, shakes hisself, en den he gib one loud whoop ob joy en fell back on de pillar. An' when he open his eyes again, dey hed los' de wil' look, en he hed come to hisself onct mo'.

"But since de doin's hed begun Charley Snow en' Rastus Bell hed done dis'peared from de face ob Possum Holler. Dey think it might be bettah fer dey healths funder nawth, en Injun Gawge's frien's dey think so too. Annie Cole say dat on de night when Gawge wuz cotch she saw two white figgers stealin' pas' de spring en she heard a voice she knowed a-talk-in'

"We show dat smaht-Alick ob an Injun niggah a thing er two. Time he bin in dat prison a day er two he won' hol' his head so high en mighty. Jedge Kennedy'll sho' gib his watch-dog niggah one set-back fer runnin' off!"

"But, honey, chile, when Injun Gawge git his senses back, he happier'n eber befo'. He don' hev to walk thru no spooky pine forests to see Annie Cole no mo'; fer she livin' right in his own li'l cabin. Once in a while de ole crazy fits come back on him in de time ob de new moon des lak tonight en he think he mus' go out a-huntin' en a-huntin' fer de li'l Godfrey w'at wuz los' thirty years ago. But Injun Gawge allus get ober his fit en come back home agin. En dar oebber come a day when ole Jedge Kennedy didn't say 'I'd trust that niggah with the las' cent I hab lef' in my pocket.'

“Dar now, darlin’ chile, it’s high time you’s bin losin’ yo’ self in dreamy lan’. Shut yo’ li’l eyes, ez tight ’n’ fast ez yo’ kin, en

*“Swing low dar sweet chariot,
Whut come fer tuh carry me home.”*

THE GREAT WHITE SPIRIT.

BY HELEN LEAVITT.

For two months Kendall had lain ill with fever, and now the slow convalescence was at an end. During the early spring he came to the Canadian woods, to a little cabin, where since his boyhood he had come; first with other boys to explore the woods, and visit the few Indians left in that region, later as a man, alone, to steal a few days from the busy world, and to hunt with the old Indian, Okan, with whom he had sealed a friendship during one of his earlier visits.

This year the longing for the woods came to him early, and he left the city only to be stricken upon his arrival.

The old Indian found him, delirious and alone, and brought him to his wipwam, where, with the simple herbs and vigilance, they held the fragile thread that all but snapped.

To Wa-kee-na, Okan’s youngest daughter, was rightfully given the credit of Kendall’s recovery. By some strange fancy, wrought by the fever, he was not content with her out of his sight. So the tall, deep-browed Indian girl kept her vigil by the sick man.

As consciousness and strength returned, the girl would sit with thoughtful eyes, as he told her of his home and friends. The big, old house that had been his grandfather’s interested her most.

“Sometime Wa-kee-na, you will come to the city and see all these things.”

“You live all alone in a great cabin?”

“Yes, all alone, sometime I shall have a wife to share it with me.”

“Will you pray to your Great Spirit to send you a wife, as we Indian girls pray for our husbands?”

“Well, yes, I may have to pray for one, after all, if I don’t

hurry up and get well," and he lifted one thin hand and looked ruefully at it.

"Tell me of the white man's Great Spirit which he never sees?"

"Why, er, Wa-kee-na, that is a long question to put to a sick man, I don't know what to tell you, except our Great Spirit is a mighty fine person to be friends with."

"But you do not see him, and his face is not in the moon, so the white woman said."

Kendall chuckled as he remembered the woman who had come to the settlement two years before and tried to reform these Indians, with threats of the Almighty's vengeance. These Indians whose forefathers had been warriors, and had fought to retain their freedom and their lands, fighting and steadily losing, until now there was only a handful of the tribe left, and they dared not call the land their own.

"No, Wa-kee-na, we don't see Him, but He is there just the same, everywhere.

"Does your Great Spirit to which you pray, give to you what you ask?"

"Yes, why of course."

"How do you know it is so?"

"How do I know, why because—of course," with a sigh of relief, "It says so in the Bible so you can be sure of it; 'Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and you shall find.'"

The role of spiritual adviser was new to Kendall and he blushed in his embarrassment. "Now, go on, and tell me how your grandmother got her name, the one you bear?"

"First tell me how this Great Spirit gives to his people what they ask?"

"Yes, Wa-kee-na."

"If the Great White Spirit makes all people like you, then would I know him."

"Wa-kee-na, you little flatterer: You stick to your Great Spirit, and continue to put your offerings in the hollow tree for him, but if he should ever desert you, then come to the White Man's God."

Before Kendall was recovered enough to return to the city, the Indian girl knew many of the white man's customs. She

coiled her heavy braids around her head, under his direction, and wore her moccassins daily.

When the time came for Kendall to return, he smoked the farewell pipe with old Okan, and to Wa-kee-na's one question replied.

"I shall come back when the snow leaves the ground, after the winter. I shall come and we will talk together again. You will tell me more of your legends, and I shall tell you of the things I have seen in the city.

Wa-kee-na watched him as he rode away and murmured happily, "He will come again when the snow clears, he has said it, and the white man keeps his word."

Through the autumn and winter she wove her blankets, and in the evenings she sat much by her father, as the old men talked of the time when their numbers were many and they roamed the country at their will. She prayed daily to the Great Spirit, and the tree was kept filled with venison and dried corn. Some traders came to the little settlement, and she questioned them eagerly about the snows of the great city. They told her much, and the life of the white man was again new to her, as she heard once more of the houses that were light even in the nighttime, and the busy happy city, where people danced and sang during the cold dreary months.

Thus the winter passed. When the snow began to melt, she said to her father.

"Now comes the white man to us again."

But the snows melted and the streams ran anew and the white man did not come to the wigwam.

"He will yet come," said the girl, "he spoke it, and he will come."

One June night she left the group that was gathered together by her father's wigwam, and went into the woods to the hollow tree. Raising her arms above her head, she turned her face to the full moon.

"Great Spirit in the Moon, that looketh now on Wa-kee-na, I have prayed to you, I have given you offering, all that I had, and you have not heard me. The white man has not come back, and now Great Spirit of the Moon that now looketh on Wa-kee-na, I pray no more to you, but to the white man's God who says, 'Ask and it shall be given'."

A moment she stood silent and then drooping her arms, she closed her eyes.

"Great White Spirit, I know not how to call you, but I have come to you. The white man whom I love, told me to come, should my Great Spirit become provoked. I have asked him, and he has not answered. Now to you I pray. Send me back the white man, O Great White Spirit.

During the summer and following winter she prayed to the white man's God, but as the winter passed a perplexed look come into her eyes, and she would sit for hours gazing at the melting snows and dull skies.

The old man Okan one day, laid his hand on her shoulder and spoke in a tone kinder than he had used since she was a little child.

"My daughter, you are grieving for the one who did not come when the snows melted. It should not be so. A daughter of our tribe shall not weep for the son of a white man. There is Grey Hawk, of our tribe who has spoken to you many times of marriage——"

At the mention of Grey Hawk's name Wa-kee-na drew herself up proudly.

"My father, you know I shall not marry an Indian who does naught but sit by the camp fire and talk with the old men of what has passed.

"There is nothing else for our young men to do. Our number is small and soon our old men will be unable to hunt and till the ground. Grey Hawk cannot be spared from our tribe to go and learn the ways of the white man as you would have him."

Wa-kee-na turned sadly from her father and entered the wigwam. She knelt and closed her eyes.

"Great White Spirit, I have asked and, like the Great Spirit of my fathers, you have not answered. Yet you have said, 'Ask and it shall be given you, seek and you shall find.' 'Seek and you shall find'."

As she repeated the last words the girl sprang to her feet and a look of understanding was on her face, as she said:

"I know now what the white man meant. I have asked and it has not been given me, but I shall seek and shall find, be-

cause the Great White Spirit says so. I know where to seek. He told me, a little town by a great city. The snows have melted twice, and he did not come, but Wa-kee-na will obey the words of the Great White Spirit and seek."

That night when the little settlement was asleep Wa-kee-na mounted her pony, and rode in the direction of the great city. She rode all the next day, and that night slept under the skies. the next day she came to the little town by the great city. The houses awed her, as she had seen no buildings save the lumber shacks and the little French-Catholic chapel in the woods many miles from her home.

The figure of an Indian in native costume was not uncommon in the little Canadian town, but as the slender girl, with hair coiled round her head, rode down the street she seemed to embody the spirit of a lost race in a mute appeal for recognition.

She found Kendall's house, and, as she rode up the path leading to it, he came down the steps from the piazza. Seeing Wa-kee-na he paused, and then came eagerly forward.

"Wa-kee-na, my friend, what has brought you?"

"I have come," she said simply, as she slipped from the horse, "It is as the Great White Spirit said, 'I have found——'"

"Of course, you have found us, Wa-kee-na, and I am glad."

Another figure came down the steps and paused for a moment at the foot.

"Esther, come here. This is Wa-kee-na, the little Indian girl I have told you about. She saved my life, and you had better thank her," he laughingly drew her to him.

"Wa-kee-na, this is my wife."

The face of the Indian girl did not change but a light in her soul went out.

"I have come to see the white people, and the great city of which you have told me ——"

"You must stay with me Wa-kee-na. I owe you so much," and the wife laid her hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder.

"But I shall go," continued the Indian, "I have seen enough of the white man's land."

She started to mount, and Kendall restrained her.

"What, home-sick before you have come into my house, at

least you will stay the night and rest your horse. Besides I want to hear all about your father, and the others in your home."

"My horse can go further, he is an Indian. May the smile of the Great White Spirit be with you, and give you happiness." She turned the horse and rode silently away.

When far from the town she raised her hands above her head and gazed at the sinking sun.

"Great Spirit of the white man you have not kept your word, but Wa-kee-na grants you pardon. In the land of the White Spirit there is not enough happiness for all. It is as in a famine of which my father tells, when some died that others might eat and live. The white man is happy, and my share has gone to him."

Uncoiling her hair, she hung the braids over each shoulder. With erect head, and calm eyes, Wa-kee-na rode back to her people.

THE LAVENDER LADY.

Elizabeth Ann, without a word of warning, stopped directly in front of her Aunt Martha's broom, and blurted out:

"Why did my mother go away?"

If a flash of lightning had struck Aunt Martha, she could not have dropped her broom more quickly.

"Now see here, Elizabeth Ann, how many times have I told you not to be pestering me with your foolish questions? You know right well your ma wasn't much account, or she wouldn't have left us both when your pa died. Clear right out of my dust, and drive the hens from the potato patch, or there won't be even a stripped bug left."

This time, however, Elizabeth Ann did not obey. Instead she tossed her heavy black mane, and with an unusually bright light in her eyes, dared to make a further attack:

"But tell me if she was pretty and fluffy, and liked big hats?"

The last part of this question was so specific that Aunt Martha fairly gasped:

"Whatever put that notion of big hats into your head? Your ma was good looking enough, so folks said; but she was always too dolly to suit me. Now, Elizabeth Ann, you go right out

and tend to those hens, and don't come 'round asking foolish questions about people that like's not you'll never see any more."

Indignant and hurt, Elizabeth Ann rushed out, and with a muffled "shoo-o-o" at the offending fowls, she ran across the fields to her favorite seat under a tree near the tracks.

Here, in the presence of old Dobbins, who also liked the shade of the sturdy elm, she gave way to her feelings.

"Oh, if only some one would love me! I wish *she* hadn't gone away, 'nd I wish Aunt Martha'd tell me all about her. I guess, Dobbins, if your mother'd left you when you were a little colt you'd cry too. But I know my mother *must* be as lovely as, as, — why, as the 'Lavender Lady'!"

Here this inspiration was too great to let Elizabeth Ann sit still. So she danced wildly about patient Dobbins; and then pulling his head down, she whispered in his ear:

"Let's make believe she *is* my Mother, and when the train goes by and she waves to us, I'm going to say, 'Mother dear, I'm awaiting for you. Please, please come home!' Oh, but, Dobbins, I do wish she could hear me!"

That afternoon, a few minutes before train time, Elizabeth Ann, forgetful of the unusually quiet dinner hour, stood expectantly under her tree.

"Hurry up, Mr. Engine, please, and bring my 'Lavender Lady'."

As if in reply, a distant toot sounded and Elizabeth Ann grasped the fence excitedly.

"There she is!" she cried in wild delight; and then, with an answering wave to the woman in the window, who also seemed anxious to salute, she said her promised words, "Mother dear, I'm awaiting for you. Please, please come home!"

This scene was enacted every day, until Aunt Martha wondered why "that queer child" chose the quiet pasture for her play ground; but there was so much to keep her busy through the summer that she did not bother about little Elizabeth Ann.

As the Autumn advanced, however, she objected to these frequent visits, and one day in October she forbade trips to the track.

"See here, Elizabeth Ann, you've got to keep away from that

pasture. It's damp down there, and like as not you'll catch your death of cold if you hang 'round there any longer.

This edict was too much for Elizabeth Ann.

"Oh, please, please, please, Aunt Martha, let me go just this once, and I won't ever ask to go again. Please!"

"Well, you go ahead and get cold for all of me, but this is the last time, remember."

That afternoon Elizabeth Ann told Dobbins her trouble, and the good old horse seemed really to understand; for he kept one ear cocked while she explained Aunt Martha's decree, and then shook his head sadly as if he could sympathize with her.

The familiar sound of an engine caused Elizabeth Ann to stop her tale of woe, and straightway she was in her accustomed place at the fence.

This time as the engine puffed past, the Lavender Lady's window was open, and just as Elizabeth Ann was waving a sad good bye, she saw something white fly out toward her.

Over the fence she climbed, and found an envelope weighed down with a yellow hair pin. All trembling, she tore open the letter and laboriously read:

"Dear little Girl,

I love you very much. Please show me with your arms how much you love me.

Lovingly,

_____,"

"Oh, she loves me, she loves me!" and then scrambling over the fence, Elizabeth Ann danced around Dobbins in a fashion that would have shamed a professional Mohawk. "She loves me, she loves me!" she kept repeating, until with an awful force came the realization that she could not show her beautiful "Lavender Lady" how much she loved her. This thought quenched all her joy, and soon she gave Dobbins his good night hug, and went back to her lonely house.

Through the long, dreary days that followed, Elizabeth Ann, true to her promise, never once asked to go down to the pasture again, nor did she mention anything relating at all to her beloved "Lavender Lady," except one noon when she remarked:

"I wish I was Dobbins."

"Why, Elizabeth Ann, of all things! You're the funniest child I ever saw! What put that notion into your head?"

By this time Elizabeth Ann was her reserved little self again, and remarked, "Oh, nothing, only so I could kick."

* * * * *

One cold day in December when Aunt Martha called Elizabeth Ann, she refused to get up.

"My head's all hot and achy," she complained.

"Oh, you'll be all right when you're up," her Aunt endeavored to persuade her, but she would not be persuaded.

"I just can't get up," she said conclusively, and Aunt Martha thinking her balky, rushed into her room to assist her in rising, but to her surprise she found her in a high fever.

As the day went on there was no improvement; so by night Aunt Martha sent for Doctor Warren, who looked very worried, and kept muttering to himself, "Pretty bad, pretty bad;" and then aloud, "Give her these powders every hour, and agree to whatever she says."

Through the long illness that followed, Elizabeth Ann begged, whether raving or not, for the "Lavender Lady" until at last Doctor Warren grumbled, "For Heaven's sake, Martha, who is this 'Lavender Lady?' We owe it to the child to get this woman for her."

Aunt Martha, as much at sea as the doctor, half sobbed, "Goodness knows I'm willing to get the poor child anything I can. I have watched her suffer so long that I just wish I was in her place; but I don't know any more than you do about this 'Lavender Lady,' unless she's a doll or something."

But her doll had no charm for the little invalid, and still she called for her "Lavender Lady," and still the doctor and Aunt Martha puzzled their heads.

Finally Doctor Warren gave his plain opinion:

"Either we find this 'Lady' or that child is a goner."

All that day Aunt Martha puzzled her wise head over the strange "Lady" until suddenly at dusk it came to her that these visits during the summer months might have something to do with their problem. So when the doctor arrived the next afternoon, she told him her conclusions, upon hearing which, forgetful of his commended quiet, he shouted:

"Good for you! Hurry down, and see if any female in lavender's hanging about."

Strange to say Aunt Martha arrived at the tracks just as the all-important train was wheezing by; and stranger still to her at least, was the lavender figure at one of the windows. At sight of her, all the stored-up feelings seemed to paralyze her, and she stood dumfounded, unable to signal her distress.

Angry at her selfishness Aunt Martha could hardly wait for the next afternoon; and as if to make matters worse, all night long Elizabeth Ann called for her adored "Lavender Lady," and at intervals she would squeal, "She loves me, she loves me!" And then again, "I don't care if Aunt Martha doesn't love me, *she* loves me, she loves me!"

At these words the lonely watcher buried her head for shame and contrition, and then and there promised that all would be righted the next day. "Oh, I needed this to make me see," she moaned, "I needed it! No other way could have made me understand."

Precisely at train time the next day, Aunt Martha was at the track, and as the engine gave its favorite snort so well-known to Elizabeth Ann, she braced her wiry body for victory over herself. There in her usual seat sat the sad-eyed "Lavender Lady," and Aunt Martha with a mighty effort, beckoned unmistakably, and she was sure the "Lavender Lady" understood.

"She'll get off at the depot and drive right over," Aunt Martha conjectured as she picked her way home through the pasture; and she felt so conscious-free that she deigned to give old Dobbins a pat as if she understood now why Elizabeth Ann once envied him.

At exactly six o'clock rattling wheels sounded without, and in a trice Aunt Martha was at the door, listening to the sweetest voice imaginable pleading, "Oh, please forgive me, Martha dear, and tell me how my own little girl is. I have worried so since I have not seen her with old Dobbins that my heart is broken!"

Aunt Martha, with all the old resentment forever gone, replied in a voice that was hard to keep from trembling, "Of course I forgive you. You were fool enough to think you

would rather study art than stay with your folks, but we both have made mistakes, I reckon; and our eyes ought to be opened now if they're ever going to be."

The "Lavender Lady" wanted to go right up to her little daughter, but the neighbor in charge said her patient was dozing; so she had to content herself by hearing the whole story from her sister-in-law.

"Yes," she concluded, "I was pretty mad at you, and I don't wonder you were scared to come back, but we'll forget the past, and start all over again."

At this point, a stage whisper from above announced that "the company could come up now."

Pale and trembling, the "Lavender Lady" rushed up the stairs, and dropped on her knees by the wan little sufferer's bedside. Slowly Elizabeth Ann's heavy eyes opened, and at sight of the face so near, their gaze became wild. Then in a voice oh, so pitifully weak she murmured, "My own 'Lavender Lady'."

"Yes," came the sobbing reply, "your own indeed!"

Then with a "I must be in Heaven!" Elizabeth Ann sank back in a faint.

And oh, in the days that followed, it seemed as if the "Lavender Lady" had come too late; for sage old Doctor Warren shook his head sadly, and muttered oftener than ever, "Pretty bad, pretty bad. You folks had better make the best of it."

Through the long watches of the night when the precious thread of life seemed ready to snap, Aunt Martha and her sorrowful attendant prayed as they never had done before till at length their entreaties were answered; for one morning weeks later Elizabeth Ann bravely forced her eyes open, and with a look all of love, endeavored to reach for her "Lavender Lady's" hand.

This act was the beginning of brighter prospects, for from then on, the wan little figure in bed grew gradually stronger until one fine day in early Spring Elizabeth Ann, propped up in a chair near the window, said very sadly, "I s'pose now I'm better you'll have to go home, dear, sweet 'Lavender Lady,'"

The "Lady" thus addressed, felt that the time had come to break the news that hitherto she had dared not mention. So

she said, with her arm around the invalid's shoulders, "Dear little girl, how would you like it if I were to stay with you always?"

For a moment this was too much for Elizabeth Ann's comprehension, but soon she gasped, "For ever and ever and ever?"

"Yes, honey, for ever and ever and then some, for I am your truly-blueely mother."

If Fairy Mab had appeared and said, "You are the Queen of Christendom," Elizabeth Ann's eyes could not have opened any wider. Then flinging both arms around her newly found treasure she sobbed, "My own sweet mother and my 'Lavender Lady'!"

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To unite the women of this institution in loyalty to Jesus Christ.

To lead them to accept Him as their personal Savior.

To build them up in the knowledge of Christ through Bible study and Christian service.

To promote habits of daily prayer and thoughtful Bible reading.

To encourage regular chapel attendance and honesty in all work.

To bring about self-reverence in social relations, reverent observation of Sunday and ennobling friendships.

On Jan. 10th, Rev. Allen A. Stockdale spoke to the girls. The subject of his talk was, "Taking a New Aim."

Rally Day, held on the 17th of Jan. proved a great success. The membership thermometer now registers 85.

Miss Hilliker from Boston University and Mr. Locke from the Civic Service House recently addressed the Association.

Mrs. Southwick, in her address of Jan. 24th, showed us very clearly the value of the Y. W. C. A. as an organization.

On Jan. 31st, Miss Sara Mathews brought us a very interesting message. She spoke on the value of the Y. W. C. A. from a world-wide point of view.

THE CANADIAN CLUB.

On the 27th of Jan. the Club was most delightfully entertained at an afternoon tea, given by Ida Leslie and Maud McLean. Miss Riddle was the guest of honor.

The Club attended an "At Home" given by the Harvard Canadian Club. The Toronto Hockey Club was also entertained.

The Canadian Emersonians spent a most delightful evening with the Boston Canadian Club. On this occasion Mr. Thomas, the humorist, gave several readings, and Mr. Foster, the member of Parliament for Hant's Co. N. S., delivered a most inspiring lecture on "The Development of Canada." The singing of several of the Canadian anthems concluded the evening.

CLASSES.

1912

We are all glad to have Miss Leland with us again.

Abbie Ball recently gave a full evening program at the Methodist Church in Atlantic. She also gave a Literary program for the First Baptist Church, Hyde Park.

Winnifred Bent gave an afternoon of miscellaneous readings for the Southboro Woman's Club.

Miss Walter has given readings in Newton Highlands, and at the Margaret Fuller House in Cambridge. She has also taken charge of a class in dramatics at the Catholic Ladies Club House.

The play by Jerome K. Jerome, "Fennel," has been successfully staged by the Dramatic Training Class.

1913

The Seniors have chosen Lela Carey to write the ode, Lillian Clark for Historian, Docia Dodd for Poet, and Mr. Dixon for Orator.

Helen Brewer spent the week of Jan. 18th, at the home of Mrs. Brooks in Cambridge. On the 22nd Mrs. Brooks entertained at bridge for her guest. The Emerson girls present were: Misses Bell, Carlen and Kick.

Docia Dodd read recently at Union Church.

Jean MacLatchy and Pearl Parsley recently read at the Seaman's Chapel.

Clara McDonald is coaching the three act comedy, "Miss Fearless and Co." for the Alleora Club of the M. E. Church in Allston.

Under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, an attractive dancing party was held at Riverbank Court. The young ladies in charge were: Lillian Carlen, Evelyn Norcross and Ethelwyn Cunningham.

1914.

The Juniors wish to thank all of the students for the patronage of the lunches which are being held in the annex.

Keturah Stokes read "The End of the Bridge" at the Chelsea Woman's Club, recently.

February 2nd, Belle McMichael read at the Civic Service House.

January 26th, Dana Cockran and Elizabeth Sullivan read at the Odd Fellows Hall.

Dorothy Wolstad read at her home in Brockton, a cutting from "Anne of Green Gables."

Preparations for Junior week are well under way, and a very successful program is expected.

Junior Recitals begin Feb. 11th. We hope to keep the standard very high.

1915.

Now that the dreaded mid-year examinations are passed the Freshmen can again settle down to the daily routine of school studies. However other activities are fast coming to claim our attention besides our regular college work.

Several members of the class have given readings during the past month.

Miss Waterhouse read at the Young Woman's Christian Association of Boston; Miss Sturdivan, Miss McGill and Mr. Love, at the Civic Service Settlement; and Miss Vincent at the Sailor's Haven, Charlestown.

SORORITIES.

DELTA DELTA PHI.

Delta Delta Phi welcomes as its pledges, Geraldine Jacobie, Ruth Southwick, and Julie Owen.

Phea Ashley, Vera McDonald, and Abbie Lawler read recently at an Allston club.

Helen Leavitt entertained Olive Clark, Lillian Aune, and Abbie Lawlor, at her home in Cambridge, the week end of Feb. 1st.

Vera McDonald attended the Yale Prom. She was a guest at the Colony House.

The Sorority gave a dance at Riverbank Court, Jan. 23rd. The patronesses were Mrs. Southwick, Mrs. Furbuish, and Mrs. McDonald.

Jan. 23rd, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Durfee.

ZETA PHI ETA.

We welcome the following pledges: Misses Louise West, Mary Persinger, Laura Curtis, Virginia Berand, Marian John, Marian Grant, Clara Theisen, Mary Louise Carter, Hazel Call, Jean McDonald, Dorothy Elderdice, Ruth Watts, Jennie Windsor, and Teresa Cogswell.

Jan. 29th Bessie Bell read at a dramatic entertainment given by the "Lend-a Hand" Club of the Second Unitarian Church, in Brookline.

Edna Spear '12, has class in Expression in Bryan, Texas.

Grace C. Roscaeu '12, is attending the Normal School in Seattle, Washington.

Letters written from Freeburg, Germany, have been received from Mrs. H. B. Reimer (nee Lucile Warmer). Dr. and Mrs. Reimer will make their home in Boston, after spending a year abroad.

Laura Curtis recently spent the week-end as guest of Blanch Fisher, at the home of Mrs. Pettingill, in Dorchester.

Sheila McLane '11, is doing substitute work in the Holyoke High School. Miss McLane is also coaching a play entitled, "A Case of Suspension."

Florence Hinckley read recently in Newtonville before the "The Daughters of the Revolution."

Miss Ruby Ferguson and Miss Laura Pellitier are teaching in the Nebraska State Normal.

The members of the Zeta Phi Eta Sorority and their pledges enjoyed a sleigh ride to Jamaica Plain, Tuesday, Feb. 4th. The party stopped at the home of Mrs. Johnson in Cambridge, where a delicious oyster supper was served.

PHI MU GAMMA.

We are pleased to announce the following pledges; Beatrice Perry, Carolyn Jones, Helen Brewer, Marian Vincent, Sue Riddick, Emily Brown, and Florence Newbold.

Disa Brockett entertained friends from Roxbury at tea Friday, Jan. 31st.

Dorothy Deming spent a few days in Rutland, Vermont, as the guest of Lucy Dailey. A skating party was given in her honor.

Eta chapter of Phi Mu Gamma invited the Iota chapter to the Conservatory Pan-Hellenic dance at the Copley Plaza, Monday evening, Feb. 3rd.

Katurah Stokes spent the week-end of Feb. 1st with Gertrude Chapman.

Marguerite Albertson enjoyed a visit from Dorothea Bacon of Bridgeon, New Jersey.

Ruth West was entertained at the home of Jessie Brown, in Cambridge.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi wishes to announce as its pledges Fern Stevenson, Blanch Fischer, Florence Styles, Helen Smith, Laura Meridith, Marguerite Grunmwald, Alice Faulkner, Georgette Jetty, Minnie Frazine, and Genevieve McGill.

On January 22nd, Kappa Gamma Chi entertained at a dancing jarty at Hotel Coolidge, Brookline.

A tea was given by the chapter at Hotel Lenox during the week of January 22nd.

Marie Goss and Christine Hodgden have been among the recent guests at the chapter house.

On January 13th the Sorority entertained at dinner, Mrs. Harry S. Ross, Mrs. Foss Lamprell Whitney, and Miss Estelle Smith.

Miss Elizabeth Beattie is to be congratulated on her success in substituting for Miss Jean Fowler '11' in the Musical Review Company, which entertained the Masons of Lawrence, Mass., last Friday evening.



TO THE ALUMNI.

The Reunion of Classes for Commencement week is progressing most favorably. Responses are being received from all parts of the country. This year will be the fifth Reunion for 1908,—10th Reunion for 1903,—15th Reunion for 1898, and the 20th Reunion for 1893; 1888 will hold their 25th Reunion.

The Committee hopes to have these classes largely represented Commencement week.

OLIVE PALMER HANSON.

M. ELLA BALL.

GRACE BRONSON PURDY.

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

At the last meeting of the Boston Emerson College Club it was the privilege of the members to enjoy an inspiring lecture by Miss Gertrude Chamberlain recounting her experiences and the meditations inspired during a recent visit to the old Chateau of Fontainebleau, the setting of Robert Browning's poem "Christina and Monaldeschi." The romance woven about this old Galerie des Cerfs, and the many anecdotes of adventure encountered in gaining access to it from an admirable vehicle, not only for Miss Chamberlin's delicate literary appreciation and scholarly insight, but also, unconsciously, for the expression of her own creative personal equation in interpreting Browning, who "through the spiritual struggles of the soul itself, reveals the divine touch that discloses the true end of living and thinking."

E. C. O. CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY.

The meeting of the E. C. O. Club of New York City at the rooms of the Twelfth Night Club on February eighth was one of the most memorable in the history of the club. Nearly one hundred members and guests were present. Viola Vivien Todd presented scenes from "The Last Days of Pompeii." Mrs. Todd is taking a course with Madam Phila Moran this winter, and showed the progress she is making by her forceful portrayals. Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes delighted everyone with her interpretative dances. Several years ago Mrs. Noyes was introduced to the public at the Playhouse, Washington, D. C., as the most finished pupil of Madam Lucia Gale Barber. Last summer she appeared at the Tuileries Garden, Paris. On March third she appeared as Liberty in the pageant on the steps of the Treasury building at Washington. Mrs. Noyes has originated her own dances, and has had music written especially for them. Her interpretation of several different muses and "Mocking Pan" were most dainty and charming. The friends of Mrs. Noyes will be interested to know that she has opened a studio in Aeolian Hall. The company were further treated by Italian arias beautifully sung by Madeline Kelso, and piano numbers by Ellen Mino. Misses Colburn, Klein, Mrs. Loughran, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Van Namee with Mrs. W. Palmer Smith as chairman acted as hostesses of the evening.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'98 The splendid success of the Dramatic, Debating and Oratorical Departments of the Academy of Idaho at Pocatello and the growing interest and appreciation in their work is a worthy recognition of the ability of Miss Elizabeth M. Barnes.

'01 Mr. and Mrs. D. W. B. Kurtz have announced the marriage of their daughter, Louise Le Noir, to Mr. Howard Bennett Chalfant, at Seattle, Washington.

'03 "Mice and Men" and "Twelfth Night" are among the plays that C. Adela Rankin has staged successfully at the Iowa State College in Ames, Iowa, this year.

'06 Edith A. Turner has been appointed Principal of the Center School at Stratford, Connecticut, in addition to her duties as Supervisor of Expression and Physical Culture.

'09. A recent calendar issued by the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Dorchester, containing the report of the pastor's assistant, Miss Mildred P. Forbes, affirms the results of one of the most successful years for that department in the history of the church.

'10 The *Atlantic City Free Press* speaks of the work of Miss Lucile Barry as follows:

"Miss Barry has a winsome personality and a very grand histrionic talent. She held her audience spellbound, and the rendition of 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine' stirred all present. She has a very brilliant career ahead of her, and we wish her all kinds of success."

'10. The pupils of Mr. Nathaniel Edward Rieed, head of the Expression Department in Valparaiso University, recently presented Pinero's farce, "The School Mistress," with much more success and credit for a finished performance than is usually accorded an amateur performance. Prof. Rieed interpreted the role of "Hon. Vere Queckett" and a local paper compliments the interpretation as follows:

"The caricature given by Prof. Rieed of the timid, dependent husband and the selfish, conceited lord was so unobtrusive, despite his antics, as to be truly artistic. The subjective side of the character had been finely studied, and Prof. Rieed did not fail to produce the effect upon the audience which he sought. It was noted that after the telling lines, the audience gave, each time, a spontaneous hearty laugh which subsided instantly. The interest in the dialogue was never lost in appreciation of the comedy."

Arn S. Allen, the General Secretary of the Seattle Y. M. C. A., writes enthusiastically of the interpretation of Miss Grace Rosaaen:

"Miss Rosaaen gave portions of 'The Melting Pot' before 400 men at our regular meeting of 'The Sunday Club.' Perhaps the strongest thing I can say is this: 'She may come again when she will and welcome. And she could not do this had she not "made good" splendidly.'"

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VOICE TRAINING AND PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT.

Every one who approaches the subject of voice production is confronted at the outset by an amazing diversity of opinion existing among those who are to be regarded as authorities in the matter.

In searching for the fundamental basis to voice culture it is surprising how vain is the search—Art and Science on this theme at least have been sadly divided. We know that the training of the voice and the development of expression are co-ordinate with the development of the right habits of life, with happiness, confidence, and nobility of thought.

The processes of speech are in themselves mechanical but they are closely allied to and associated with mental operations. Every one speaks, yet not one in a thousand knows how he speaks.

The possession of a voice depends upon the formation of the organs in the body, and the problem of voice building is essentially physiological. The voice must be first of all well made to be well used. The voice is the instrument given by God to man for the purpose of manifesting his mind, and is the most perfect musical instrument imaginable. By proper exercise it can be improved and refined almost indefinitely from its originally crude condition. It has great powers of endurance and is responsive to every degree of cultivation.

We have *not* naturally of necessity, perfect organs for speech. Many people say "the natural way is best, our voices and organs of speech are perfect at birth, why trouble about them?"

We are not perfect at birth, the tendency to weak lungs, weak breathing or weak vocal cords may be born in us just as the tendency to disease or any form of mental characteristic, even though the very germs of disease be not present. If the weakness is not made into strength and the body educated to the right way by training in the laws of Hygiene and Physical and Mental Culture, there is danger of degeneration in any respect.

Speech is audible thought. The co-ordination between voice and mind is infinitely great. Guttman says: "The tone is the same in speech and song. Its manifestations in both cases can be made apparent in exactly the same manner, and the difference is to be found only in the duration of the sound." Therefore we see the necessity of all teachers of music understanding the speaking voice as well as that of the voice in song, and also the need of conservatories of music for teachers well informed, not only in the art of singing well but that of speaking well.

The chief object in the way of singers and speakers, notwithstanding good vocal organs, is ignorance of the correct use of the respiratory organs. Correct breathing is the basis of speech as well as song. Singing and speaking are only a branch of respiration. Breath is the material of the voice and without material how can anything be produced?

We educate our brain through mental exercise because we want well regulated, quick and decisive thinking. We must educate our muscles if we want well regulated, quick and decisive movement.

The body must be obedient to the will; the voice must be a mechanism that responds quickly to every thought, and interprets accurately the mind.

A right action of the lungs is indispensable to the preservation of man; on this depends the soundness of the lungs, the proper circulation of the blood, the health of the whole body and—the material for voice production.

Do not neglect the foundation of all this: viz: Physical Cul-

ture, those exercises which strengthen the muscles about the diaphragm and thorax. The Emerson System is valuable and reliable. It is one which you do not have to accept on a general opinion of others, but one adapted to individual need—try it—study it—find out what it does for the body and then judge on your own knowledge of it. To me it is wonderful, the more wonderful the more studied, and of all the systems I have become acquainted with since leaving Emerson College of Oratory, the Anderson, the Ling, or Swedish, the Sargent, the exercises for women under the Japanese system; all good; for a real foundation and general building up of the body the Emerson comes first.

The “Chest Exercises,” the “Contraction,” the “Rotation of the Diaphragm” and the “Stretching Exercises” directly strengthen the region about the lungs and diaphragm, and strengthen the spine. The “Head” exercises flex the muscles about the throat and relieve tension of the muscles around the vocal bands.

I have found these in my teaching to be very helpful exercises, easily understood by the pupils and with the aid of diagrams easy to remember. The lungs will be capable of inhaling a greater quantity of air and the breath can be retained with greater ease.

There is little value in attempting to train the voice until a command of the *vital forces*, the breathing apparatus, has been accomplished to rather a marked degree. It is easier to progress afterwards and the foundation is ready for the superstructure.

Consciousness of muscular movement is preëminently the foundation of voice culture. People are not conscious that they have a diaphragm and in fact can form no reasonable conception of what it looks like. “A large flat muscle separating the thoracic cavity from the abdominal cavity,” does not give much light in the way of explanation.

I have found that diagrams and charts are indispensable, together with careful explanation of the Physiology of the respiratory organs, to make those things clear. And economy of breath is something which needs very careful explanation. The general fault with both singers and speakers is overflow of breath upon the vocal bands while the latter are in action.

What one must work for is controlled breathing. Loud or heavy breathing is destructive to the vocal bands, causing dryness and inflammation, which hinders the formation of sound.

Inaudible inspiration and expiration should be practiced and the holding of a lighted candle or feather before the lips will help in this practice. The lungs should be trained so that the state of readiness is the normal state—when voice and body respond quickly, accurately, and without effort to mental activity.

There is a need, I think, of this physiological process leading up to the tuning of the vocal instrument; a getting ready for the work of expression in speech and song. So many people can get the retrospective and are able to visualize literature and music. They can feel all the depth and breadth and height of oratory and song but—alas, the poor instrument upon which they depend for the audible representation of their thought and emotions is sadly lacking in response, in development, in color, tone and harmony; the superstructure is upon a weak foundation. Music teachers are not careful enough of this *building of the voice*, of physical culture, first and foremost and above every vocal exercise or thought of vocal exercise.

Then comes breathing controlled and rhythmic. This means a long step, the most important in the whole system of vocal training. Then the work of articulation, front placing, flexibility of tongue and muscles of the throat, resonance, registers and whatever else the student needs. The spirit of song just as the spirit of oratory and expression can never be taught, it can be awakened, or inspired by the teacher who himself possesses its rare gifts, but the inner appreciation of these things is individual, and indeed we wish it so. No real teacher of expression either in speech or song would ever dream of eliminating the personal element which rightfully belongs to each individual and which grows and deepens with each new experience. The training of the voice is limitless, the rewards of this training can hardly be estimated. Neurology and Psychology effect and are effected by vocal expression. Tension of nerves means tension of vocal cords. Correct breathing, relaxed vocal cords, mean even stimulus, even circulation, normal temperament. Control of speech organs will

mean control of energy in other directions. Science and Art must not be divorced but should go hand in hand for personal development.

Voice training in the lower grades will eliminate speech defects and a tendency towards slovenliness of speech and pronunciation. The teacher of Expression must emphasize this side of expression training as well as the artistic side, and a harmonious *beauty*, or as Prof. Briggs says: "adequateness will be the result."

These few hurried suggestions from the class room may help some of the Emersonians in the field. It is with this hope that I send them, together with sincere good wishes for success.

ETHELYN FLORA HALLAND,
E. C. O. 1909.

THE VALUE OF TRUE EXPRESSION

Expression is the outward manifestation of feelings and emotions. They may be expressed in speech, writing, art, action, and in countless other ways. But out of all these, I wish to deal chiefly with the value of true expression in speech. This form holds an important place in the schools, colleges and universities of the world. Oratory and public speaking must be cultivated by all free people.

True expression is the power enabling man to bring forth the best and noblest parts of his character. True expression is not manifested when a speaker goes upon the platform and with unnecessary gestures and movements tries to seem what he is not. That is affectation, and affectation is what true expression overcomes.

Great harm comes to mankind through the lack of true expression. All over our country, pupils, on account of misuse of the voice, are having their voices made hard and harsh. All of you have experienced discomfort in some audiences, when you greatly desired to hear some distinguished speaker, who, through the lack of true expression in his speech, was unable to be heard. For such a deficiency Matthew Arnold was obliged to cancel his engagements to lecture in America. His

voice would not carry and his expression was not true, consequently he could not be heard.

The victories of true expression can be traced far back in history. Demosthenes and Cicero voiced the fears, hopes and ambitions, Greek and Roman. Marc Antony completely won his enemies to his views by his speech over the murdered body of Julius Cæsar. Most great Americans have depended and are depending upon the power of speech to accomplish their desired ends, as did Beecher and Moody on religion, Hamilton and Webster in the cause of politics; Gough, the great temperance leader, and Booker T. Washington in regard to the great negro question. There is no higher intellectual accomplishment than to be able to convince men and move them to action. That is the gift that made many of the men of our own time supreme. That is the gift that today is helping men to preferment, whether in court or congress, and it is in the hands of a skillful advocate that people place their affairs.

Some people are of the opinion that oratory is a thing of the past, that it died with the famed orators of former centuries. This is not so. Oratory is as alive now as it ever was and will continue to be as long as there is intellect and knowledge in the world. A free people must be a race of speakers. The time is not far distant when all weapons will be laid aside and all disputes will be settled by the power of speech. Again, it has been said that the vast increase in reading has caused the decline of oratory, and that the art of printing makes much of it useless. This is not true of oratory, because oratory is something that can never be reproduced by the press. Someone has said: "An oration of Demosthenes on the printed page is no more oratory there than a printed piece of music is a song." It seems as though books should so cultivate the minds of the people that true oratory and nothing else would find ready and welcome acceptance.

As "the greatest thing in oratory is the orator, and the great orator is the great man," in order to be an orator in the truest sense of the word, it is necessary to be the greatest and grandest of men. True expression requires its deliverer to be able to view life in all its departments. He must be well grounded in religion, law, history and science. He must have a knowledge of literature, in order to interpret the masterpieces. It

has been said: "Literature needs expression to interpret it, and expression needs literature to give it subject and inspiration." The orator, in order to produce true expression, must have a strong imagination, for that is the power that enables him to feel and see as others do. He must have wit, wisdom, fancy, sincerity and nobility.

True expression is the chief factor in correcting many of the hindrances of oratory. Simplicity and naturalness must be cultivated, and it is only by the aid of true expression that it can be done. By its aid, all affectation and self-consciousness are removed. To the over-confident student it gives a truer understanding of himself, and for the timid one it removes all confusion and embarrassment and gives him confidence to face his fellowmen. Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism," says:

*"True expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects but it alters none."*

True expression can be acquired only by dwelling upon certain facts that to many seem a waste of time. Perhaps the most marked is the stress that is laid upon correct pronunciation and clear-cut speech. This should be adopted, not only for the few minutes spent in the classroom, or used on special occasions, but for every minute of every day, and every word we utter should be clear-cut and all the beauty in it brought out. Spurgeon once said: "I believe that everyone should train his voice and body under some system of elocution, first, for the health it affords; second, for its educating effects; third, for the advantage it gives us over others for usefulness." Is it not plain that true expression is of the greatest value to each one of us?

Senator Hoar once said: "The longer I live the more I have come to value the gift of eloquence. Indeed, I am not sure it is not the single gift most to be coveted by man. To be a perfect and consummate orator is to possess the highest faculty given to man. He must be an orator and more, he must be able to play at will on his mighty organ, his audience, of which human souls are the keys."

GRACE B. LOVERIN, '11

A READING

"Parliamentary Law"

From "A Weaver of Dreams," by Myrtle Read.

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The sorrel mare brushed away the flies vigorously. For more than half an hour she had stood in front of a yellow house with green blinds, pleasantly set in the midst of a garden, "somewhat back from the village street."

From the house issued a low, murmurous sound to be compared only to that made by a hive of bees. Now and then, a sharp penetrating voice, a little higher in pitch than the rest, rose above the clamour for an instant, then died away.

The bent old figure in the buggy nodded and the reins slipped from his hand. The mare brushed away more flies, snorted, and took a few steps forward.

"Whoa, Molly! Stand still, that's a good girl. I reckon she'll be comin' by-and-bye."

Molly pawed the earth nervously, then sent forth a long whinny which speedily brought Aunt Belinda to the gate.

"I didn't know you was here, Henry. Have you been waitin' long?"

"Better part of an hour, I reckon. You told me to be here at five o'clock, and I was. It's nigh on to six now."

"My sakes alive! It's a lucky thing there ain't much to do to supper aside from warmin' it up. I'd have come sooner if I'd knowed you was waitin'."

"You could have looked." He had passed the time very pleasantly, dozing, but his masculine nature instinctively took the opportunity to show how gracefully a superior being could endure annoyance.

"I didn't know they was goin' to be so late, or I'd have told you different. I ain't never liked to be the first one to leave the Sewin' Circle. If there's talkin' to be done, I'd rather not be the one it's about, and by stayin' till all the others have gone, there ain't likely to be anythin' said about me. I reckon they won't talk about me today, though.

"On account of its bein' the last meetin', there was considerable business to be took up anyway, and Mis' Jed Stebbins was there from over to the Ridge. She come with her sister-in-law. She's visitin' her. None of us knew she was here till she come in. There was plenty of business before the meetin' as it was. We'd met to decide what to do with all the money there was in the treasury."

"Well, what did you do with it?"

"Nothin'. We ain't done nothin' with it and ain't like to, unless we meet again after Mis' Jed Stebbins has gone back where she belongs, and I understand she's like to stay until after the cannin' and preservin' season is over. She was tellin' us about her cousin's wife's mother's raspberry jam. She put almonds in it—blanched almonds. Did you ever hear the like of that?"

"What about the money in the treasury?"

"I'm comin' to that as fast as I can. Mis' Stebbins was in the city all last Winter with some relatives of her husband's while he was in the hospital havin' his insides took out and put in different, and her cousin's wife's mother took her to what in the city they call a Woman's Club."

"What's that?"

"Just the same as a Sewin' Circle as far as I see, only it's a different name. They don't sew none."

"As I was sayin', as soon as we was all there, Mis' Christy bein' late on account of her youngest boy havin' fell into the cistern, Mis' Marshall says: 'Well, ladies, what are we goin' to do with the money we have in the treasury?'"

"Before any of us could say a word, Mis' Jed Stebbins says, like she was terrible astonished: 'Why, ladies! Don't you conduct your meetin's accordin' to parlimenty law?'"

"Par-li-a-mentary. It means the laws made by Parliament, over in England."

"What's that got to do with the Edgerton Ladies Baptist Sewin' Circle and Missionary Society?"

"I dunno."

"No more do I. But Mis' Stebbins was settin' there like she was a teacher and we was her class. And Mis' Marshall says to her, very polite: 'How is that?' And Mis' Stebbins says: 'La sakes! Ain't you got no constitution and by-laws?'"

"I spoke up then and I says my constitution is fair to mid-dlin', in spite of havin' come from a family what died young, but I hadn't any by-laws now that my husband's immediate family was all dead.

"Mis' Stebbins says then that the constitution and by-laws ain't got nothin' to do with our systems and our relations. She says it's the rules the society goes by. Mis' Marshall says we ain't never had no rules to go by. We just talked things over and what the most of us approved was done, sometimes peaceful and sometimes not, but it didn't matter as long as it was did.

" 'If you like,' says Mis' Stebbins, 'I'll conduct this meetin' accordin' to parlimenty law,' and everybody but Mis' Marshall says 'Yes—do!'

"Mis' Stebbins bows and smiles and says: 'I bow to the wishes of the majority. If you please, I will take the chair,' and she makes Mis' Marshall move over on the sofy beside old Mis' Harper, though nobody wanted to set by her on account of bein' expected to yell into her ear-trumpet everythin' that was said.

"Mis' Stebbins says: 'For the present, we will assume that I am the President of the Edgerton Ladies Baptist Sewin' Circle and Missionary Society. Mis' Blake, would you mind gettin' me the hammer?'

"Mis' Blake went out and come in with the hatchet and the tack-hammer. 'Which'll you have?' says she, and Mis' Stebbins took the tack hammer, which relieved the minds of us all some, and then she pounded three or four times on Mis' Blake's best walnut table, leavin' marks that'll have to be took out by a hot iron, and says in a loud voice: 'The meetin' will please come to order.' Yes, Henry, just like that. Them's her very words.

"You c'd have heard a pin drop, and then Mis' Harper pushes the end of her ear-trumpet over to Mis' Marshall, and says: 'What's that? What did she say?' And Mis' Marshall says, 'She said the meetin' would please come to order,' and Mis' Harper says, 'What does she mean by that?' And Mis' Stebbins calls out: 'Tell her I mean for her to keep still.' So Mis' Marshall yelled that into the trumpet.

"Then Mis' Stebbins says: 'The secretary will please read the minutes of the last meetin'.'

"Nobody said anything, and then Mis' Blake spoke up and says: 'What do you mean by that?'

"'La sakes!' says Mis' Stebbins. 'Do you mean to tell me you ain't got no secretary?'

"'There's one upstairs,' says Mis' Blake, 'but I wa'n't never one to keep a writin' desk in the parlour. If you want a secretary, you'll have to go upstairs where 't is. I ain't a-goin' to have it brung down here to be hammered on.'

"'I mean,' says Mis' Stebbins, very soft, 'the woman what keeps the records of the society. She writes down at every meetin' everythin' that's said and done, and at the next meetin' she reads it out loud, so as them that wasn't here can know what went on in their absence, and them as was here can refresh their memories.'

"'If there are no minutes,' says Mis' Stebbins, 'we will proceed with the unfinished business.'

"'What's that?' says Mis' Blake.

"'Whatever was left over from the last meetin',' says Mis' Stebbins.

"Miss' Dunlap spoke up then, and says, 'If I recollect, it was at my house, and there wa'n't nothin' left over but a little piece of pound cake and mebbe half a cup of tea.'

"Mis' Stebbins pounded on the table with the hammer and beat off some more varnish—I dunno as a hot iron'll do it any good, and I reckon Mis' Blake will have to have it scraped and done over, and if I was her, I'd send the bill for it to Mis' Stebbins—and Mis' Stebbins says: 'If there is no unfinished business before the house, we will proceed with the new business.'

"But nobody said anything.

"Then Mis' Stebbins says, very haughty-like: 'Ladies, I see that the processes of parlimentary law are confusin' to beginners. Would one of you mind tellin' me, just as woman to woman, what this meetin' is held for?'

"'As there is no answer from the floor'—did you ever hear anythin' like that, Henry?—'I will ask Mis' Blake to tell me very briefly why this meetin' is held. As it is in her house, I presume she knows.'

"We come to decide what to do with the money in the treasury and to have a cup of tea."

"Oh," says Mis' Stebbins. "Now I know where I am. We will take up the disposal of the funds in the treasury. Ladies, what is your pleasure?"

"None of us was havin' any pleasure, as I see, so nobody said anythin', and Mis' Stebbins asked who the treasurer was. Mis' Blake said that there wa'n't no treasurer—that Mr. Marshall, bein' the minister, kept the money."

"Where does he keep it?" asks Mis' Stebbins, and Mis' Marshall spoke up and says: "I don't know as it's any of your business, but it's in a wallet under the mattress in the spare room. There's seventy-eight dollars and nineteen cents."

"Are there any suggestions to be made in regard to the disposal of this money?" asks Mis' Stebbins, and nobody says anythin'.

"Of course we all had our private idees, but we wa'n't goin' to explain 'em to Mis' Stebbins. Mis' Dunlap got up and says: 'I must ask to be excused, as I have a guest for dinner.' Yes, Henry, that's what she said. Mis' Stebbins being there one night has changed 'company for supper' into 'guest for dinner.'"

"Then Mis' Stebbins says: 'If there is no new business to come before the house, a motion to adjourn will be in order.'"

"Nobody says anythin' so Mis' Stebbins says, 'Mis' Warner, will you please stand up and say: "I move we adjourn"?"

"So I stood up, and I says: 'I move we adjourn,' and Mis' Stebbins says: 'Mis' Christy, will you please stand up and say: "I second the motion"?' So Mis' Christy stands up and says: 'I second the motion,' and Mis' Stebbins says: 'If there is no objection, the meeting stands adjourned.'"

"Everybody was waitin' for Mis' Stebbins to go, and finally she went, and just as she went some of those as had gone come back by way of the back door."

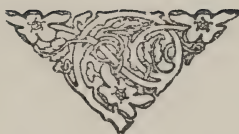
"When I left, Mis' Harper was askin' everybody what a constitution was, and Mis' Christy was tellin' her to look in the dictionary. It was a terrible excitin' meetin'."

"I reckon it was," mused Uncle Henry, as Molly turned into the shaded driveway of her own accord. "Did you say you was layin' out to have honey for supper, Mother?"

"Mebbe. I ain't been thinkin' much about supper. You put Molly up, Father, and just as soon as I change my dress, I'll get supper. If I think of anythin' more that went on at the meetin', I'll tell you while we're eatin'."

"All right, Mother."

Uncle Henry was perfectly willing to let the remainder of the meeting rest in the eternal oblivion to which he fain would consign it, but he was too wise to say so—before supper.





Junior Week. Nineteen Fourteen has ended its Junior Week in a blaze of glory, of which it may well be proud. Tuesday morning, March 25th, a jonquil march, to the stirring "When the Juniors Fall in Line," followed by the dainty arrangement of the class behind the large letters spelling "Junior," promised a brilliant week, and the anticipation was well realized. President Southwick's inspiring address, the "Prom" at Boston's new and beautiful Copley-Plaza, the class banquet, Miss Berand's clever play, and lastly the theatre party, were factors in a week which will never be forgotten nor its memories grow cold in the hearts of 1914.

The Students' Association. A definite plan by which every student of the school will endeavor to bring at least one other student to Emerson for next year has been outlined by the president of the Students' Association. Might not such a plan be carried out advantageously by the Alumni as well? A bigger Emerson means a wider known and therefore a greater Emerson; it means more funds to carry out the ideals of the college. Any investment in such a project cannot but yield the highest dividends.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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No. 5

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Senior News.....LILLIAN CLARK

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JULIE G. OWEN.....*College News Editor*

Junior News.....ISABEL TOBIN

Freshman News.....MARION VINCENT

THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE is published by the Students' Association of Emerson College of Oratory on the 25th of each month, from November to May inclusive. Send all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief. Send all subscriptions and advertising to the Bus. Manager
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The long spring days, with the languid tendencies that they bring, are fast settling down upon us. But with them comes the hard work, in fact the most vital work of the year. Spring to an Emerson student is not the period of the year in which to settle back and dream. It is the time to be up and doing something worth while—the reckoning. Then,—when we have successfully passed the goal we have set for ourselves,—and then only, may we feel the effects of the spring weather and dream of other worlds to conquer.

The enthusiasm and love for our college, which are in the heart of each student, are given a place and a time for utterance in the meetings held in the hall, by the Student Association. These have proven very successful and make an oppor-

tunity for discussing ways by which the reputation of Emerson may spread to every part of the country. Each member of the student body is to write a letter to someone else interesting them in the college. How many hundreds of people might be touched in this way. Yes! students, the prosperity of Emerson depends on us.

THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Y. W. C. A.

Fridays, 2:00-3:00. Room 510.

*"O murmuring Spirit of the dreaming Spring!
Who will resist thy progress? Who not love?
The throes are hard; the triumphs sad to bring;
The new true life far on the heights above;
But O fair World, dreaming the coming thing,
Who will resist thy progress? Who not love?"*

—JOHN LEWIS MARCH.

Feb. 17th, Mr. Scott, assistant pastor of the Union Church, gave the association a very inspiring talk on "A Day at a Time." One of his illustrations appealed particularly to the girls. It was the story of the mountain climber, who was struggling to reach the top. So intent was he on his goal that he lost sight of all of the beauties around him. When at last he reached the highest point he was disappointed to find the view no greater.

February 14th, Simmons College and Boston University Associations were represented, at the Intercollegiate meeting, by Misses Brown and Hilliker. They spoke of the problems that came to them in carrying on the work. Miss Walters, accompanied by Miss Cunningham, violinist, and Miss MacGregor, pianist, sang a beautiful sacred solo. After the devotional services were over an informal tea was given, during which the girls from the different associations became acquainted.

February 21st, after the Scripture reading and the singing of a few songs, the girls were delightfully surprised by a talk from Miss Hall of Cambridge. She spoke about the girl stu-

dents of Spain, praising very highly the work done there by Mrs. Gulick.

February 28th, the Intercollegiate meeting was held at Boston University. The representatives from Emerson reported a good meeting and a delightful tea. Miss Jean Matheson spoke on "The Problems and Helps of the Emerson Association."

March 7th, the Boston University Association gave a charming little Japanese play in the Y. W. C. A. room, during the noon hour. The meeting was well attended, and everyone was made to feel the great work that our missionaries are carrying on in far Japan.

The well-attended cabinet meetings show that our association is a live working organization.

CANADIAN CLUB.

Abbie Ball gave an evening's reading at Norward Centre. Isabelle MacGregor read at a church social in Charlestown. Frances Bradley spent the spring recess at her home.

The members of the club are looking forward to an "At Home" to be given by Mary Cody at her home in Cambridge.

The club entertained the Harvard Canadian Club at an afternoon tea, in the small ballroom of the Copley-Plaza. The affair was most pleasant and sociable. Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Black numbered among the honorary guests and presided over the tea table.

CLASSES.

1912.

Miss Clark, Miss Sullivan and Miss Watts spent the spring vacation at their homes.

On February 28th, Mrs. Churchill, Miss Black, Miss Coad, and Miss Bent presented the one-act play "Fennel," at Jamaica Plain. Miss Bent also gave Italian readings.

On February 22nd, Miss Alberta Black read at the Chickering House, Dedham.

Miss Black was entertained, during the recess, at the home of Mrs. W. B. Fellows, Tilton, N. H.

Miss Winifred Bent read at Chapin Hall, Tremont Temple, the Park Avenue Methodist Church, Somerville, and at Needham during the past month.

Miss Josephine Whitaker read from "David Copperfield" at the Cutler School hall, Arlington.

1913.

The Commencement parts were given out the day before vacation. It looks as though the last few days of our glorious course are to be strenuous ones.

Isabel MacGregor recently spent Sunday at the home of Colonel Biginy in Providence.

Allene Buckhout read in Beverly during the past month.

Blue books are much in evidence now. We are trying to assume the corresponding wise look.

1914.

During the past month, Marion Menzinger read in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur Winslow in Hanover, Mass.; Frieda Michel in Boston; Lucile Reynolds in Somerville; Geraldine Jacobi in Montreal; Lorraine Bailey in Boston; Jennie Windsor, Lawrence, Mass.; and Laura Curtis for the Canadian Club, Boston.

The various committees are very busy in preparation for "Junior Week," so near at hand.

The Junior recitals are pronounced very successful.

The Junior class wishes to express its sympathy with Marion John, in the loss of her mother. We hope she will return to college shortly.

1915.

The members of the Freshman class came back from the spring vacation ready and eager to take up the work and carry it on to Commencement.

Several members of the class read in Dedham during the month of March.

Some of the energetic members of the class have busied themselves, at the noon hour, by selling chocolate in the Annex. Quite a little profit has been made.

SORORITIES.

DELTA DELTA PHI.

The annual banquet of Delta Delta Phi was given February 18th, at the Lenox Hotel. Mrs. Southwick and Mr. Tripp were the guests of honor.

Vera McDonald, Rhea Ashley and Abbie Fowler read during the vacation at the Congregational Church, in Brighton.

Mrs. John Ahlers and her sister, Dorothy Henry, were guests at the Chapter House the week of February 10th.

Geraldine Jacobi spent her vacation visiting relatives in Montreal.

Lillian Aune, Abbie Fowler, Rhea Ashley, and Vera McDonald took part in an entertainment given at Hotel Princeton, Allston.

ZETA PHI ETA.

We are happy to announce as new members the following: Marion Grant, Dorothy Elderdice, Jean McDonald, Hazel Call, Mary Persinger, Louise West, Virginia Berand, Mary Louise Carter, Ruth Watts, Jennie Windsor, Laura Curtis, Clara Theisian, Marion John, Theresa Cogswell.

Jean West spent the vacation in New York with her mother, Mrs. George A. West. Mrs. West was also a guest at the Chapter House a few days.

Bessie Bell was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Emerson of Orient Heights, during the spring recess.

Winifred Bent has been very ill at her home in Somerville.

Rebecca Farwell was a guest at the Chapter House recently. Miss Farwell is much improved in health.

Olga Newton and Hazel Call spent the vacation at their homes in Athol, Mass.

Anne Keck visited in Pawtucket during the vacation.

Laura Curtis spent the vacation in Boston at the home of her aunt, Miss Coy.

Florence Hinckley gave an evening's program at Cotuit, Cape Cod.

Mr. and Mrs. Tredeus Shaw of Bayonne, N. J., announce the marriage of their daughter, Jessie Delano, to Mr. David Herbert Gamson.

Mrs. George A. West of Milwaukee entertained some of the girls at an informal tea at the Copley-Plaza.

Marion John has been called home by the sudden death of her mother. We sympathize deeply with Miss John, and hope to have her with us soon again.

Virginia Berand has just completed the Senior class play for her Alma Mater. This is the second play Miss Berand has written for Bonn Avon School.

PHI MU GAMMA.

Ruth West, Dorothea Deming and Katurah Stokes spent the spring vacation at their respective homes.

Dorothea Bacon was the guest of Marguerite Albertson during the recess.

Leila Harris spent the vacation in New York, visiting friends.

Eva Churchill was a guest at the Chapter House for several days.

Doris Sparrell has been quite ill at her home in Everett.

Janet Chesney, who has been touring New England, stopped at the Chapter House for a few days.

Margaret Brewer was the guest of her sister Helen for a week.

Marguerite Albertson attended a week-end house party in Groton, Mass.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

Kappa Gamma Chi is very glad to welcome to its chapter: Alice Faulkner, Blanche Fischer, Minnie Frazine, Marguerite Grunwald, Georgette Jetty, Genevieve McGill, Laura Meredith, Helen Smith, Tern Stevenson and Florence Stiles.

During the last month Mrs. Whitney and Miss Smith have been dinner guests at the Chapter House.

On account of ill health, Madeleine Tarrant and Stasia Scribner returned to their homes a week before the spring vacation.

Gladys Brightman has recently been a guest at the Chapter House.

Kappa regrets that Marjorie Kinne will not be with them for the remainder of the season. She has returned to her home.



The Reunion Committee have obtained the following class chairman for Commencement week. Is your class represented?

1881—Miss L. Smith.

1883—Dr. Phineas P. Field. — 30 yrs —

1884—Miss Adelaide E. Noyes.

1885—Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick.

1886—Miss Ella T. Duegin.

1887—President H. L. Southwick.

1889—Prof. Charles W. Kidder.

1890—Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell.

1891—Mrs. Cora Nichols Fessenden.

1893—Mrs. Anna Mills Phillips. 20 yrs

1894—Mrs. Belle McDiarnaid Ritchey.

1895—Mrs. Grace Bronson Purdy.

1897—Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen. 18 - 1898 - no representative

1900—Mrs. Lena Whittlesey Adams.

1902—Miss Grace Correll.

1903—Mrs. Edith J. Waite. 0 yrs

1908—Mrs. Ellen A. Gondey. 5 yrs

1910—Miss Vashti Bitler.

1911—Miss Lucile Barry.

1912—Miss Sylvia Leland.

ALUMNI CLUBS.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

The March meeting was held on Tuesday, the fourth, at the home of Mrs. Anna Mills Phillips in Jamaica Plain.

The program of the evening was opened by a duet for 'cello

and piano by Mr. Edward Packard and Mr. John Phillips. Readings and songs from Kipling followed, Dean Ross giving "Mac Andrews' Hymn," "How the Whale Got His Throat" and "Gunga Din."

The songs, "The Gypsy Trail" and "On the Road to Mandalay," by Mr. Alexander were finely rendered. A social hour followed.

HELLIE B. WARD, Secretary.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF HARTFORD.

The Emerson College Club of Hartford had the great pleasure of entertaining President Southwick at a luncheon on January 20th, at the Allyn House. Those present were: Miss Marielle Wood, Mrs. Caroline Grimley Reid, Mrs. Charles L. Smith, Mrs. Clare Plummer Dresser, Miss Martha Spencer, Mrs. Marion Blake Campbell, Miss Clara M. Coe, Miss Eunice MacKenzie, Miss Ruth V. Adams, Mrs. Golda Tillapaugh Curtiss, Miss Maude Fiske, Miss Bernice Loveland.

In the afternoon, as guests of the Motherhood Club, we heard President Southwick present Sheridan's delightful comedy, "The Rivals."

The club met with Mrs. Clare Plummer Dresser on February 1st. Miss Coe read the lecture by Dr. Emerson, "The Law of Power in Oratory."

The March meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Caroline Grimley Reid. Mrs. Campbell reviewed the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, and also presented Dr. Emerson's lecture, "How to Read the Bible."

ALUMNI NOTES.

'98. At the Gamut Club Theatre in Los Angeles, Miss Mabelle

Fearnley recently produced an original fairy play, with incidental music, entitled "Slumberland." The production was a massive undertaking, with nearly a hundred children in the cast, and extremely successful.

'02. Mary G. Kellett is very successful in her work as teacher of Dramatic Art in the Minneapolis School of Dramatic Art and in her interpretative readings. A comment recently received says:

Miss Kellett is one of the most talented and brilliant young artists that ever graduated from that famous institution, Emerson College, Boston, and she is at her best in Rostand's beautiful comedy of "Chantecler."

'03. Press notices tell of a splendid performance of Josephine Preston Peabody's dramatization of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," under the direction of Miss Maud Hayes, in the State Normal School at Moorhead, Minn. In part, one comment reads as follows:

The production was all that could be desired, and the large audience which filled all parts of the large room was not slow in giving due recognition the very excellent performance deserved. Any performance in which children and little tots participate seems to appeal in a larger sense to the grown-ups. They have a natural art of their own, instinctively they do that which they are called upon to do with an ease and grace of manner which elders have to attain by close application. And so it was on Saturday night in the beautiful presentation of Mrs. Peabody's dramatized version of Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

There was a splendor about the performance, the scenery, costumes and properties which reflected a great deal of credit on the school and stage management. It seemed as though not a detail was overlooked. The play was staged by Miss Hayes, head of the department of Reading and Expression, and in this line she disclosed how well equipped she is for the position she holds. The splendid expression and enunciation of all in the caste who had lines to deliver were points which demonstrated how well the work in this department is done in the Moorhead Normal.

'10. At the University of Valparaiso, Mr. Nathaniel Edward Rieed staged Shakespeare's immortal tragedy of "Hamlet." A condensed comment from a Valparaiso daily reads:

Shakespeare's tragedy of thought, "Hamlet," as presented last evening at Memorial Opera House by the University Elocution Department, was witnessed by a large and deeply interested audience, the greater part being students.

Only those who have undertaken a similar work, of staging so pretentious a production with a cast composed of local talent or amateurs, can truly appreciate the tremendous task Professor Rieed put upon himself when he attempted this work. That he made good and that the members of the company far excelled the expectations of their best friends, in their individual work, is the impartial judgment rendered after hearing various criticisms.

That the play was of inestimable value to the participants can not be doubted, and the consideration given Professor Rieed's work by

the large audience is indeed a high encomium of his endeavor and achievement.

'12. The following comments have been received from New Hampshire papers:

At the social meeting of the Shakespeare Society in Manchester, Miss Ella Eastman presented an afternoon of original monologues, assisted by Miss Florence M. Kidder, soprano, and Miss Helen Crafts, pianist.

The one-act play "Every Student," was presented in the Exeter Town Hall, under the direction of the author, Miss Ella F. Eastman. The piece this evening was one of the most attractive and novel of her many original efforts.

A June Nocturne

*In the sweet-warm month of June
Mayhap we'll be walking soon,
While the night-air's lull a tune,
While the dreamy night-air's croon
Love-tales to the misty moon.*

*When the mist-pale moon hangs low
Through a dim pine-path we'll go,
Where the river faint doth flow,
Cool and lazy, to and fro,
Whisp'ring ancient, age-old tales
Of a million moons ago.*

*Where the pine tops make a highway
Of the June-warm, star-specked skyway.
We will stop and listen, listen,
While the shadow and the glisten
Slip, and slip, with shimm'ring shiver,
As the bull-frogs down below
Send aloft a rippling quiver
To the restless, scaly river.*

*Shadows long and longer grow
When the misty moon hangs low,
Sliding, gliding, down the skies,
To the forest where it lies;
While the night-air's lull a tune
To the ruddy, dying moon,
In the sweet-warm month of June.*

—META E. BENNETT, '14.

Emerson College Magazine.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER



WOMEN'S INFLUENCE IN POETRY, FICTION, THE DRAMA AND HISTORY.

There is profound significance in the venerable Bede's story of Caedmon's inspiration and the beginning of poetry and creative literature in England. English literature and all that this term stands for in the various types of poetry, the drama, prose, fiction and history, began in an institution, the shaping genius and controlling influence of which was a woman, the Abbess Hilda, of the seventh century. I never think of the story of the peasant boy, and the noble abbess, in the Northumbrian Monastery that overlooked the North Sea, and see afar inland the hills of heather which roll up to the Scottish border, without reading in it prophecy as well as fulfilment. Wind-swept and wave-washed, a waste of haunted moorland behind, the restless sea in front, what more fitting birthplace could English literature have had?

Three of the greatest periods of creative activity in the subsequent history of British literature testify to the significance of his story of the dawn-time. It is no happy accident surely that these periods should coincide with the reigns of Queens, and Queens who were in the closest touch with the men and women whose work and achievement shed glory upon their reigns. Think of Elizabeth and Elizabethan literature; Queen

Anne and the writers of the time of Queen Anne; the Victorian literature in prose and in verse, with the roll-call of far-shining men and women!

What is true of British literature is true of world-literature from the time when the old Egyptians gave to the spirit of wisdom the form of a woman, and the Greeks embodied their ideal of liberal culture in the grave majesty of Athene.

In analyzing woman's influence in fiction, poetry, drama and history, it may be premised that only in prose fiction and in that special form of prose fiction which is called the modern novel, has woman produced a body of original work that is entitled to rank with such epoch-making masterpieces as the Iliad, the Divine Comedy, and Shakespeare's plays. In poetry and drama, while she has touched supreme distinction in Sappho and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, her power has lain rather in sympathetic interpretation than in originality of conception and execution; in history her function has been not to record and narrate, but to shape and inspire. In a word, her influence in fiction is creative; in poetry and the drama sympathetic and interpretative; in history guiding and determining; everywhere pervasive and inspirational.

What are the fundamental qualities and characteristics, the special powers of head and heart which make woman so strong in this great art-form of expression, the modern novel? Rapid intuition is one of these. The average woman gets at things by a flash. She usually overleaps the slower reasoning processes. The details, the successive steps, often weary and annoy her. Insight into character and skill in delicate analysis of motive is another characteristic that has made woman so successful as a novelist. Again, she has superior sensitiveness—innate recognition of the finer and more subtle shades of feeling, as in George Sand's novels; more than this, woman has in an eminent degree the gift of fruitful sympathies. Here we catch a glimpse of those higher elements of imagination and reverence which constitute a woman's elemental power and peculiar influence. She has *le don terrible de la familiarité*, and her great contribution to modern literature is the expression of this in the terms of personalism. As Sidney Lanier put it, "the enormous advance from Prometheus to Maggie Tulliver

—from Aeschylus to George Eliot—is summed up in the fact that while personality in Aeschylus' time had got no further than the conception of a universe in which justice is the organic idea, in George Eliot's time it has arrived at the conception of a universe in which love is the organic idea; and it is precisely upon this new growth of individualism that George Eliot's readers crowd up with interest to share the tiny woes of insignificant Maggie Tulliver, while Aeschylus, in order to assemble an interested audience, must have his Jove, his Titans, his earthquakes, his mysticism and the blackness of inconclusive fate withal."

The same development characterizes woman's influence in poetry. Take the poetry of passion and emotion. Shakespeare says of love:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds,
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

"Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

"If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

In world literature there is no nobler, no profounder expression of concentrated emotion than this. The twenty-third of Mrs. Browning's sonnets from the Portuguese is on the same theme; it has less majesty, less sweep of vision, but in it what longing and tenderness in the poignancy of the personal appeal!

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

"I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as men turn for Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

"I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life! And, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

It is as an interpreter that woman has influenced the world through the high drama. Such artists as Rachel and Signora Duse show that the genius for interpretation in literature is not a single power, but a combination of powers. It unites the talent for acquiring knowledge with the gift of imparting it. It not only grasps the thought in all its fulness, but recreates it and invests it with its own highly tempered intellect.

To interpret truly and nobly is to make real, to bring home with conviction to the minds and hearts of men the beauty and wisdom and experience of the world's greatest thinkers. The prime force that contributes to this end is dramatic instinct. This gift woman possesses in a marked degree. This instinct, this impulse to treat objectively as well as subjectively all that touches deeply and intensely, is the warp of the interpreter's web, into which the dark or bright colors of memory and imagination and emotion are woven. Imagination deals with the spiritual realities which material realities only shadow forth; it penetrates the mystery of the universe of which all visual appearance is but the vesture that reveals it to the eye of sense, so that things which are unseen are known by the things which are seen—

"And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape."

The poet's pen, the imagination's bodying forth! But beyond and behind are the forms of things unknown, images of beauty, things for which the speech of mortal has no name, the city that lieth foursquare, a pure river of water, the Ancient of Days! The Interpreter in the dream lit his candle; the

artist brings to her work illumination—the illumination that gives to dramatic instinct that artistic insight without which art sinks to the level of artifice; the illumination which betokens delicate intellectual poise, with its strength and harmony in every conception, and an emotional nature sensitive to every finer intuition.

When one considers the intellectual and emotional qualities which make women successful in the field of the modern novel, even the modern historical novel, the wonder grows why she has not accomplished more in strictly historical research and reconstruction. Such powers of description, narration and exposition of things of the real world, as are shown in the letters of Madame de Sévigné, Lady Mary Montague, and Jane Welsh Carlyle, or in the essays of Madame de Staël, are an earnest of what yet may be achieved by women in this department of literature. But if women have not written history in the grand style, they have made it. The influence of woman in history is the history of the world. Every crisis in history, political, ecclesiastical, domestic, has been controlled by a woman. Upon her the social structure rests, and when she sinks ruin is imminent. The corruption of woman is a sure sign of a nation's downfall. Messalina was more ominous than Nero. On the other hand, many a nation has received everlasting uplift from a noble woman. Reference has been made to the Abbess Hilda in the seventh century. Of similar significance is the story of Queen Margaret of Scotland at the close of the eleventh century. The high-souled, sensitive Saxon princess who wedded the swarthy Malcolm gave to Scotland those elements of imaginative vision and religious zeal which have characterized the nation ever since.

That woman has won her pre-eminent success in literature in the novel is a fact of peculiar moment. The modern novel dates only from the middle of the eighteenth century, when stimulated by the efforts of the four sturdy writers of the time of Queen Anne, the higher education of women began to take shape and form. There never was a time when there was in England a lower estimate of women than at the close of the seventeenth century. After the Restoration we have the decay of the Feudal ideal. The passionate adoration with which

woman was regarded in the Age of Chivalry had degenerated into a habit of insipid gallantry or of brutal license, contempt veiled under a show of deference, a mockery of chivalry, its form without its spirit. This was the attitude towards women in the years succeeding the Restoration." It was this that made Defoe propose as one of his projects a college for the higher education of women. Swift, too, the black-browed, the terrible Dean, saw that only by such opportunities as a college could afford could woman be given her due and rightful place. And you all know what was accomplished in this direction by the essays of Steele and Addison in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. They showed to the world what it had lost sight of—the true feminine ideal. When in the 49th *Tatler* Steele said of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, "to love her is a liberal education," he not only paid the most magnificent compliment on record, but he gave external expression to the dignity and benign power of woman in her several relations and true sphere.

Now that everywhere women are admitted to the higher institutions of learning on equal terms with men and have full opportunities for undergoing that elaborate discipline which is the basis of all true originality in speculation and productive scholarship, we may reasonably expect worthy results in other departments of thought and expression. More than this, may we not dream that as a result of this educational activity these native qualities of woman, trained and disciplined to new powers, may give the world literary forms hitherto unthought of. We see indications of this around us. Woman's attempts at social reconstruction and reorganization in the form of problem-drama and sex-romances, blundering and ludicrous, and worse as many of them are, make us dare to hope that a woman will give the world a work of art, that, like a mirror, will reflect the complex and multitudinous life of modern society, with its hungry materialism shot through by the aspiration of the human soul, and its grief and sorrow illuminated by the "light that never was on sea or land."

—AGNES KNOX BLACK.

PRESIDENT SOUTHWICK'S ALUMNI ADDRESS.

President Southwick, after expressing his delight at being again with so many old students and friends, and after speaking of the wondrous potency for good and helpfulness of the true Emerson spirit, said:

"You will want to know something of what we are doing just now: If the year 1913 is signalized by any advance, of what I can say to you of the Emerson of today, of what is promised of the Emerson of tomorrow. Yes, there are things to say that will be of profound interest, and I am glad of the chance to say them at this time.

"In the first place, you will see a new catalogue, varying a little in dress and style from the catalogue of the last ten years. And, as you examine it, you will observe that the courses are arranged somewhat more systematically and progressively than ever before. You will see that additional emphasis is laid upon Oratory itself, that for which the name of the college stands. More time is given to public speaking, the development of the power of the student to stand upon his own feet and utter his own thoughts with conviction, persuasion and authority. You will see that a new course in Orations—original orations—has been provided, that the work in extemporaneous speaking is begun earlier, the amount of time given to the study of Debate doubled, and that these courses are so arranged as to train the students to teach these subjects effectively in institutions to which they may be called.

"The work in Evolution of Expression, hitherto confined to the first year, will be extended to the second and third years—time in the second year being devoted to a more systematic study of its philosophy, and in the third year attention being concentrated upon its pedagogic applications.

"You will find another change, and it is an important one. Hereafter, or, rather, beginning with September, 1914, the utmost amount of advanced standing that will be accorded to a student who enters with "credits" will place him in the Junior class. In other words, to obtain the diploma of graduation he must spend at least two years as a resident student in Emerson College itself. The experience of the past ten years, and

the almost unanimous testimony of students who have tried the experiment, have convinced us that it is unwise, contrary to the best interest of the student himself, to admit a new comer into the Senior Class, and to allow graduation from Emerson at the end of but one year. The one year student cannot get related without loss of momentum and time to a new environment, new teachers, new fellow students, new conditions. In order to "make his points" to fit in with what is credited to him already—the subjects and hours he must have in order to meet the requirements of graduation—his course is necessarily too scattered, his work too fragmentary to admit either the best results in execution, or the complete grasp of the system as a whole in its evolution from the Freshman through the Senior year. Nearly all who have tried the experiment have expressed regret that they had not arranged to spend two years. And so, beginning with 1914, it will be necessary for each student to remain at least two years in residence before receiving a diploma of graduation. We postpone the inauguration of this plan until one year from next September rather than put it into force next September, the reason being merely this: a number of our graduates have been preparing students for Senior entrance, and in order that they may keep faith with their own pupils they should have a year of time in which to adjust themselves to the new conditions. It is, therefore, likely that a few students will be admitted as Seniors next September, though not thereafter.

Nor is this by any means the change of greatest significance. While the students now at Emerson will continue towards graduation under the conditions obtaining at their entrance, new students will enter under a new dispensation. And the announcement that I have to make to you to-night is that, beginning with our next scholastic year, and involving the students who shall enter at that time and thereafter, Emerson College will have a complete four year's course. And with its four years' complete course Emerson hereafter will take her rightful place among the colleges of this country. This means, as you see at a glance, a higher standard. It heralds a very real advance. It puts an added premium upon every diploma issued—not only for the future, but, retroactive-

ly, upon every diploma already issued, because it makes an Emerson diploma represent so much of added value. It will strengthen the chances of employment to all holders of such a diploma, for it will raise the Emerson standing in the eyes of other institutions in a way and to a degree not easy to estimate. It should make the securing of endowment both easier and more rapid. Again, as you will see at a glance, if we are to successfully seek state authority to confer degrees this placing of Emerson upon a four-year basis is a step that is inevitable. Do you begin to realize what all this implies?

So much for the greater advantages to the graduates now in the field who need Emerson's name and influence to lean upon, and also to those who consider where they shall go to seek the best training, and the institution of the highest standing.

But what will this mean to the student after he has come to Emerson? What bearing will it have upon his own equipment for his chosen work? It will immediately put into his possession for a Senior course the entire Post-Graduate course as it now is. And on the completion of the four years he will no longer receive the present diploma of graduation, for that diploma will expire with the graduation two years hence of our present Freshman Class, and will no longer be issued. The future student who enters Emerson will upon the completion of his Senior year receive the Professional and Teachers' Diploma, which is today the Post-Graduate Diploma. The Faculty long have known, and almost every Post-Graduate student of the past ten years has said publicly and privately that the fourth year is the best year in the entire course at Emerson, that it is the very cream of the work, that it has seemed to him not only valuable but vital, and that it ought to be a part of the regular course preliminary to the diploma itself, because it is an essential part of the student's equipment for his work as teacher or artist. It is indeed our best course, and year after year we have been giving it to a little group of from fifteen to twenty students, the larger number which needed the work passing out of the College too early to receive it. Many a Senior learning of this truth from Post-Graduate students has expressed the wish that the present Post-Graduate year were a part of the under graduate work,

saying that he would certainly return for it if it were, but as he was about to receive his diploma, and as he and his home people understood that the diploma would be given at the end of three years it was too late to arrange to take the four years' work—at least not at the present time. Hereafter the fourth year's work will constitute a vital part of the regular course. And nothing that has yet been attempted to strengthen the equipment of a graduate of Emerson is comparable to this particular step.

And now some of you good friends of the Alma Mater who incline to look at matters cautiously and conservatively may say, "Will this advance, invaluable as it may be, prove hazardous? May it not happen that many students who can see their way to a three years' course, but whose time and resources could carry them only three years, will be discouraged from coming at all? Do you dare to extend the course before a large endowment has been obtained?" Yes, we dare. With the favor of God, and, with our hearts and hands sustaining us, we will do it, and we will do it now! And it will bring endowment nearer, too, to take this advanced stand. You and we can do it *together!*

But, after all, will the thought of a four years' course frighten prospective students away? If they consider graduation from an academic college they must face four years, and they do face four years; and the colleges are full. If they wish to enter a technical college or a professional school, such as law or medicine, the course will be four years, and these schools, too, are full. No adequate and complete training for a large success in any profession is often found in shorter time. And intelligent people know this to be true.

Nevertheless we can do at Emerson, and we will do what is done by some of the universities of highest standing. We can so plan our courses that the bright student who wants to work hard, to make a high record, and to completely fill his schedule may cover the four years' requirements in three years. The student who is in earnest, who values his opportunities, but whose resources are limited—and such is often the most valuable kind of a student an institution may have—can thus find a way to finish his four years in three. But he must maintain

a consistently high rank. It is needless to add that the type of student "who is sent to school," who matriculates for a full course in social dancing and specializes in pink teas, studying more serious subjects when not otherwise employed, will need fully four years to get over the ground. And the student whose previous high school work has not been fully completed and wants to complete it, and thus become eligible for graduation, will have added time in which to work off this condition. But special note should be taken of the fact that the student who is earnest, but who wants to take his work more leisurely, not because he is unambitious or afraid of hard work, but who knows in the study of music or painting or oratory that time—time itself, is a most important factor in growth, will take the full four years for the four years' course. If he can command the time and resources to take his course in four years, however talented he may be, however capable of pushing ahead faster, he will be doing by far the better thing for his own growth and power as orator, teacher, or artist. There will be no discredit, no stigma of laziness or lack of seriousness on the part of the student because he plans to devote four years to a four years' curriculum. It will be the wisest thing he can do. The point to which I wish to call your attention is merely to a possibility and a privilege, to be earned only by high scholarship, of pushing through in three years should circumstances be such that one can have no more time in which to prepare for his vocation.

Now, while we see that there will be but one diploma issued by Emerson College in the future, and that one the Professional and Teachers' Diploma representing a four years' course, what provision can be made for one entering upon such a course who finds that family conditions or other circumstances arise to prevent the completion of the work of his last year? Will such a student have nothing to show for the three years that he has completed? Yes, he will have something to show if he has done his work well for those three years, for he may apply for a Certificate. This will not be a diploma, it will not imply or carry any of the honors of graduation from Emerson, although it would rank as a sort of junior diploma, I suppose.

An institution to be right, to be sound, must have Height,

Thickness, and Breadth. The great advanced step we are taking today makes distinctly for elevation. As for Thickness, the fact of our splendid four years' course, the very wealth of the curriculum itself, shows well how that need is met. Now as to Breadth. This rise in standard is primarily to help those who are to teach, to open more places and larger places for our graduates by placing a higher value upon Emerson's diploma. It used to be considered quite enough to possess an "A. B." degree or an "A. M." to print after one's name in the faculty list of the college catalogue. But long ago it was seen that such degrees might mean very much or they might mean very little, according to what stood behind them—the reputation of the university granting them and the quality and quantity of work represented. And so today we pick up catalogue after catalogue and find, following the name of the professor, "A. M. (Harvard University)," or "Ph.D. (Leipsic University)." It is not unimportant whether your degree is from the University of Berlin or from the University of Cow Creek! Everybody knows that. And there will be a distinct difference in the meaning of a Professional and Teachers' Diploma issued by Emerson from merely a diploma showing one has completed a course in elocution somewhere.

Breadth, however, is needed quite as much as Height and Thickness. Is the pupil made for the school, or is the school made for the pupil? There are schools and colleges—you know them—apparently far more interested in maintaining their reputations than in giving the best and broadest service to the largest number who need it. There are institutions that so pride themselves on their reputation for high standing that they make a special virtue of giving low credits to the average student, keeping him dangling on from quarter to quarter with "c' s" and "c' minuses," over the gulf of destruction, and apparently take special satisfaction if they finally get a chance to drop him into it. All this makes for the reputation of the school. But is the school doing its full duty? I think not. Why has the University of Wisconsin taken such enormous strides within the last few years? Because it has recognized that a State University is for the State, not for a few cloistered and privileged individuals only. It has recog-

nized that it should give the greatest possible service to the greatest number of people. In this respect it is in advance of every college of America at the present time. But others are taking the hint.

Do you realize that Edwin Booth, as he was when a young man, or Henry Irving, or Joseph Jefferson, and probably less than half of the luminaries of the stage could not at your school age have received a diploma from Emerson College? Well, it is true. And there is no help for it, for diplomas signify the meeting of requirements, and, unlike medals or prizes, cannot in the nature of the case be given for talent or even for genius. All that is obvious, and it cannot be helped. A diploma of graduation is valuable chiefly to those who wish to be appointed in colleges, or normal, or public schools to teach. It signifies that a standard demanded as a condition of employment has been obtained. It does not signify that the holder of the diploma is a genius, but merely that he has good ability, and has done the prescribed work, and is equipped to fill a position.

Now, why could not Booth or Jefferson get an Emerson College diploma? Because they did not have a high school education. But should Emerson's doors be closed upon them for that reason? You and I know there are hundreds of young men and young women whose former schooling has been limited. They have gone no farther than the grammar school; they may not have even completed the work of the grades. But they have talent, dramatic or oratorical power. Success is in them; they need a chance; they want the training that Emerson can give. Such can and do succeed, and yet we turn away very many such every year. They have not had a complete high school course. They know, therefore, that they cannot receive any parchment certifying to anything, or get any college recognition whatever, and are not attracted merely by the idea of a little desultory specializing. They need help and training—just what Emerson College of Oratory can give, used once to give, and must give again if she would be most broadly and vitally helpful. And so while they may not have our diploma they may have this certificate if they stay and do the work of three years. And, unlike the applicants for a Profes-

sional and Teachers' Diploma, those who are certificate candidates only need not present a full high school course for admission. In the old days of Emerson, and up to a dozen years ago, we admitted here to regular work all applicants, old or young, with or without high school credits. That was right, and some of those who lacked the requirements we now insist upon have made magnificent public successes. They needed the training of Emerson; they received it, they have "made good." We opened our doors to them freely, and we were right in doing so. But we gave all of them—university, normal, and high school graduates, and grammar school graduates, alike—those with much preliminary training and those with little—a diploma of graduation at the end of the course. That, I think, was a mistake. We should have made a distinction. We should have had a certificate to give to some of these, but not a diploma of graduation.

We must have Breadth. We must open wide Emerson's doors to all who need her, who have taste and talent and longing for self expression. We must give them our work, and should recognize three years of faithful study by letting them have a certificate to show for it. We demonstrate our Height by putting our work on a four years' basis, by increasing the requirements for our diploma, and enriching the course itself. We emphasize our Breadth by opening wide our doors to those who, while not in line for a Professional and Teachers' Diploma need, nevertheless, what Emerson has to give to them. Here is our offering in 1913. You know our stand. Stand with us and help us. Help us to build an Emerson yet higher and fuller and broader.

IMITATION.

(An extract from the Commencement address of Rev.
O. P. Gifford.)

Imitation is instinctive. We imitate before we reason. We form habits by imitation that continue long after reason forbids. We become conscious of self by imitating others, we learn our limitations and our possibilities by imitation. The weaver of Ghobelin tapestry imitates the painting set for his

task, and we weave into life the faults and virtues of men. The teacher sets the copy at the top of the page, we learn to write by imitating copy. Livingstone tells us that the children of the Makololo tribe in Africa say "Let us pretend" and play in childish way at the tasks of their parents. The Indians taught their children to form habits of hunt and housekeeping by imitation. And we, "the heirs of all the ages," perpetuate our civilization by imitating.

Arts, sciences, music, literature, are preserved by imitation. Civilization walks on the two feet of imitation and invention. We improve our inheritance by invention, then that in turn is imitated. A wise man wrote centuries ago, "All we like sheep have gone astray," the leader of the flock thinks, the rest imitate. A few set fashions, most of us follow example. We set our watches by the town clock, and keep step with the music of the band. The leader wields the baton, the chorus keeps time. Many of us can look back upon a strong character who set the mould that shaped the molten metal of our lives. Senator Dawes gave me the inspiration to become a public speaker, I heard him once and I have felt him ever since. The incoming tide takes the shape of the waiting bay, and the tides of human life imitate our examples in dress, food, habits. The striking laborers parade, the school children imitate. The Sunday School teacher wears a locket, the scholar wears a slice of potato on a cotton string. Habits formed by imitation persist long after better judgment forbids their practice.

"All the world's a stage, and the men and women are but players," and players are imitators. Using this instinct Paul appeals to his friends in Ephesus to imitate God.

Imitate the best. Reproduce the finest.

Straightway the objection rises, "God is Spirit, I am in the flesh." You are in the flesh, but you are not flesh. The sword is in the scabbard, but is not scabbard. The current is in the wire, but is not wire; the thought is in the printed page, but is not print. The inland lake is water as truly as the sea from which it came by the pathway of the cloud; the lake is more like the sea than it is like the sands and stones that enshore it and separate it from the sea.

Paul was writing to Christians in Ephesus. There were three sorts of folks to Ephesus, Gentiles, Jews, and Christians. The Gentile tried to imitate the God he worshipped, Diana, the god of fertility. The Jew tried to imitate Jehovah—Paul's appeal is to men who worship the God and the Father of the Christ. And Christ is the working model of God in the flesh. In Him we find our pattern—one worthy of imitation in method and in manner. Life is not only a mood of mind, it is also a manner and method. We are bidden to be kind to one another. Fit for use, useful, mild, pleasant, opposed to harsh, bitter. Doing the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. "The gift without the giver is bare." We are bidden to be compassionate. Compassion is not merely a mood of mind, a temper of spirit, but a way of life. Suffering together with, compassion on the multitude means bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothing for the naked. "Lend a hand," and the loan of a hand means the gift of a life. When Peter lent a hand by the beautiful gate to the cripple he gave himself through it and a great uplift to the helpless man. Do not mistake the tears you shed while reading a bit of pathos for compassion—that, like steam used to blow the whistle, makes a lot of noise, but pulls no freight. Tears should clear the eyes for a wider vision.

Forgiving one another. In a public profession we are apt to wear away the cuticle and become thin-skinned. On the ball field players sometimes spike each other, and in public life we sometimes forget and say cruel things, shrug the shoulder, hint when we do not speak. No man can wrong you as much as you wrong yourself by refusing to forgive. Mud may stain my coat, but it first stains the hand and the soul of the man who flings it. A man who does a mean thing reveals a mean man, he cannot make you mean until you share his spirit. The mud on your coat cannot stain your soul, the mud in his hand was first on his soul, but will not touch your soul until you share his spirit. Care too much for your own life to share his death. Your mood of mind will make or unmake your work. A horse shares the nervousness of his driver, and a reading is shadowed by the soul that is in eclipse. Do not make the passing slight or wrong permanent by treas-

uring it in the kodak of the mind. You cannot render great thought with a little mind, you cannot belittle another without making yourself small. Your trained mind is a window through which the public will study the fields of literature. Keep the window clean, do not let the spiders of envy spin their webs like veils between your audience and the thought.

Never purchase applause at the cost of lowering your own standard. Honey bees should have no stings. The memory of the hearers will hold you interwoven with your selection; a great thought poorly rendered is better than a mean thought well rendered, better have pure water in a tin cup than dirty water in a gold cup. "Hold the mirror up to Nature," but some parts of Nature are not fit to be mirrored on a public stage. Lead folks to the heights where awaits the vision, not to the swamps where malaria lurks.

The Japanese metal worker hammers Buddha into the metal mirror, the kiss of the sun flashes the hidden god on the temple ceiling. Work into your memories only the best, flash out only inspiration. Put no bitter dreg into the bottom of the cup of pleasure. Make your art, like the worshipping Indian by the art-gallery, lift every soul to the thought of the Great Spirit.

FACULTY NOTES.

Mrs. Southwick has completed one of her most successful trips through the Western States, and the comments received from the press are most complimentary:

"Mrs. Southwick gave her recital of "Jeanne D'Arc," and she held the large audience almost spellbound throughout the evening. She is one of the most captivating and intensely dramatic readers that have visited Whitehall. Her interpretation of the story and its character is superb. Her voice is finely trained, perfectly at her command, and her dramatic genius and power and eloquence to her impersonations—especially in the characters of Jeanne.

"Mrs. Southwick has lost none of that charm of manner, sweetness of voice, gracious presence and intelligent expression which have made her one of the foremost readers of this or any other country. Her repertoire is so varied and her brief introductory remarks to each number

are so clear and scholarly that her audience never becomes tired, but is always kept expectant of greater pleasure as she voices the sweet songs of the poets or reads the stirring lines of some of the dramatic masterpieces of the world."

"Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick, dramatic monologist, appeared yesterday evening in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," at the Augustana College chapel. The audience was large, many literary clubs of the tri-cities appearing in a body, among which was the art and literary department of the Moline Woman's Club. Mrs. Southwick possesses a magnetic personality, and a great deal of dramatic power. Her voice is rich, sympathetic and pleasing, and her facial mobility was wonderful. Each character was given individuality, which only an artist could represent. Before starting on the play, Mrs. Southwick gave a few preliminary remarks of interest, as to her interpretation. It is a play of technical justice versus equity. It is a play of noble friendship. Mrs. Southwick's interpretation of Shylock was the best and strongest of the evening. She portrayed in him a man embittered by long centuries of persecutions, revengeful, avaricious. At the same time there was a tone of pathos throughout in this character. Portia was represented as an exceedingly amiable person, and at the same time energetic. Noticeable through the interpretation of Antonio was a passive melancholy. Contrasting to these characters was old Gobbo, the clown's father. This was effectively brought out.

"The play as Mrs. Southwick presented it was greatly condensed, but nevertheless the unity was retained throughout. The third scene of Act I was one of the strong scenes of the evening, in which the bargain is completed between Antonio and Shylock. Act II was almost entirely omitted—just the scene introducing Jessica being read. Act III was one of the strong scenes of the evening, Shylock's revenge speech being one of the features of the evening. In this act we have also the casket scene at Belmont. Portia was portrayed in all her sweetness and womanliness. In the next, however, we see the artist's' greatest power. As she announced, all the action of the play was focused to this act—and all the characters are brought in their relation to one another. All the ideas in the composition of the drama are concentrated in this scene. The cast is large in the court scene, and only a flexible voice could move rapidly from one character to another. The mercy speech, as Mrs. Southwick interpreted, is new to tri-city audiences. To Mrs. Southwick the mercy speech is not directed only to the Jew. It has a deeper meaning. It also implores the court, the Christians, to whom the Jew will be delivered, to be merciful. This was one of the striking features of the reader's interpretation. In this scene Shylock's revenge reaches sublimity. Before the last act there were a few preliminary remarks. If it were not for this act the "Merchant of Venice" would not appeal to us as a comedy, but rather as a tragedy. Although technically it would not be a tragedy, the subject matter is such as to seem

so. It is this scene which justifies it being classified as a comedy. This was delivered in a certain repose which was refreshing and harmonious."

Mrs. E. Charlton Black has acted as patroness recently for the Harvard Pi Eta Society production, "The Stymie," the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon in its presentation of "The Comedy of Errors," and at the reception in the Copley Plaza to Mr. Alfred Noyes of Rottingdean, Sussex, England.

The Emerson College Magazine.

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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COMMENCEMENT NUMBER



THE CALL OF THE SPRING.

By Alfred Noyes.

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,

Come, choose your road and away!

We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown

As it dips to the dazzling day.

It's a long white road for the weary;

But it rolls through the heart of the May.

Though many a road would merrily ring

To the tramp of your marching feet,

All roads are one from the day that's done,

And the miles are swift and sweet,

And the graves of your friends are the mile-stones

To the land where all roads meet.

* * * * *

Come out—a bundle and stick is all

You'll need to carry along,

If your heart can carry a kindly word,

And your lips can carry a song;

You may leave the lave to the keep o' the grave,

If your lips can carry a song!

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,

Come, choose your road and away!



EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE 1912-1913

ALBERT F. SMITH
Business Manager

JULIE GORE OWEN
Associate Editor

JOHN JAMES ROY
Editor-in-Chief

We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Coe, choose your road and away.

The fabled fountain of the Azores, with its magic power over life, making Youth lovelier, and giving back to Age the charm and strength of Youth, has been used by the editor of the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" as a figure of the influence of poetry over the human spirit. A happier illustration of this source of mental refreshment could hardly have been chosen. The influence of the best poetry is indeed a Fountain of Youth fed from the never-failing springs of human emotion. It draws its power from the universal heart of humanity, and lifts us out of our narrow isolation into the society of the Immortals.

Lyric Poetry is one of the three leading types of poetical expression. These types, the Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic, have their special modes of applying the imaginative power to the solution of the meaning of life. The epic, or heroic narrative deals with past events. The poet never reveals himself in person; the mind behind the poem gives nothing but the story, and interest centres upon the hero.

The drama is an objective representation of characters acting as in the present, and bringing their wills into opposition. The author speaks only through his characters, and keeps the objective representation between himself and the public. The Lyric grows out of the subjective consciousness. It is essentially the poetry of personal emotion. The writer asserts himself face to face with his public. If he is great enough to express what is universal and truly human, he is grandly subjective, and fulfils the requirements of great lyric expression; but as far as he is narrowly personal, clothing his own experiences in the cheap dress of rhyme and rhythm, he is only a weak sentimentalist. Mr. Palgrave, the editor of the "Golden Treasury," defines as a lyric "Any poem which turns on some single thought, feeling or situation." There appears to be a debatable ground between the lyric and many poems which do

not quite come within the bounds of any given definition. But while some poems are not strictly an expression of the personal emotion of the author, they do stand the test of Mr. Palgrave's condition of concentration upon one thought or emotion. The psychological point remains the same, and the relation of the Lyric to the Epic and Dramatic is fully maintained. Under this general class then are Lyrics of love, religion, patriotism, nature, chivalry, contemplation, ethical sentiment,—such are all lyrical in their essential character. Comparing these with the epic and dramatic forms is like setting the colors of the spectrum in contrast to each other, but recognizing the truth that these are all needed to make up the white light of poetical expression. Slight as the place of the lyric may seem, it represents the necessary complement to the objective type, the element of affectional perception without which life is a dead thing.

The development of a great literature is in accordance with the character of the nation from which it springs, and national character itself is largely stimulated and controlled by outside contact with other nations. Isolation, either of the individual or nation is abnormal, and stunts natural growth. The English nation in respect of this outside contact has taken more into itself than any other nation in the world. Three separate race elements contributed to its making—the Celt, the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman. The Celts were the first inhabitants of Britain mentioned in written history. Living under the shadow of a hopeless struggle against hostile races they left in their weird legends a record of worldly defeat, but also of a sad spiritual exaltation. Their history culminated in that of their great chief, Arthur, the hero of their legends and the most widely-known name in profane literature. "The defeat of Arthur on the battle-field was the cause of his victory over the imagination of the world." Thus the Celtic elements of greatness have been a potent influence in literature.

The practical, optimistic and ethical Anglo-Saxon bequeathed a more robust strength, while the vivacious pleasure-loving Norman brought with him at the Conquest the facile spirit of romance, a fitting offset to the Celtic melancholy and the stern morality of the Anglo-Saxon. Each of these races

contributed its legacy to a growing nation, and their fusion created a distinctive national literature when the stream of imagination received its first impulses. Among the few fragments of verses left during the formative period of English before the Age of Chaucer is the Cuckoo Song by an unknown writer of the thirteenth century. It adds very much to the interest of this fragment that the primitive music to which it was sung is preserved with it. There is every probability that this example of thirteenth century verse was by no means an exception to the compositions of the time, and it is interesting to note that this is a Nature song in the true English manner and spirit. Nevertheless this century can hardly be called distinctively English in its literary fragments; what few there are show the Norman influence, and do little more than suggest the possibilities of a developed language. Even Chaucer, to whom we look for the beginnings of literary forms, left few lyrics, though these are well worth emphasizing. The "Balade De Bon Conseil" and "Gentillesse" are noble in sentiment and musical in rhythm. Others are "A Balade sent to King Richard," a humorous "Complaint to his Empty Purse," "Rosemunde" and "Womanly Noblesse," the latter the best example of his love lyrics. There is also a charming little song which closes the *Parlement of Foules*,

"Now welcome somer, with thy sonne softe,
That hast this wintres wederes over-shake,
And driven away the longe nightes blake!"

It seems strange that the work of the epoch-making Chaucer should have been followed by a long period singularly lacking in poetical production. This only means, however, when we study the Age, that it was a transition period singularly full with the elements of great fundamental changes which prepared the way for the marvelous literary activity of the Elizabethan Age.

It was nearly one hundred and fifty years after the death of Chaucer that Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, introduced the Sonnet form of verse from Italy, thus giving an impulse to this form of lyrical composition. Wyatt left also a number of short love lyrics. The development of the

Lyric in English literature began properly with these two writers; but it needed the impulse of the following Age to call out its capabilities. It was in 1579 that Edmund Spenser published the "Shepherd's Calendar," a long lyric poem which ushered in the pastoral style of the Elizabethan Age. To appreciate the work of Spenser we must look backwards and view the chasm which was crossed when he took up the pen laid down by Chaucer nearly two hundred years before. His marvelous productions gave an impulse to the poetical imagination of the time. In spite of the superior place of the drama, the age owed much to him on the Lyric side. He is too often overlooked and dismissed as old-fashioned without having a chance to speak for himself. We do him but partial justice, knowing of him only as the author of the "Faery Queene," for we miss the man Spenser who shows in such a beneficent light through his lyric poems. Shakespeare himself owed something to Spenser, and we can ill afford to miss the touch of his pure spirit from our inward experience.

"The Amoretti," "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Muiopotmos," "The Four Hymns," "The Prothalamion" and "Epithalamium" mark an epoch in the history of lyric poetry.

"The Amoretti" show that the sonnet as introduced by Wyatt and Surrey had become an accepted form of lyrical expression. They are written in the conventional style of the preceding, but the language is less stilted, and there is a freer touch of poetical expression, suggesting reserve force behind. But the other lyrics mentioned contain passages of great creative beauty which place them in the front rank of lyrics and make us wonder at the marvelous originality which found for itself such varied expression in an Age lacking in models and waiting for the touch of genius to stimulate it into life. The "Muiopotmos" and the "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty" are models,—the one of poetical fancy, the other of spiritual conception. The subjective emotion which calls them forth is spiritual and uplifting, and carries us from the personal to the universal. If this is the test of great lyrics, Spenser is indeed worth our intimate acquaintance.

We take pleasure in quoting two passages from Mr. Lowell's appreciative essay on Spenser:

"He first shows his mature hand in "Muiopotmos," the most airily fanciful of all his poems, a marvel for delicate conception and treatment, whose breezy verse seems to float between a blue sky and a golden earth in imperishable sunshine. No other poet has found the variety and compass which enlivened the octave stanza under his sensitive touch." Again, "Nowhere does his genius soar and sing with such continuous aspiration, nowhere is his phrase so decorously stately, though rising to an enthusiasm which reaches intensity while it stops short of vehemence, as in his "Hymns to Love and Beauty," especially the latter. There is an exulting spurn of earth in it, as of a soul just loosed from its cage."

The character of the Elizabethan Age expressed the spirit of the Renaissance, and lyrical poetry, in accordance with this spirit, covered a wide ground from the simplest Nature song to the passionate fervor of religious sentiment. Lyrical production was also in closest connection with music. Madrigals were introduced from Italy, and helped to balance the sombre character of classical measures. Thomas Campion, a musician, wrote many songs of an exquisite lyrical character, and composed the music for them.

Sir Philip Sidney's love lyrics have more grace and charm than the "Amoretti" of his friend Spenser. Crashaw and Southwell represented the religious type, Sir John Davis the philosophical in his "Mind of Man." Drayton's famous "Battle of Agincourt" sounded the note of patriotism, while his "Nymphidia" entered the realm of fancy. In this latter vein the lyrics of Shakespeare scattered through his plays are perfect of their kind and harmonize with their surroundings like gems in a setting of gold. His sonnets show how experience affects the soul whose outlook is broadened by creative imagination. In Shakespeare's handling the sonnet which was primarily a personal love song became the framework for the expression of the truth and beauty enveloping the supreme life experience of humanity. Only one who had touched the

depths and heights of such experience could have written,—

“Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.”

That the sonnets were the expression of a purely personal emotion, addressed to that mysterious woman on whose identification critics have wasted time in childish curiosity, is too foolish a theory to entertain seriously. Shakespeare was too great in nature, too manly in spirit to lay open his private griefs or joys to a gossiping world. That is one reason why we really know so little about him; and it is one proof of his superiority. We may be sure that the man who can “pour out his soul” in verse to the woman he loves will never die of a broken heart under disappointment. The grief we can express is not that which kills. It is in the reserve of inward feeling, the delicate reticence of personal emotion that deep experience lies. We may be sure that Shakespeare knew the joy and the pain of life, but that he did not flaunt it in the face of the world; and we have little patience with that spirit which, lacking all delicacy, tries to make out of every phrase an evidence for what it wishes to prove. Shakespeare took the conventional sonnet and made it a form for the expression of universal experience. He played on various strings of this many-toned lyre, of that which is the “sum and substance of life.” Take the spirit of these lyrics, dear reader, and leave to Shakespeare the private griefs and joys which he never saw fit to disclose.

In the year 1630, John Milton, then a young man of twenty-two, published an appreciative poem on Shakespeare. This was the first publication of one who afterwards became the chief representative of the spirit of the Puritan Age, and second only to Shakespeare in the history of English literature.

The contrast between the Elizabethan Age and the seven-

teenth century is very strongly marked in matter and form. The Puritan Age stood for religion and patriotism, and the expression of its lyrical poetry is narrowed down to these two emotions. A distinct line of separation divides the glories of the Elizabethan Age from the sombre struggles of the Puritan revolution. The difference between them is like that of the man who passes from the glowing romance of Youth to the stern realities imposed by the unrelenting years. Puritanism stood first for personal righteousness, and secondly for civil and religious liberty.

Milton's poetical thought is always tinged with the earnestness of ethical motive. His scholarly vocabulary, the rich organ-like music of his verse, and his unswerving loyalty to his ideals make his works a mine of riches to all earnest students of literature. His lyrics stand among the greatest. The immortal "Hymn on the Nativity" is unequalled, while "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," "Time," "At a Solemn Music," "Arcades" and "Comus" follow it in honorable succession. The tone of Milton's mind is so serious that we welcome gratefully whatever tends towards the mood of light fancy, as in the charming "L'Allegro," the musical songs in "Comus," and the quaint little love sonnet to the Nightingale. These show how great our loss would have been if we had only known him as the author of "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes."

Milton was a master in the sonnet. He first changed it from its conventional use as a love song to an expression of the whole range of emotions. He wrote, indeed, five sonnets in Italian which are love poems in the true Italian style, but this seems to be out of regard to their foreign dress. Of eighteen English sonnets only one is on the conventional theme; and Milton imparted a new dignity to this form of lyric expression. For although he kept the rhyme scheme of the Italian model he modified the habitual use of the end-stopped line, carrying the thought over, and making the pause in the middle of a line. This breaking of a monotonous succession of pauses added strength to the verse. The sonnets are models in technique, and though their ethical character does not give great opportunity for ornamentation, they are eloquent examples of sincere and manly emotion.

Although Milton's work overshadowed all others at this period, the religious lyrics of Herbert and Vaughan, and Robert Herrick's charming songs in a lighter vein are true lyrical poems in the best spirit of the time. Closely associated with these are the names of Sir John Suckling, Richard Lovelace and Abraham Cowley, whose Pindaric Odes set an example for lyrists to come.

The succeeding period of the Restoration was even more unfavorable to poetical expression. The social excesses of the time seemed to quench the high emotions of Love, Patriotism and Religion, and the dearth of good literature showed how great was the change. The greatest poet of this age was Dryden, who showed in his well-known poem of Alexander's Feast, and the "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," what he might have done, if he had kept high ideals, and had not lowered his moral standard to serve the immorality of the times. Pope, some thirty years later, achieved a high place as the poet of a stilted classicism, but there was nothing in the fibre of this unpoetical man, or in his style of writing to develop the lyric of pure emotion, and a long period of arrested development is the only record of lyric poetry from the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century.

It seems an almost incredible leap across the years, from the vanities of the Restoration to the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," the best-known poem in the English language. If we could follow the whole course of the years between these extremes we should note that the stimulus given to literature by the influences following the revolution of 1688 resulted in a more nearly normal attitude of mind, and renewed interest in the works of the Elizabethan Age. It remained for a quiet scholar and writer in the seclusion of his studious life to touch once more the springs of human emotion and to bring back the spirit of Nature into the very precincts of classicism. Thomas Gray united scholarly culture with emotional appreciation of the simple things of life, and was thus fitted to stand as the link between Classicism and Romanticism. The lyric was restored to its place by the "Elegy." The quiet charm of this poem absolutely free from affectation or obscurity, its tone of gentle melancholy without one taint of morbid depression, its

universal human appeal, the music of its rhythm and the choice simplicity of its language all combine to produce this lyric gem. If Gray had written nothing else he would have been gratefully remembered. As it is, this, in connection with his other work, especially the two "Pindaric Odes," places him among the great English poets.

In total contrast to him in style, and even more radical in his influence was Robert Burns, whose simple lyrics touched the human heart as no others had ever done. With keen yet child-like appreciation of the simple things of life, he supplemented and completed what Gray held in the germ, the truth which founded the romanticism of the Lake poets and their successors. Of other lyrists associated with these two leaders, we recall Collins' Odes to Music, and to Evening, Cowper's immortal History of John Gilpin, and his pathetic sonnet to Mary Unwin, Blake's sweet songs, and Thomson's fine imitations of his Spenserean model, adding their characteristic graces to this interesting century of lyric growth.

The spirit which Burns called into life was developed by the circle of poets who followed in the early part of the nineteenth century. This period is known as the Age of Romanticism. The long chasm intervening between the Elizabethan Age and the nineteenth century was bridged by the return of poetical literature to poems of Nature and to the play of the emotional imagination.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Byron, Shelley and Keats are the representative names of this period, showing what Romanticism did for lyrical development. And yet the spirit of Romanticism was not confined within the limits of poetical composition; it permeated all literature. Furthermore, the character of romance poetry was not wholly derived from the contemplation of Nature. Another and very different element was present, to which all sensitive and thoughtful minds were open. This influence came from political agitation, both at home and on the continent. The French revolution, the subsequent career of Napoleon, and the growing influence of German literature gave an undercurrent of varied intensity to the secluded meditations of these Nature-lovers. Lyric poetry as an emotional expression has a psychological basis to

account for all its varieties, and in the Romance lyrists can be detected the growth of deepening experience as the panorama of events passes before their eyes. Each reads the lesson according to his own type of personality, and in this group of poets there is no repetition, no imitation, although closely associated, and all alike, consciously or unconsciously, products of this stimulating age. Compare the spiritual elevation of Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," Coleridge's psychological ballad of the "Ancient Mariner," and the weird mystery of "Christabel," Scott's ideal lyric of chivalry, "Young Lochinvar," Byron's patriotic spirit in the musical flow of "The Isles of Greece," Shelley's sad, restless soul rising on the wings of the "Sky-Lark," and Keats touching the chord of that Beauty which "will never pass into nothingness," because

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

So much has the romantic school of lyric poetry done for us,—giving under different phases of emotion the essence of spiritual truth. It is all one. The signboard at each turn of the path points the same way.

The latter part of the nineteenth century, called the Victorian Age, was one of scientific research, discovery and invention; an age eminently practical, and at the same time controversial on all subjects relating to religion, education, and government. A brilliant list of prose writers claim literary distinction in this age. Yet though poets were in the minority in the midst of this intellectual activity, there were two strong enough to balance their idealism against realism by some of the greatest lyrics in any literature. Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson stand at the end of the line of great lyrists extending down the ages.

Perhaps Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" represent most clearly the respective attitudes of these two minds towards life. We seem to have traveled very far from the simple "Bon Conseil" of Chaucer to the Seer-like philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra. Lyric poetry in running the scale of human emotion has its own musical progression like the maturing of a mind from Youth to Age. There is a childhood of the nation as well as of the man, and when language is

in the first stages of formation thought itself is simpler and more childlike than when the accumulations of the years have made a Shakespeare or a Browning possible. There is a wide chasm other than that of time between the cuckoo song of the thirteenth and the spiritual lyrics of the nineteenth century. Modern lyricism is the inheritor of a great past, and its emotions should be clothed not only in a developed musical form, but hold in themselves the evidence of maturity.

Yet in these later growths reappear types of those past races who bequeathed an inheritance to the English people. The sad wail of the Celt, the ethical tone of the Anglo-Saxon, the romance of the pleasure-loving Norman all are present in the combined result of a great literature. Shakespeare and Browning pass through the Celtic vein; then yield to the ethical Anglo-Saxon period, and counterbalance seriousness, the one with light fancies from fairyland, the other with a cheerful optimism towards life's problems.

In an age of material growth and prosperity let us remember the meaning of the relation of the heart to the head, the two forces which preserve the spiritual equilibrium of Nature. Let us beware of cultivating the intellect at the expense of the heart, or of nursing a morbid subjectivity which degenerates into weak sentimentalism. An age which lacks a healthy play of the emotions in its literature, and turns away from the musical rhythm of verse forms, has surely lost something in compassing its material gains. The development of lyric poetry means more than an historical record of a list of poems. It means a growing depth of emotion, a spiritualizing of the spirit.

In every age of normal growth the Lyric will hold its place, voicing the Universal, and clothing with ideal loveliness the common things of this "work-a-day world."

The Gradgrinds of the twentieth century tell us that poetry is out of fashion and no longer wanted. But let such be assured that as long as the human heart beats the poetry of life will be its best consolation, and new poets will arise to take up the lyre and play upon its golden strings.

—CAROLINE RICHARDS.

THE COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

SUNDAY, MAY 4th—

Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Allen A. Stockdale.

MONDAY, MAY 5th—

Class Day. Amelia Green, Salutatorian; Frederick Dixon, Orator; Docia Dodd, Poet; Lillian Clark, Historian; Martha L. Carey, Ode.

TUESDAY, MAY 6th—

Post Graduate Recital. Abbie Ball, Winifred Bent, Mrs. Helena Churchill, Alice Daly, Neva Walter, Ruth Watts.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7th—

Senior Recital. Allene Buckhout, Alice Faulkner, Gertrude Green, Isabel MacGregor, Clara Theisen, Wayne Wooster Putnam.

GRADUATE PLAY.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

By William Shakespeare.

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon	Neva Ferne Walter
Don John, his bastard brother	Edna Delphin Case
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence	Lillian Rose Hartigan
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua	Olive Beulah Clark
Leonato, Governor of Messina	Helena Bradford Churchill
Antonio, his brother	Alice Lorraine Daly

Followers of Don John

Conrade	Jean Carlyle Welsh
Borachio	Deana Mary Coad
Friar Francis	Abbie A. Ball
Dogberry, a constable	Anna May Keck
Verges, a headborough	Ruth Beth Watts
Watch	Josephine Wood Whitaker
A Sexton	Alice A. Ball
Hero, daughter to Leonato	Marguerite Ray Albertson
Beatrice, niece to Leonato	Winifred Hamilton Bent
Ursula, gentlewoman attending on Hero	May Magdalen Sullivan
Messengers, Watch, Attendants.	

Synopsis of Scenes.

ACT I—Before Leonato's House.

ACT II—Scene 1, A Hall in Leonato's House. Scene 2, Leonato's Orchard.

ACT III—Scene 1, Leonato's Orchard. Scene 2, A Street. Scene 3, Leonato's Orchard.

ACT IV—A Church.

ACT V—Scene 1, A Prison. Scene 2, Before Leonato's House.
Scene: Messina.

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY, MAY 8th.

AESTHETIC PHYSICAL CULTURE.

(a) Emerson Exercises

(b) Temple Drill

Laura Elizabeth Bell
Ethel Currie Brooks
Allene Buckhout
Lillian R. Carlen
Lillian Lee Clark
Mary A. Cody
Jessie Isabelle Dalton
Bernice Mildren Durgin
Bertha F. M. Gorman
Emile R. Goss
Alice Gertrude Green

Clara B. Gunderson
Florence S. Hinckley
Helen Hubbard
Myrtie May Hutchinson
Clara A. MacDonald
Isabell L. MacGregor
Jessie M. Matheson
Pearl A. Parsley
Clara M. Theisen
Marjorie M. Westcott

DEBATE:

Resolved: That Woman's Suffrage Should be Granted to Women in Massachusetts.

Affirmative

Amelia Myrl Green
Mary Ellen Shambach

Negative

Helen E. Leavitt
M. Josephine Penick

Presiding Officer

Amelia Myrl Green

Timekeeper

Ida M. Leslie

PANTOMIME.

THE LOST PRINCESS.

By Maud Gatchell Hicks.

DOUBT, a Giant
SUPERSTITION, a Witch
FALLACY, her offspring
TRUTH, the Lost Princess
FAITH, a blind girl
A DREAMER
A VICAR
A PEDAGOGUE
A CLOWN
DWARFS
SATYRS
BATS
FAIRES
A LUNAR RAINBOW

Mary W. Safford
Nella Kingsbury
Dorothy Elderdice
Alice Pearson

Florence S. Hinckley
Helen Brewer
Phyllis L. Moorehead
Bertha F. M. Gorman
Jessie Isabelle Dalton

Misses McLatchy, Felker, Green, Dodd
Misses Fowler, Clow, West

Mrs. Brooks, Misses Bell, Phillips, Hubbard, Bassett
Misses Elderdice, Green, Dodd, Shambach, Westcott
Misses Ashley, Carlen, Cunningham,
McDonald, Persinger, Theisen

Misses Cody, Durgin, Goss, Gunderson,
Matheson, Parsley, Rice

Scene: A bleak open place in the mountains.

Dances arranged by Miss Elsie Riddell.

Music from *Liszt*, arranged by Miss Charlotte Whinnery.

Unity Trio

Miss Evelyn Tozier, Miss Gertrude Brett, Miss Ora Larthard

ARGUMENT.

The giant Doubt, stepping from mountain peak to mountain peak, pierces his toe, and a pool of blood forms near the hut of Superstition. Doubt, enraged, sets his dwarfs to forge a chain to shackle the earth to him forever. Superstition appears with a bundle of fagots and feeds the fire. When the chain is complete, Doubt walks abroad. Satyrs capture the princess Truth and carry her to the domain of the giant. Overcome with fear, she faints. They quarrel over her, finally agreeing to yield her to the Satyr who best performs in dance. Superstition removes the heart of Truth and is about to destroy it, when the village church bells ring. Superstition hates the bells, and is so startled that she drops the heart of Truth, which falls into a dewdrop on the Wunderblume and is lost to sight. The witch then casts a spell over Truth, and when the victorious Satyr seeks his prize he finds a beggar maid. Superstition rouses Truth. The villagers, led by the Dreamer, seek the lost princess. They fight their way past the giant's guards. The Dreamer finds the shoe of the princess. He knocks at Superstition's door, demanding the release of Truth. The witch jeers at him, but when the Vicar raises high the crucifix she starts for the princess. Returning with her own offspring, Superstition presents Fallacy as Truth. The Dreamer denies Fallacy. The people pronounce him mad, and forbid him to return to the village. They stone and persecute him and leave him for dead, with only the blind girl Faith to care for him. Faith knocks at Superstition's door and asks for drink. When the Dreamer has tasted the brew of Superstition, he turns upon Faith and drives her from him. Clouds gather and darkness settles upon him. Bats hover about him; the giant Doubt robs him of his sword and dooms him to aimless wanderings.

Truth steals out of the hut and sits in the moonlight, singing and weaving from her golden hair a net that shall entangle Doubt. Faith hears the song and returns. She finds that Truth has fallen asleep. Faith seeks the Dreamer. A band of fairies complete the net and place it where it shall overthrow the giant. Truth awakens, and weeps to think how little she has accomplished. Faith returns with the Dreamer. He plucks the Wunderblume, and, kneeling at Truth's feet, restores her heart. Through her tears is reflected a lunar rainbow, omen of great good. With the Wunderblume pressed close to her breast, the princess follows the rainbow.

The Dreamer discovers a waxen image that contains the vitality of Superstition. He throws it into the forge and watches it melt. From out the pool a golden sword is thrust. The Dreamer seizes it. Superstition staggers toward the forge, but unable to save her image she falls dead. The giant is entangled by the web of Truth; the Dreamer shatters the chains, and the princess is set free.

SENIOR PLAY.

THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA.

A comedy in four acts by Anthony Hope.

Cast of Characters.

The Earl of Hassenden
Sir George Sylvester
The Rev. Mr. Blimboe
Mr. Dent
Mr. Castleton

Lella Dorothy Harris
Rose Johnson Willis
Lillian M. Brown
Caroline W. Ferris
Edith R. Walton

Mr. Devereux	Ida M. Leslie
Mr. Ward	Evelyn C. Oelkers
Mr. Robert Clifford	Anna Maude MacLean
Quilton	Mary F. Blanchet
Mills	Myrtle M. Hutchinson
Bennett	Julia J. Wiggins
Mrs. Fenton, aunt to Dorothy Fenton	Lillian M. Aune
Dorothy Fenton, betrothed to Lord Hassenden	Alice Love Esmond
The Lady Ursula Barrington, sister to Lord Hassenden	
	Olive Olga Newton

ACT I—Earl of Hassenden's House, Edgeware, near London. Between 4 and 5 of an autumn afternoon. About three hours elapse.

ACT II—Sir George Sylvester's House, Edgeware. Two hours

ACT III—Lord Hassenden's Lodgings, London. Two and one-half hours elapse.

ACT IV—Sir George Sylvester's House.

FRIDAY, MAY 9TH—COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

PRAYER - - - - REV. ALLEN ARTHUR STOCKDALE

ADDRESS - - - - - REV. O. P. GIFFORD, D.D.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

PRESIDENT HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK

Professional and Teacher's Diploma

Marguerite Ray Albertson	Alice Lorraine Daly
Abbie Anne Ball	Lillian Rose Hartigan
Winifred Hamilton Bent	Rachel Alverda Kanarr
Alberta Frances Black	Anna May Keck
Edna Delphin Case	Mary Magdalen Sullivan
Helena Bradford Churchill	Neva Ferne Walter
Olive Beulah Clark	Ruth Beth Watts
Deana Mary Coad	Jean Carlyle Welsh

Diploma of Graduation

Rhea Evalynn Ashley	Florence Southward Hinckley
Lillian Marie Aune	Helen Hubbard
Inez Washburn Bassett	Myrtle May Hutchinson
Laura Elizabeth Bell	Ellen Eliza Kingsbury
Mary Francesca Blanchet	Helen Ela Leavitt
Disa Eleanore Brackett	Ida Matilda Leslie
Helen Brewer	Clara A. MacDonald
Ethel Currie Brooks	Vera Severance McDonald
Lillian Marie Brown	Isabel Louise Macgregor
Allene Buckhout	Jean MacLatchy
Martha Lela Carey	Anna Maude MacLean
Lillian R. Carlen	Jessie Mackenzie Matheson
Lillian Lee Clark	Phyllis Logan Moorehead
Mabelle Maxine Clow	Olive Olga Newton
Mary Cody	Evelyn Rees Norcross

Janet Ethelwyn Cunningham
 Jessie Isabelle Dalton
 Frederick Rudolph Dixon
 Jennie Docia Dodd
 Bernice Mildred Durgin
 Dorothy Elderdice
 Alice Love Esmond
 Alice May Faulkner
 Eva E. Felker
 Caroline Wood Ferris
 Abbie M. Fowler
 Bertha Florence Mary Gorman
 Emile Rounsevel Goss
 Alice Gertrude Green
 Amelia Myrl Green
 Clara Bernharda Gunderson
 Leila Dorothy Harris
 Carrie Maud Henkel

Evelyn Catherine Oelkers
 Pearl Aldana Parsley
 Alice Pearson
 Margarette Josephine Penick
 Mary Boyd Persinger
 Blanche Lucile Phillips
 Lillian Porter
 Wayne Wooster Putnam
 Allie Haley Rice
 Mary Westaway Safford
 Mary Ellen Shambach
 Clara May Theisen
 Edith Rosanna Walton
 Ruth Margery West
 Marjorie Mariette Westcott
 Julia Jeannette Wiggins
 Rose Johnson Willis

AN EXTRACT FROM THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON,
 EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

SUBJECT: "The Threefold Call to Life."

Text, Mark 12:30.

Scripture Lesson, John 15:1-17

REV. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE.

Life is the world's most interesting subject. The calls to life are of greatest importance. The text of the morning gives a threefold call to life.

By this text we are summoned to THINK, to LOVE, and to SERVE.

The faithful attempt to respond to this threefold call is the secret of an interesting, efficient, and optimistic life. The harmony of the three calls, and the intelligent combination of the answers in human progress gives the world the highest form of life. One is not at liberty to answer the call he likes best. He must strive to answer the threefold call.

TO THINK ONLY, results in cold, calculating, dull and uninteresting intellectualism.

TO LOVE ONLY, gives too much of emotion and sentiment, weakened by uncertainty and the lack of clear judgment.

TO SERVE ONLY, is impossible, for lacking thought and love, there is neither strong impulse nor safe method.

The combination must be complete, that thinking may find the way, loving may furnish the impulse, and serving may demonstrate both.

1st—THE CALL TO THINK:

The full use of the human mind has more frequently been a source of trouble to Theologians and Ecclesiastics than a peril to progress and high life.

God's concern must be, rather, that his children may not take the pains to think. Many things have gone wrong in life because thinking has not been clear, searching, and comprehensive. Traveling makes one think more clearly about the realms entered and seen. Traditionalism and Conservatism are stay-at-homes, refusing to travel widely over the continents of Truth.

The thinker is the happiest man, for he uses his imagination sanely and courageously to paint vividly in meditation what otherwise he might be compelled to experience bitterly in real life.

The thinker is the most patient man because he is neither surprised nor disappointed at long, tedious processes.

The thinker is the safest man for the world's work, because he goes to the bottom of things before he reaches his conclusions.

2nd—THE CALL TO LOVE.

Life needs the love that is strengthened by thought and tested in service—not the love soft with too much sentiment, unchallenged by the experiences of service, torn by natural biases and prejudices, offered only to the beautiful and pleasing. God calls for a love that seeks to call the powers of the world into activity by its warmth, or to irrigate the dry social areas by its fresh and eternal streams. Love of the true sort is impossible without the thought that fills the reservoirs of the mind, and the service that digs the channels of true and genuine approach.

True, Divine love, incarnated in human form will study longer, look deeper, and wait more patiently than any other passion of the soul.

3rd—THE CALL TO SERVE.

This is the age of the universal call to serve. The Service Message of Religion is being discovered and uttered. The service functions of Press and Platform, Literature, and Stage

are being used. All men are being called to the service of a Progress which is not only natural but Divine.

Every movement is inspired with an ambition to, "smite a pathway for the Almighty in human affairs."

In order to live well, one must attempt something important enough to die if need be. A true servant of the world progress does not surrender at the sight of the cross.

John Mills Gilbert has written:

He stood, the Carpenter within his shop,
With cedar sweet, with shavings strewn.
"Come, neighbor, see my finished work," said he,
'Share my rest at the noon!'

Cradle and chair—a crutch—a staff—and, lo,
In the deep shade a coffin stood.
"I work for all," he said: "what each one needs
I fashion out of wood."

I mused upon his work, how he had formed
The cradle that a child might rest;
The broad, low chair, a mother's humble throne,
Since womanhood was blest;

The staff for yonder old man's faltering steps;
For a lame lad that crutch just done;
This coffin, quiet bed for pilgrim worn,
Whose quest of life is won.

"But for the men—what make you for strong men?"
The fragrant shop I scanned, at loss,
Until his eyes met mine. "For men—strong men?
For them I make a cross!"

The answer to the threefold call to life is the supreme business of the wide-awake human soul.

"Trumpeter, sound for the splendor of God;
Sound the music whose name is Law,
Whose service is perfect freedom still,
The order august that rules the stars!
Bid the anarks of night withdraw,—
Too long the destroyers have worked their will;
Sound for the last, the last of the wars!
Sound for the heights that our fathers trod,
When truth was truth and love was love,
With a hell beneath, but a heaven above,
Trumpeter, *rally us, rally us, rally us*
On to the City of God."

CHILD STUDY

'MEMBER?

'Member, awful long ago—
'Most a *million* weeks or so,—
How we tried to run away
An' was gone for 'most a day?
Your Pa found us bofe,—an' nen
Asked us if we'd be bad again,—
An' we promised, by-un-by.
Do you 'member? So d' I.

'Member when I tried to crawl
Frough vat hole beneaf your wall,
An' I stuck, becuz my head
Was too big? Your Muvver said,
When she came to pull me frough,
S'prized you didn't try it *too*.—
An' you *did* it, by-un-by.
'Member? Do yuh? So d' I.

'Member when your Muvver said
'At she wisht I'd run an' do
All ve mischief in my head
All at once, an' get it frough?
S'pose we did, why, maybe ven
We could do it all again!
Guess we *could* if we should *try*,—
Will y', sometime? So 'll I.

—Borges Johnson (*Harpers*)

TEASIN'.

Thar's a cradle up in th' attic room,
A wee little thing what rocks,
An' they're allus tryin' tel make me b'lieve
I slept once in that box!
But I tell 'em, w'en they're yarnin' how

'T I wuz such a little brat:
"Oh, no, I guess yer don't fool me—
I wasn't no kid like that."

An' then they got some clo'es—Gee whiz!
Long skirts an' caps an' bibs,
An' shoes what look like leather bags;
An' they say they ain't no fibs
W'en they tell me I wore those things onct;
But I just say: "Oh scat!"
I dunno, o' course, but I'm purty shore
I wasn't no kid like that.

But th' worstest is th' photygraphs:
Two months, three months, an' five;
Th' awfulest lookin' they could find,
Th' humblest kid alive.
An' w'en ma shows th' boys they laugh
Till they don't know whar they're at;
But I tell 'em ma's jes teasin' me—
I wasn't no kid like that.

—*J. R. Andrews (Lippincott's)*

AN AWFUL THREAT.

I won't ever live in this house no more,
And I'm goin' away, 'way off somewhere
In the dark woods! And mebbby a bear
Or something nobody ever saw before
Might come and eat me up! And then,
I bet you, when
My pa has no little boy, he'll be
Sorry he punished me!

And I'm goin' to starve and not
Ever eat anything at all.
And when I'm up with God and got
Wings and can look at my pa, and he
Comes home and sees my coat in the hall
And looks all around everywhere,

And I ain't there,
I bet he'll be sorry he punished me!
And when I'm far away
And nearly starved and can hardly stand,
They might be a big, bad man come along and say
He'd take me off to some strange land!
And then, when the people told my pa
How cruel he was, I bet he'd be
The saddest person you ever saw,
And sorry he punished me!

And when they had no little boy no more
Mama would cry all day.
And when no little boy would open the door
For pa, at night and say:
"Hello," I bet
That's when he'd be
The saddest yet—
And I'll stay this time, but he
B—b—b—better quit punishin' me!
—S. E. Kiser (*Chicago Times-Herald*)

THE DEAD PUSSY CAT.

You's as stiff an' as cold as a stone
Little cat!
Dey's done frowed out and left you alone,
Little cat!
I'se a strokin' you' fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little cat—
W'y is dat?
Is you's purrin' and humpin' up done?

And w'y for is you's little foot tied,
Little cat?
Did dey pisen you's tumnick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,

Or wif big nasty sticks
Or abuse you wif kicks
 Little cat?
 Tell me dat,
Did they holler w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
 Little cat,
Oh! Wy didn't you wun off and hide,
 Little cat?
 Tink of dat!
I is wet in my eyes—
'Cause I almost always cwies
When a pussy cat dies,
 Little cat
And I's awfully solly besides.

Dest lay still dere down inside de sof' gwoun'
 Little cat
Wile I tucks de gween gwass all aroun'
 Little cat,
Dey can't hurt you no more
W'en you's tired an so sore—
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
 Little cat
 Wif a pat,
An forget all de kicks of de town.

—Anon.

THE ONE CHANCE MAN.

(Coal Mine Inspectors)

By DAMON RUNYON.

Main North vomits a fearful roar, and seventy men are in the hole;
Whites and blacks and a Jap or two, but probably never a living soul.
Probably not, but there may be one. Is there a man who will go and
see?

Swinging a safety lamp he comes, and, God! What a man of men is
he!

Overalled, capped, and a querulous grin;

Bobbing his head as he dives in—

Shoving the weeping girls aside: "Don't let them follow me!"

Into the dismal pit he goes

By the light of the lamp that faintly shows

Where the dead lie dead in mournful rows—

God! What a man of men is he!

Main North's mouth breathes the breath of Hell, and its guts are rotted
with afterdamp,

But God and the State send a man to see, and he goes looking with a
safety lamp.

Death lurks there, but it hides its face from a man who passes so
carelessly,

Poking his light in its very eyes—God! What a man of men is he!

Grease and grime to the roots of his hair;

Blar-eyed, bleeding, as he tests the air—

Tests the roof, and tests the walls, and notes where the dead must be;

Over the falls of treacherous shale;

Ears sharp set for a human hail—

On he goes down the Death wind's trail—

God! What a man a man can be!

It's a hundred to one that never a man has lived for a moment after
the blast—

But the mine inspector's a one chance man, and he follows that chance
from first to last.

The women pray at the mouth of the pit as the dead file out so mourn-
fully—

Down in the depths he toils for them—God! What a man of men is
he!

Listens and hopes for a human cry;

Feels of the dead as he passes them by—

Feels for the tunk of a human heart where the forms stretch silently.

Follows a hope however slim;

Maps a path through the chaos grim

For the rescue gangs that must follow him—

God! What a man a man can be!

—*Permission Boston American.*

LOVELY PEGGY.

By J. R. (Capt. Jack) Crawford

An arrangement from Act I of the play based upon the love romance of Margaret Woffington and David Garrick.

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The scene is in the Green Room at the Covent Garden Theatre, October, 1741. It is the night of a performance of Farquhar's "Constant Couple," in which Peg Woffington is playing the part of Sir Harry Wildair. At the opening of the scene James Quin, a portly actor of the old school, is discovered pacing angrily up and down the room, while Miss George Anne Bellamy, a beautiful young actress with blue child-like eyes and golden hair, is trying the effect of various feathers and trinkets in her hair. Quin is a gruff, surly man, thickset and heavy, inclined to be taciturn. She is vain, self conscious and affected and poses continually before a large mirror.

QUIN—You are young, child, and have a pretty face—don't let that spoil you as it has the Woffington woman. Learn to be an actress. It's worth more than the poems the fine gentlemen in the boxes write you.

(Enter John Rich, the manager. He is dressed shabbily and has a coarse face. His accent is that of an uneducated man.)

RICH—There y'are. Two hundred pounds in the house to-night,—it's the Woffington woman draws the town. And I learned her to act myself.

QUIN—Acting! Do you suppose it's acting the town comes to see? A pretty woman is all they want. Do they come to see me any more—me, James Quin? I can act as Betterton acted, and there's not another man alive today can say that.

RICH—You lack distinction, Muster Quin. You should imitate my Richard III.

QUIN—Bah!

BELLAMY—I am convinced, Mr. Rich, that if you would display your talents once more before the town, we should all be censured for our shortcomings. Compared to you, our acting must seem presumptuous.

RICH—Mrs. Bellamy—you're a prodigious fine woman, and egad, for a female, you've good taste.

(She curtsies to the ground with great formality and Rich attempts a clumsy bow in return.)

QUIN—Pish! The minx is only laughing at you, Rich.

RICH—(*His face changes—suspiciously*)—I'll larn you to laugh at me, you French doll,—or you, too, Quin.

BELLAMY—I vow, Mr. Rich, that I spoke in earnest.

RICH—Well,—well.

(*Enter a servant.*)

SERVANT—A young man to see you, sir.

RICH—To see me? Tell him to go to the devil!

SERVANT—Yes, sir.

RICH—Another scribbler! What's his name? Eh?

SERVANT—Garrick, sir—David Garrick.

RICH—Egad—it's the little wine-merchant! Tell Muster David Garrick I'm not wanting any port today. Eh, Quin?

(*Rich laughs uproariously as the servant bows and goes out.*)

QUIN—The fool was sitting in the stage-box again tonight. He's another fly buzzing after Woffington.

BELLAMY—But his eyes! Have you marked Mr. Garrick's eyes? They are like fire!

RICH—You have marked his eyes, have you, eh? What the devil have his eyes got to do with you?

SERVANT—Mr. David Garrick, sir, presents his compliments and begs you will grant him a brief interview. He wishes to become a member of the company at Covent Garden.

RICH—He does, eh? Then let him larn to act. Covent Garden Theatre has no need for wine merchants or strolling players. Tell him to go home and drown himself in his own tun of wine.

(*Laughs boisterously. The servant bows and goes out.*)

(*Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a tall, handsome man, with signs of dissipation in his face, enters. His movements are languid but graceful.*)

RICH—(*Bowing obsequiously*)—Good evening, Sir Charles!

SIR CHARLES—Ah—Our lovely Peggy is getting her accustomed applause tonight—I hear. Her Sir Harry Wildhair has brought us in a tidy little sum, eh, Rich?

RICH—Two hundred pounds in the house tonight, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES—Ah—then we may announce it for the following week, may we not?

RICH—Why, sir, as for that—

SIR CHARLES—Come, come! I have promised Peggy. You would not have me break my promise to a lovely woman? Announce Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair for next week, d'ye hear?

(Peg Woffington enters. She is dressed as Sir Harry Wildair, in white satin, closely fitting breeches and a coat of white satin trimmed with silver brocade. On her head she wears a small man's wig.)

SIR CHARLES—You are behind the scenes, now, my lovely Peggy,—and Sir Harry Wildair is but a woman, after all. Ah, Peggy, you do not hate as prettily as you love!

PEG—*(Comes close to him)*—Do you dare to speak that word to me—now? Understand me, Sir Charles, after your conduct tonight there can be nothing further between us. I am done!

SIR CHARLES—Surely, you are not jealous of Bellamy? Have I ever reproached you with the young spark in the stage-box—at whom I've seen you cast glances more than once. Pray, permit me the same indulgence.

PEG—I have never spoken to Mr. David Garrick in my life.

SIR CHARLES—But you know his name. Perhaps you have seen a poem in the Gentleman's Magazine—to "Sylvia," by D. G.?

PEG—And if I have? Am I to be blamed for every fop that writes me verses?

SIR CHARLES—Ah, he wrote them to you? I was only aware that they appeared in a newspaper.

PEG—*(Bites her lip with vexation)*—This continual suspicion is intolerable.

SIR CHARLES—Because you give me continual cause.

PEG—Then I intend no longer to grant you the right to question my actions. We are quits, at all events.

SIR CHARLES—Aye, quite, as you call it, Peggy! For the present.

PEG—*(Taking a trinket from her dress)*—There!

(Throws it at his feet.)

SIR CHARLES—Behold the tragedy queen! You are much better in comedy, Peggy.

(Enter, after a noise of talking and laughter, Quin, Macklin and Rich. Macklin is a portly man with a strongly lined face.)

QUIN—(To Peg, bowing)—I wondered, when I heard the applause tonight, madam, whether the town admired more your art or your beauty?

PEG—The applause, which you confess to hearing, answered your question, sir, sufficiently.

SIR CHARLES—Have a care, Quin! The lady is not to be trifled with.

(Enter a servant.)

SERVANT—(To Rich)—The young wine-merchant to see you, sir,—Mr. David Garrick.

RICH—I'm busy—it's inconvenient. What the devil! I've sent him away twice tonight!

SERVANT—He instructed me to say,—begging your pardon, sir, that he intended to return until you did see him.

RICH—The confounded impudent puppy! (To the servant) You blockhead! How dare you bring me such a message?

PEG—(Comes forward. To the servant)—Show Mr. Garrick in, please. Mr. Rich will see him.

RICH—Zounds! What—what's this? Do nothing of the kind!

SIR CHARLES—Do you hear? Send him packing!

PEG—(To the servant)—You heard me. Show Mr. Garrick in!

SERVANT—Yes, madam. (Bows and retires hastily).

RICH—(To Peg)—Would you defy me, madam, in my own theatre?

SIR CHARLES—Aye,—she would defy the devil in his,—and I've no doubt he owns one.

PEG—Mr. Garrick is a young man of parts—and by reports from Ipswich, where he lately played, will be a great actor.

QUIN—Aye, he's been ogling you from the boxes,—'tis all he needs to teach him to act.

SIR CHARLES—Is it the neat little man who sits in the right-hand stage box? I know him, a low fellow—and a tradesman.

MACKLIN—Well, sir, and what if he were a tradesman?

SIR CHARLES—Oh, nothing, I assure you,—'tis all one

to me. (*To Peg*) Madam, permit me to congratulate you upon—shall we say—your most recent admirer? Egad, if we could all escape our wine-bills so easily!

(*Enter the servant*)

SERVANT—Mr. David Garrick!

(*Enter David Garrick, a small, nervous, fussy man, with a diffident manner and a hesitating trick of speech. His clothes are neat and he obviously gives much attention to his dress, as far as his rather limited means will permit.*)

GARRICK—(*Bows*)—Madam—your servant! Mr. Rich, sir, I—I—I—

RICH—Don't eye me, sir!

GARRICK—If I might make so bold, by your leave, sir—

SIR CHARLES—Pay your wine-bill, Rich, and send him away.

GARRICK—I was not—not aware, sir, that I was addressing you?

SIR CHARLES—No? Do you see any offence in my conduct, sir?

GARRICK—This is not the place to—to answer that question.

SIR CHARLES—I would have you know, sir, that I am not accustomed to pick and choose where or how I talk to tradesmen.

PEG—(*Stepping between them*)—Mr. Garrick is my friend, and it is my wish that he be received accordingly.

SIR CHARLES—Pardon me, madam, I understood the young man was unknown to you—except—ah, of course—I was forgetting the stage-box and the poetry! (*To Garrick*) You are a critic, as well, I believe? A most accomplished person, truly! Did you find the barns at Ipswich very draughty, sir?

PEG—If you persist in your insults, Sir Charles, Mr. Garrick may forget that he is a gentleman.

SIR CHARLES—Wine merchants have short memories and long accounts. Pray, let the young man speak for himself, madam.

GARRICK—My business for the moment is with Mr. Rich.

PEG—Mr. Rich will grant you an interview.

SIR CHARLES—The Woffington is in command, Rich. Let us withdraw and not interrupt so charming a *tête-à-tête*.

RICH—(*Snarls*)—I can't talk to him. I'm busy!

GARRICK—Nevertheless, madam, I thank you for your courtesy. (*Bows*).

PEG—Theatrical managers delight in making simple matters difficult. I was myself compelled to call upon Mr. Rich nineteen times before he would receive me. And yet, but for me, the season would have been a failure. Theatrical managers, Mr. Garrick, cannot see an inch beyond their noses, although their business is further off.

RICH—Well, well, what is it you want, Muster Garrick, eh? Come, come, sir,—don't keep me waiting.

GARRICK—I have called to apply for a position in the theatrical company at Covent Garden.

RICH—(*With scorn*)—A strolling actor, eh? And what do you think, sir, a strolling actor could do at Covent Garden? This is the temple of the Muses, sir!

PEG—I think I can vouch for the truth of Mr. Garrick's statement. If the reports from Ipswich may be trusted—coupled with a private exhibition of Mr. Garrick's which I once saw without his knowledge—

SIR CHARLES—Private exhibition? Aye, I warrant the truth of the last, Rich!

PEG—(*With dignity*)—If you have exhausted your pleasantry, Sir Charles, Mr. Garrick will favor us with a recitation.

SIR CHARLES—Oh, by all means! A recitation is the thing! Damme, let's hear the wine merchant decant his claret!

RICH—Come, Muster Garrick, I can't be waiting here all night.

(*David recites, with Mrs. Woffington, a scene from "The Rival Queens."* Sir Charles bursts into loud laughter at the conclusion.)

SIR CHARLES—'Twas as good as a booth at Bartholomew Fair! 'Twould do for a puppet show, eh, Rich?

RICH—You must larn how to act, Muster Garrick.

QUIN—Egad, if you call *that* acting, Mr. Garrick, then we're all wrong.

GARRICK—Must I speak an epilogue, Mr. Rich—and ask you to grant my suit?

RICH—It's soon spoke. No!

GARRICK—What? But I—I—I—

RICH—No!! Do ye hear? No!!

(Rich stamps out of the room, muttering to himself.)

GARRICK—*(Crestfallen—turning toward Quin)*—Perhaps you, sir, will be more lenient in your judgment?

QUIN—It has seldom been my misfortune, sir, to listen to a person with less talent for the dramatic art!

GARRICK—*(Mimicking Quin's voice and manner)*—Twelve of the clock and a fine night. All's well! Dogberry hath said it!

(Quin suppresses a muttered oath and stalks from the room.)

SIR CHARLES—*(Coming up to Garrick)*—In order to anticipate any more of your impertinent questions, permit me to assure you that your presumption in forcing your way in here is only what is to be expected from a person of your condition.

(Bows to the others, and goes out, affecting to take snuff. Garrick, pale with rage, is restrained by Peg, who places her hand softly upon his arm.)

PEG—Mr. Garrick, it would ill become you to quarrel with such a man, whose opinion rests upon malice—and jealousy.

GARRICK—*(Bowing humbly over her hand)*—Mrs. Woffington—I—I do not know how to find words which would convey suitably my thanks.

PEG—Then do not try.

MACKLIN—I was a witness of your performances at Ipswich and I am ready to wager my reputation, sir, on your success.

GARRICK—You are very obliging, sir.

MACKLIN—And furthermore, I will lend you any assistance in my power to secure a London engagement for you.

PEG—And I will do the same!

GARRICK—Madam—you—you overwhelm me.

PEG—*(Assuming a broad Irish brogue)*—Sure, I'm only after helping a fellow artist, and it's a thousand pities ye're not Irish like myself—or Mr. Macklin here.

GARRICK—What can I say, Mrs. Woffington? After meet-

ing with such rebuffs tonight, to be treated in this manner by you! I see the dreams of my life at last coming true.

MACKLIN—(*Coughs*)—Then it's settled, my boy. Peggy here and I will try our hand with Giffard, and sure, there ought to be blarney enough between us to get you an engagement. Have you thought of a part for your first attempt?

GARRICK—Richard the Third I thought most suited to me. I would not like to begin with a part that did not fit my size. If the public expected one of your great hulking heroes—and then I were to step out—I would be laughed off the boards.

MACKLIN—You're right, Mr. Garrick. Richard the Third is the very thing for you. Perhaps I can find Giffard at the Bedford Coffee House tonight—I'll have a try! Madam, your servant.

(*Macklin goes out the door. Peg sits archly on a corner of the table and swings one foot. She draws a piece of paper from the bosom of her coat and reads.*)

"If truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim;
He feels the passion void of art,
A pure and constant flame."

(*Garrick starts when he first hears her, then recites, as she finishes*):

GARRICK—

"Though sighing swains their torments tell,
Their worthless love contemn,
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem."

PEG—It was you who wrote these verses to me then?

GARRICK—Did you not observe the initials D. G. at the end?

PEG—And pray are you the only D. G. in London?

GARRICK—Mrs. Woffington,—if you knew how I have longed for this moment—to meet you face to face,—to hear your voice, to touch your hand! (*Seizes her hand and kisses it.*)

PEG—You act too well, Mr. Garrick. How shall I believe you?

GARRICK—Have I not proved my devotion? Those verses

—which you have deigned to treasure—my nightly visits to the theatre to watch your acting,—to follow your every motion on the stage,—I’ve had eyes for none but you,—you must and shall believe me!

PEG—I thought it was devotion to the art of acting that brought you to the theatre?

GARRICK—The art of which you are the goddess, and I but the humble worshipper at your shrine!

PEG—(*Sighs*)—Poor me! The goddess is another being in the greenroom. Gods and goddesses—kings and queens—we all meet and mingle here—and quarrel for our pitiful share of vanity. Applause is our kingdom—and its echoes soon die.

GARRICK—Dear Mrs. Woffington—if you would but hear me!

PEG—(*Smiles*)—You forget. I am Sir Harry Wildair!

GARRICK—To me, a rose by another name. Pity me, most lovely Peggy, for “pity’s akin to love.”

PEG—(*Suddenly bursts into tears*)—Have pity on me! (*Recovering herself*) There! You may tell the town that you’ve seen Sir Harry Wildair shed tears.

GARRICK—(*Taking her hand again*)—Forgive me if I wound you with my importunities. Why did you weep?

PEG—Because I am a woman.

GARRICK—No better reason?

PEG—There is none. (*A slight pause*)—Tell me, what is your opinion of my acting?

GARRICK—I beg of you to listen seriously to me!

PEG—Then answer my question. Are you so unskilled as not to know the value of flattery?

GARRICK—I cannot flatter you—I—

PEG—What do you say of my Sir Harry Wildair?

GARRICK—I—I admire everything you do.

PEG—The truth—what is it?

GARRICK—Your acting of Sir Harry is full of spirit, but—

PEG—I know that “but”!—go on! I command you!

GARRICK—But after all one knows you to be a woman. You do not play it as a man would.

PEG—The town does not agree with you.

GARRICK—The town is the oracle of Delphi—and I speak the words of Cassandra.

PEG—(*Half vexed and half amused*)—No man dared before to tell me to my face that I could not act! Only women have done that!

GARRICK—You commanded me to speak the truth!

PEG—And I hold to it. Pray continue. My Sir Harry Wild-air is feminine. What next, Sir Critic?

GARRICK—Ah, but I would not have you play it like a man! I would not wish my Peggy capable of that!

PEG—Your Peggy! Has your effrontery no bounds?

GARRICK—It is the way I always think of you. The words slipped out before I was aware. Forgive me.

PEG—(*Softened*)—It is granted if you will finish your criticism.

GARRICK—Whenever I see a woman play a man's part, I think of what Dr. Johnson once said—that it was very wonderful to see a dog walk upon his hind legs, although he did it very ill. But the marvel was that he could do it at all.

PEG—(*Getting off from the table*)—I vow, Mr. Garrick, if frankness be a virtue—you will get your reward in heaven!

GARRICK—Do not censure me for obeying your command.

PEG—You are vastly impertinent, sir! I am not accustomed to the patronage of—of—

GARRICK—(*Quietly*)—Wine-merchants?

PEG—Why, since you will have it so—yes.

GARRICK—(*Goes slowly toward door*)—I am sorry that I gave offence where none was meant. But my sin was to believe that a woman meant what she said. Madam, I have the honor—

PEG—(*Imperiously*)—Stop! (*Then with arch demureness*)—You have not said what you thought of me as Sylvia in The Recruiting Officer!

GARRICK—(*Returns with enthusiasm*)—Thought! I tried to utter my thoughts in those verses! Ah, my lovely Peggy, I thought more than you could guess,—or have the patience to hear! The Comic Muse herself could not have better graced the part. But I fear I weary you.

PEG—Tell me more! Ah, Mr. Garrick, what vain folk you

must think us! But you cannot understand until you really become one of us, what praise means. There is a charm—a mystery in the art of acting which is indescribable. Out there in the pit sit unknown beings,—we make them laugh or cry at will—think of the power that means! Power over men's souls has something of a divinity in it, and it is the power which the actor wields.

GARRICK—And then?

PEG—(*With sadness*)—And then—this! (*A gesture which includes the greenroom*)—The doors are closed—the incense no longer floats upon the air—the offerings and the trappings seem cheap and tawdry—the glamor has gone—and “the rest is silence.”

GARRICK—(*Deeply moved, takes her hand and kisses it*)—Madam, you have proved what needed no proof to me—that you have a heart. The town in its ignorance says you are heartless.

PEG—(*A sudden revulsion seizing her*)—The town! Ugh, how I hate it! I am its toy—its plaything—to stroke one moment and cast aside the next. I hate it, *I hate it!*

GARRICK—Then why not leave it all, dear Peggy,—come with me—and if love may serve you—

PEG—(*Shakes her head, smiling*)—Leave the stage? No, Mr. Garrick—I have drunk too deep. I could not be happy without the music of applause ringing in my ears.

GARRICK—(*Kneeling*)—Madam, I offer you love—devotion—all that a woman needs—

PEG—Some women—perhaps. But I must have more! I must have life—free—free! You cannot cage me!

GARRICK—Then you refuse to marry me?

PEG—(*Looks at him with an odd expression*)—Marry you? You offer *me* marriage. Are you in earnest?

GARRICK—Never more so, dear Margaret.

PEG—(*Shudders*)—To marry me—the Irish beggar girl that sold oranges in the streets of Dublin!—Do you know, Mr. Garrick, many men have talked of love to Peg Woffington—but you are the first who ever made honorable love to me. (*Covers her face with her hands*)—Don't! Don't!

GARRICK—(*Putting one arm around her gently*)—It is not

too late. The future lies before us—so what does the past, that's gone, matter? I love you, dear.

PEG—(*Looking up at him, her eyes shining.*)—Do you?

GARRICK—(*Solemnly*)—Yes.

PEG—(*With decision*)—Then I'll never marry you, Mr. Garrick.

(*Garrick sorrowfully releases her and goes, with uncertainty, toward the door. Peg watches him closely.*)

PEG—(*As he reaches the door*)—David!

(*He turns, and seeing the expression on her face, rushes to her. They embrace.*)

PEG—I can't let you go, David! Ah, sure, I think it's your blarney caught poor Peg Woffington!

(*He kisses her.*)



"En The Magazine passes into the hands of a splendid
 "Passant" staff, consisting of Belle McMichael, Editor-in-Chief;
 Virginia Beraud, Associate Editor, and Albert F.
 Smith, Business Manager. Upon a staff as small as is called
 for by the constitution of the Emerson Students' Association,
 a great responsibility falls. The problem can be successfully
 handled with the right coöperation, without it, it is practically
 impossible. Class, Organization and Society reporters should
 have their material ready when it is due, it should not be neces-
 sary for the editors to "dun" them continually. As a part ex-
 planation, it might be stated that it was May 2nd before the
 last April notes could be gathered. A personal letter from
 the editor to each class and organization, requesting reports
 for the May issue not later than the 7th, resulted in one class
 and two society reports. The Magazine is the Student's—not
 the Editor's publication—being so, it should have the student
 coöperation.

An earnest appeal is made for contributions from Alumni
 and students.

With One
 of Our

Contemporaries.

Of what particular use is the college grad-
 uate to the country as a whole? Are all these
 young men and women who come out into the
 world every year after completing their ex-
 pensive training sufficiently superior to their fellows in power
 and ability to justify that training? Opportunities for them
 are at hand. How will they meet them? These are questions
 which are being asked again and again nowadays, and they are

questions which will be answered within the next few years as they have never been answered before.

Take the case of the women especially. Beyond any doubt women in the United States are entering upon a time of increased social and civic activity which is to be of great importance in every respect. The home no longer demands the major part of the time and energy of the housewife; she is looking about in the community for a broader field of usefulness. Moreover, an increasingly large percentage of women are working independently of the home and meeting difficulties of their own, each in her own way. Just how the varying interests of these classes may best be adjusted is a matter for women of college calibre to deal with.

And so it is with countless other questions of general welfare. If our democracy is to progress it must have the assistance of able leaders. For the fact of the matter is that, roughly speaking, our time for material expansion to any great extent is gone, and we are turning our attention to caring for the things we already possess. There is now no more West for us to conquer; we have the rivers and the forests and the mountains and the land, the factories and the railroads and the cities and the people—all the parts to make up a wonderful whole; the thing we haven't is a satisfactory method of fitting together the pieces of our jig-saw puzzle, and that is the thing the country is expecting from its college men and women. Will they be able to respond? We think so.

Why is it that so many college girls at the end of every school year return home nervous wrecks, jaded and worn, both in mind and body? We all know that the last term of the year is always trying. It is then that worries and troubles and complications of all sorts pile up galore, and we lose our equilibrium and sense of proportion and become excited and distracted, as we do not during the early part of the year. It is principally the result of the long winter term, which is confining and strenuous. Our life becomes intensive to a great degree—we live together more intimately than at any other time

of the year, and sever our connections with the outside world. And it is just here that we are at fault. Our own really small and comparatively insignificant college interests and affairs assume gigantic proportions. We exaggerate the importance of all the features of our life—our personal relations with the people around us—the latest development in our little world of college politics—the last bit of college scandal. We allow ourselves to become worn out by becoming excited over this or that pigmy event or question, pitifully trivial, when looked at in its correct proportion with the big questions and events which are holding the interest of the world, which is after all our true environment.

We feel this defect in our perspective when at home for vacations. Immediately we see things sanely and sensibly. We are living in and we belong to the big world and the bigger universe. We have years to live in it, and certainly the four years of our college life and the four walls of our college environment are a very tiny part of the whole. They are dear and precious years, and in all the time we have before us, we shall never have any like them again, so by all means let us be happy, and make the very most of them. But we must keep the true perspective, the "Welt-anschauung" one might almost call it, though it requires constant conscious effort. And how to do it? In the winter, though we cannot actually be much away from the college, we can read and keep in touch with the outside world, at least keep up our connections with it. Just a tiny bit of reading the magazines and papers every day will make a remarkable difference in one's attitude toward things in general. But the fall and the spring are the times in the year when there is no excuse for a crabbed, cooped up state of mind. Long walks out into the country for every day, and sunrise breakfasts, and picnic suppers for week-ends—just one of these times out in the open air, where everything is bright and beautiful, and one laughs and feels irresponsible and forgets to be critical, without knowing why—all this will accomplish wonders toward keeping one cheerful and well balanced and sane.

—*The Rockford Halla.*



STUDENT NEWS



THE QUIET HOUR AT EMERSON.

Fridays—2.00-3.00 P. M. Room 510.

Y. W. C. A.

"Make a rule and pray God to help you to keep it, never if possible to lie down at night without being able to say: 'I have made one human being a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."—Charles Kingsley.

Miss McQuesten brought to the Association a new and beautiful interpretation of a word that has been familiar to us always, but not realized: "Responsibility."

Mrs. Hicks took as her theme "The Ideal" and told of how it only becomes real to us through our confidence in it. Especially well remembered is the thought which was so strongly urged: "We are forever, as individuals, climbing after the material, deceiving ourselves into the belief that we are gaining realities."

April 4th was the Silver Bay Rally. The members of the Boston delegation who spoke were: Miss Salesbury of Simmons, Miss Shute of Boston University, and Miss Parsley of Emerson. The girls were very enthusiastic over the accounts of Silver Bay, given by these representatives.

The officers of the past year, who have so nobly performed their duties have turned over the Association work to the new Cabinet. Hilda Harris was elected President; Jean West, Vice-President; Evelyn Benjamine, Secretary; and Mattie Lyons, Treasurer. With these girls as leaders, the Y. W. C.

A. is bound to keep on growing as it did under Miss Matheson's guidance.

The Junior girls gave a very interesting evening of pantomime. The proceeds are to aid the Silver Bay fund.

CANADIAN CLUB.

Laura Curtis spent three weeks in Fall River with her friend, Mrs. Farney, and has just returned from a more recent visit in Lowell.

Mary Cody visited in Petersborough, New Hampshire, recently.

The little band of fourteen is separating now for the holidays—many to return no more; but the friendships formed in the many gatherings will not be severed by separation, and in the hearts of all the loyalty to the Purple and Gold of Emerson will only be equalled by that to the Red and Gold of the Maple Leaf.

CLASSES.

1912.

Ruth Watts has been entertaining her mother for the past few weeks. Miss Watts read at the Woman's Club, in Lynn, recently.

April 7th, Winifred Bent read at the Needham Heights Methodist Church. Miss Bent also assisted at a concert in Brighton, recently.

Neva Walter has read in South Braintree, Roxbury and various Boston churches, during the past month.

Miss Case had charge of the Easter concert at Maveride church, East Boston.

Mrs. Churchill read recently at the St. John's Methodist church, Boston; also at the Colonial Theatre.

Miss Ball and Mrs. Churchill gave two scenes from Dickens at the Franklin Square House.

Misses Black, Ball, Coad, Bent, and Mrs. Churchill gave

scenes from Dickens and the one-act play "Fennel" in Taunton.

Miss Whitaker read from David Copperfield, in Arlington.

Marguerite Albertson spent the week-end, lately, in Cohasset.

The first Post-Graduate Recital was held Wednesday, April 9th.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|--|
| I. Sidney's Christmas | - - - - - | <i>George Ade</i>
Olive Clark |
| II. The "Country Week" | - - - - - | <i>Elizabeth Phelps Ward</i>
Marguerite Ray Albertson |
| III. She Stoops to Conquer (Act 2) | - - - - - | <i>Goldsmith</i>
Alberta Francis Black |
| IV. The Blue Bird | - - - - - | <i>Maeterlinck</i>
Anne M. Keck |
| V. Poor Dear Mamma (The Gadsbys) | - - - - - | <i>Kipling</i> |
| VI. The Light from Over the Range | - - - | <i>George R. Simms</i>
Edna Delphin Case |

1913.

Mrs. Blanchet is coaching "The Merchant of Venice" for the West End Dramatic Club.

Jessie Dalton announces her engagement to Mr. Pittman Potter, Harvard '13.

Lillian Clark was the guest of Mrs. Aaron Gottshall (Nina Holt) in Providence, recently.

1914.

The Junior class wishes to thank the other class for their goodwill and generosity throughout the year, both in the matter of sales and of all things of a social nature.

We are looking forward to the coming long vacation, and the Senior year so close at hand for the class of 1914.

Two of our class, Belle McMichael and Virginia Beraud, have been elected to carry the Magazine through the coming year.

Frieda Michel read her well-known "Patsy" at Brockton, during the past month.

1915.

Now that the school year is drawing to a close, all of the great events are over except the rounding up of them all—Commencement. We realize that for only a few weeks more may we be called Freshmen.

The class was very glad to welcome back Harriet Brown, who has been absent so long.

Misses Neal and Sturdevant read recently at the Civic Service House, Boston.

On April 10th, the class entertained the students at a dance in Richard's Hall. The event was greatly enjoyed by all, and proved a success both financially and artistically.

SORORITIES.

DELTA DELTA PHI.

The annual farewell tea of Delta Delta Phi was held in the parlors at the Chapter House, April 21st. Mrs. Jacobie poured. Miss Mary Breedon sang several selections. There were about seventy people served.

Jessie Weems has been a recent visitor at the Chapter House. Miss Weems has now a studio in New York.

Geraldine Jacobie is entertaining her mother, Mrs. G. R. Jacobie.

Mattie Riseley attended the Rutger's Prom. She was a guest at the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity House.

Mr. and Mrs. Kidder were our chaperons at the Inter-Sorority dance.

Mrs. Hazeltine of Milford, N. H., Mrs. G. B. Gehlert of Benton Harbor, Mich., Mrs. F. P. Chapman of Franklin, Mass., Miss Louisa Clapp of Northampton, Mass., and Miss Edythe Tennyson of Minneapolis, Minn., were guests at the Chapter House during the week of May 4th.

Geraldine Jacobie left May 1st for Minneapolis, where she is to be a guest at the Delta Kappa Epsilon House at the State University of Minnesota.

Gertrude Chapman and Julie Owen recently entertained at a tea at the Copley Plaza the graduating members of the Sorority.

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Ashley of Middletown, N. Y., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McDonald during Commencement week.

Gertrude Chapman entertained the Deltas at a house party at Lake Archer, the week of May 12th.

Delta Delta Phi wishes all a pleasant summer.

ZETA PHI ETA.

The engagement of Miss Minnie Farrow to Mr. Lingham was announced recently. At a party at the Hemenway, Miss Farrow was given a linen shower by her Phi Eta Sigma classmates.

April 9th, the Sorority was delightfully entertained at a dinner party given by Miss Florence Hinckley, at her home in Everett.

Grace Rosaaen, '12, is conducting a dancing class in connection with her studio work, in Seattle, Wash.

Faye Smiley, '12, played the leading role in a play "The Scrap of Paper," given by the Faculty of Brenan College, Gainesville, Ga.

Rose Willis recently passed the week-end as guest of Gladys Brightman, Fall River.

Mrs. R. H. Goddard entertained the Sorority at tea, Tuesday, April 22.

Laura Curtis visited in Fall River recently.

Florence Hinckley read in Manchester during the past month.

KAPPA GAMMA CHI.

We are very sorry to lose Blanch Fisher. She is playing with her cousin, Pauline Frederick, in "Joseph and His Brethren," at the Century Theatre, New York.

April 4th, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Kenney entertained the Sorority at a very enjoyable tea at the home of Mrs. Rose.

Jean Fowler has been with us for a short time, but is traveling again for the "White Lyceum Company."

On April 6th, Kappa entertained her friends at a tea given at the Chapter House.

Edith Newton, Ruth Boane, Gladys Brightman and Ruth Adams have returned for Commencement Week.

Mrs. Oelkers, Mrs. Fowler and Mr. and Mrs. Falkner have visited their daughters for Commencement.

A bungalow dance was held at Riverside on the sixth of May. Kappa wishes every Emersonian a very happy vacation.

PHI ALPHA TAU.

With 1913, Alpha of Phi Alpha Tau celebrates a tenth anniversary, marking the first decade of its existence. In retrospect, the growth and record of the Fraternity are most satisfactory—conservative rather than radical, healthy rather than hasty; and now, with the Chapters reaching across the continent from Emerson to Leland Stanford and established upon a firm national basis, a still more brilliant future is promised.

In the present year three men have been admitted to membership, Wayne W. Putnam, John J. Roy and Albert R. Lovejoy.

The national convention will be held at Lincoln, Neb. in 1914.



THE REUNION OF THE ALUMNI.

The resignation of the Reunion Committee, Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen, Mrs. Grace Bronson Purdy, and Miss Ella Ball, calls for a word of appreciation for the quiet but effective work they have been doing for the past two years. The work of the chairman, Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen, is deserving of special mention. Upon her rested the greatest amount of responsibility. With untiring zeal, she has written letter after letter with the greatest enthusiasm and optimism. Her ceaseless efforts, together with the work of Mrs. Purdy and Miss Ball, have caused the reunion of the Alumni of Emerson College of Oratory to become permanent. Alumni, may our reunions from year to year have ever-increasing numbers and be a stimulus for the spread of Dr. Emerson's noble principles.

At the Alumni meeting Tuesday, May 6th, the chairman, Mrs. Hansen, gave her report. All the classes from 1881 to 1913 were represented except eight. Of these eight, 1894 and 1899 were represented by letters from Mrs. Belle McDiarmid Ritchey and Mrs. Grace Davis Vanamee. The letters from different members were most interesting, and proved, as the Reunion Committee prophesied, that the Emerson College of Oratory Alumni were very much alive. Several class organizations were formed, 1893 being in the lead. The committee hoped that the seed they had sown would very soon take root, ripen and burst forth into bloom. The idea of the reunion by classes was the suggestion of Mrs. Hansen, and the committee deserves a vote of thanks for the success of the Alumni reunion.

EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF BOSTON.

On the evening of Tuesday, April 1st, the Emerson College Club of Boston held its regular meeting at the College Rooms. The entertainment of the evening was furnished by Miss Bertha M. Whitmore, who read most sympathetically Browning's "The Flight of the Duchess," and as an encore, "A Face."

Dean Ross, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Wetherbee were appointed as the nominating committee for 1913-14. Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Bradley and Miss Edith were hostesses.

At the annual meeting of the Emerson College Club of Boston, held on Monday evening, May 5th, the following officers were elected for the year 1913-14:

<i>President</i>	-	MRS. GRACIA BACON MOODY
<i>First Vice-President</i>	- -	MRS. E. S. BRADLEY
<i>Second Vice-President</i>		MISS LAURA M. BELDEN
<i>Secretary</i>	- -	MISS HETTIE BELDEN WARD
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - -	MISS J. W. WHITAKER

Executive Board.

Miss Mary Johnson	Mrs. Ida Leonard Fiske
Mrs. Mabel Parsons Curry	Mrs. Elizabeth C. Rochefort
Mrs. Martha Mason Curry	Mrs. Edith Jackson Waite

On our pledge to the endowment fund one hundred dollars was paid.

An original pantomime, "His Former Sweetheart," was given by Mrs. Ellen Atwater Goudey and others.

Mrs. Purdy and Mrs. Olive Palmer Hansen, president and first vice-president, brought us greetings from the Emerson College Club of New York.

HETTIE B. WARD, *Secretary.*

THE EMERSON COLLEGE CLUB OF LOS ANGELES.

<i>President</i>	- -	ALICE OSDEN HUNNEWELL
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	- -	ROSE G. BOYNTON

The Emersonians in and about Los Angeles have united and another Alumni Club joins the ranks. An informal luncheon is held by the members at Hotel Lankershim on the second Saturday of each month at 1 o'clock, to which is extended a cordial invitation to any Emersonian who may be in the West.

(No further club notices have been received)

ALUMNI NOTES.

'86. M. Florence Johnson died at her home in Wellesley on March 24, 1913.

'93. The attendance during Commencement Week, the twentieth reunion of the class of '93, was very good.

One of the suggestions at the Alumni meeting that classes form regular organizations has been carried out, and Mrs. Anna Mills Phillips was elected president, and Mrs. Mary L. Sherman, secretary and treasurer of the class of 1893. Mrs. Sherman's address is 65 Cedar St., West Somerville, Mass.

The class of '93, of which Mrs. Hicks is a member, held a reunion and lunch at the Copley Square Hotel on Wednesday of Commencement Week. They plan to hold another reunion later in May at the home of Mrs. Anna Mills Phillips, Jamaica Plain, at which more of the members who live in and about Boston are expected to be present. Mrs. Phillips, chairman of the reunion committee for '93, says that replies were received from over half of the 76 letters sent out, which, considering the class has been out twenty years from college, is a very good showing.

'97. The class of 1897 was largely represented during Commencement Week. Never a year passes but some member is present.

The '97s are preparing for their twentieth reunion in 1917. The enthusiasm for which this class has always been and always will be known is just as potent as in former years. The following members were present: Dean Harry S. Ross, Miss M. Ella Ball, Jennie Kent Paine, Mabel Henderson Vander-

mark, Ethelyn Nye Sanborn, Marion Waterman Smith, Ada Buckland Forrest, Clara Lord, Madine Nichols Abbott, Olive Palmer Hansen.

M. Spencer Wiggin is teaching with gratifying results at the Barnard Preparatory School for Girls, an institution preparing girls for Barnard, Vassar and Smith Colleges. Miss Wiggin also conducts a studio in Brooklyn, in addition to her platform work.

The Winchester Woman's Club of Mount Vernon, N. Y., recently staged Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Mrs. H. R. Hansen interpreted Olivia in the production, and the press comments received tell of a very sympathetic and appreciative rendering of the role.

'02. An attractive and artistic announcement of the addition to Newton B. Hammond's repertoire of Sheridan's play, "The Rivals," has been received.

Mrs. Paul F. Van Deusen recently had as her guest in Poughkeepsie Miss Ethel Gordon, who read at the Trinity Methodist Church. Miss Gordon made many friends while in the city by her clever platform work.

'05. The *Puget Sound Trail* compliments the work of Prof. Bernard Lambert in the Dramatic Department as follows:

Amid the cheers of over 300 eager spectators the curtain rose on the first scene of "The Sleeping Car." And, as scene succeeded scene, and play succeeded play, in the varied program of three brilliant farces, the audience knew that they were witnessing one of the most notable events in a dramatic line ever staged at the U. P. S.

The spasms of spontaneous delight which continually swept over the audience attested far better than any written word to the stellar work done by these amateur players. That in a school so small as this twenty players could be secured who, in the brief weeks given them for preparation, could assume so delightfully the personalities of the char-

acters they portrayed, speaks much not only for the native ability of the actors, but for the commanding skill of Prof. Bernard Lambert, the coach and general director, to whom more than to anyone else must be ascribed the praise for the brilliant success of the comedy.

Professor Lambert is also reader with the Glee Club, and the press notices tell of splendid success, especially in dialect work.

'07. The declamation contests of the High School at Great Falls, Montana, have been very successful and have brought commendation upon the director of the Department of Expression, Stella M. Bosworth.

Marion C. Johnson is finishing a most successful year as director of the School of Stammerers in Minneapolis, where she went last autumn to organize the work with children in the public schools. The Minneapolis papers speak most highly of what has been accomplished in so short a time, and the proof of its success is shown in the fact that the same kind of work is to be started in St. Paul next September.

'08. The class of 1908 held a reunion luncheon at the Delft tearoom Tuesday noon, May 6, and formally organized again as a class with Mrs. Oscar Baker as president and Miss Agnes G. Smith as secretary-treasurer. It was voted to make a gift to the endowment fund during the current year, and for this a goodly sum has already been received in money and pledges. The luncheon was enlivened with several messages from absent classmates. One of special interest was a telegram from May Ross, who is teaching in New Mexico. Communications to the secretary may be addressed to her in care of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston.

'09. The town and college press at Perkiomen Seminary is unstinted in its appreciation of the work of Miss Ethelyn F. Holland. A few clippings follow:

"The elocution recital, Friday evening, at Perkiomen Seminary,

proved another triumph for Miss Holland, the efficient instructor, who has brought to this school the only system of teaching that art worth having development of natural aptitude in pupils. The young people did splendidly and were remarkably free from "teacher imitation." They were natural, not artificial. Miss Holland deserves merited praise."

"The program as a whole reveals the kind of work that Miss Holland is doing at the Seminary. Each selection was rendered with unusual expression and with a sympathetic appreciation for the spirit of the piece."

"The audience, one of the largest of the year, pronounced it the best entertainment given by local talent in many a day. Miss Holland has great interpretive power, possesses a pleasing personality and keeps her audience with her all the time. More has probably been accomplished by the department of expression at the Seminary this year than in any other single year. Several plays have been given at the school and in the local theatre. These have been praised by all who heard them. The work in the Senior class in public speaking was better than ever before. The department is now preparing for the Commencement play. Much of Miss Holland's success is due to her enthusiasm for her work, her ability to choose her characters well, and to her superior training in her chosen field and work."

Theresa Hayes has been appointed to teach in the High School in Johnstown, N. Y., next year.

'11. Announcements have been received of the marriage of
Corinne Antoinette Redfield to Mr. Michael J. Sargis on
April 23rd, in Syracuse, N. Y.

'12. At Miss Cowles' School for Girls in Hollidaysburg, Pa.,
Ione V. Stevens successfully staged two early plays illustrating a lecture by Miss Winifred Loughridge on the "Early Religious Drama"; the first an early mystery or trope of the old Easter service, and the second, the morality, "Everyman," in which Miss Stevens interpreted the title role. For the Commencement campus play, Miss Stevens will stage "Dido, the Phoenician Queen," a dramatization of the first book of Virgil, with over a hundred in the cast.

Harriet C. Palmer is appointed as teacher of Expression in the Bristol School in Washington, D. C.

One of the Commencement features at Chatham, Va., will be the play "Everystudent," recently written by Ella F. Eastman.

Mary V. Edwards is teaching Expression at the Fremont High School, Fremont, N. C.

